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A

# FORTNIGHT IN IRELAND.

BY SIR FRANCIS B. HEAD, BART.

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“Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,  
Green be thy fields, sweetest Isle of the Ocean!  
And may harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,  
Erin mavournin! Erin go bragh!”

CAMPBELL.

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1852.





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P R E F A C E.

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AT the fag-end of this summer, among a motley crowd of Tourists, by the irresistible power of Steam, I was injected into the island of Ireland, which I had never before seen. For a week, almost without winking, I looked it steadily in the face. For a similar period, in various localities, immured by myself, I was poring over data I deemed it necessary to obtain.

At the expiration of my fortnight's holiday, with notes before me of the little I had seen, heard, and read; unbiassed by the counsels of any one, in pure retirement, and almost in solitude, for rather more than a month, I alternately ruminated and wrote; and in the words of Mr. Weller's graphic history of his courtship, and of "Sammy's" origin, this Volume, I honestly confess, is the "*consekens of the manoever.*"

*Oxendon, Northamptonshire,*

*October, 1852.*





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PART I.

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# FORTNIGHT IN IRELAND.

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## PART I.

### D U B L I N.

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IT was blowing half a gale of wind, raining, and, at intervals, thundering rather loudly, when the 9h. 15m. A.M. London express train of the 11th of August, AN. DOM. 1852, reached Holyhead at 5h. 40m. P.M. The smoke from the funnel of a large black steamer, moored alongside the pier, although dispersed to atoms the instant it escaped therefrom, was evidently connected with the white steam that in like manner and in the same direction scudded from the engine; in fact, the vessel for upwards of an hour had been awaiting the arrival of the train. The storm—as storms always are—was really pitiless; and as I sat in the carriage waiting for my baggage, which the guard had kindly undertaken to bring to me, I observed more than one umbrella from being convex suddenly become concave, and while the unhappy owner, spell-bound, with stern to windward, was violently struggling with the calamity, a motley crowd of passengers in macintoshes, cloaks, shawls, gowns, and other garments, all more or less

fluttering to leeward, were to be seen hurrying at unequal rates towards the confines of a broad wooden declivity, down which they descended to the deck of the vessel. As soon as I obtained my luggage I followed, and as, on entering the gentlemen's cabin, I found that the circular line of sofas, divided into berths or beds of about six feet each, were not only engaged, but that most of their occupants, with a pillow under their heads, were already reclining on them at full length, anxious to be as close to fresh air as possible, I sat down on one nearest the door.

“You've no right to be *here!*” said a voice to me, rather sulkily. Begging its pardon, I arose, and, seeing that a berth above, from which I could look down upon the grumbler beneath, was disengaged, I at once took possession of it, and, as a horizontal position appeared to be the order of the day, I obediently followed the fashion.

As in my exalted position I had plenty of air, I remained not only perfectly well, but, I may almost say, merry; and, as my friend beneath me, who had been suffering dreadfully, had, I remarked, always commenced his paroxysms of anguish by a peculiar small sigh, I just once, as a slight punishment for his sulkiness, looked seriously down upon him, and, although I did not imitate his sigh, I really believe that if I had pointed a 24-pounder at him I could not have suddenly produced in his countenance a greater amount of alarm, which, tempering justice with mercy, in a few seconds I dispersed by a friendly smile, expressive of the words, *Fear not!*

In due time a lulling of the waters announced to us,



in our captivity, that we were in Dublin Bay; and accordingly, arising, or descending from our respective lairs, we staggered on deck, from whence all that I could see of Ireland consisted of a couple of very large red eyes and one white one, glaring as beacons through darkness and rain.

On our reaching the pier a scene of great confusion ensued. The baggage of all the passengers was handed up through a hatchway from the very bottom of the hold, and, almost as fast as it appeared, was carried away, I knew not where, by a set of porters whom everybody appeared desirous to engage, and who, nevertheless, without seeking for employers, rushed at the baggage, well knowing that, possession being nine points of their law, the tenth portion, in the shape of the owner, would be sure to find them. I felt myself much too frail to engage in a contest between such boisterous competitors, and I had almost made up my mind that my portmanteau would become the adopted child of a stronger parent, when, joyfully espying it among the mass, I enlisted a man to carry it up steps and down steps to the train that was in waiting, and in a few minutes we were all flying in the dark towards our goal. In about a quarter of an hour we reached it. Here again there was a little scramble and confusion; however, with the assistance of a porter I got all my traps deposited on the front seat of a comfortable carriage, and, sitting opposite to them, I called out to the coachman to drive me to Morrison's hotel.

To my vast surprise, instead of moving forwards, as I expected, the vehicle, like a crab, started off sideways, and in that humiliating position it trundled me

in a very short space of time to a handsome door, where I arrived at exactly ten minutes after midnight. "Would your Arn'r like to take anything?" said the voice of a waiter, almost before I was within the threshold. "Yes," I replied, "a bedroom candle;" and with the assistance of its friendly light, on being conducted into a clean, well-furnished room, I managed to unpack what was requisite, and in due time, in utter darkness, found myself between the linen sheets of a comfortable bed.

"Well," said I to myself, "it's certainly rather a clever feat to have got into a four-post bed in Dublin without having bothered oneself with the old-fashioned controversial comparison between the beauty of its bay and that of Naples! Here I am, snug in the heart of a great country, of which I have not even seen an extremity—in fact," I gravely reflected, "although I am in the metropolis of Ireland, I know no more about it than a newly appointed Secretary of State, on luxuriously sitting down on his large roomy chair in Downing-street, knows of the names, position, climate, soil, and character of the inhabitants of the innumerable colonies he is required to govern; and as *he* is not afraid of being alone in moral darkness, neither ought I." And with this sentiment, as well as a few others, indolently mixing, staggering, and then fainting away together in my mind, I gradually and insensibly dropped off to sleep.

In the morning, which was beautifully fine, after a good breakfast I mounted a horse, which I thought would be the most daring, independent, and least fatiguing mode of looking about me, and I was slowly

riding I knew not where, nor indeed did I care, when I heard behind me the pattering of a pair of naked human feet.

“Wull yere Arn’r give me a jarb?” said a nice-looking lad, with a very small piece of shirt sticking out of a slight hole in his trowsers behind. I thought he took me for a farmer, so at once, to get rid of him, I very simply confided to him that I was a stranger, and had no “job” to give him. With a smile he repeated his request. “Can you give me a jarb?” “No!” I replied, rather sternly.

“Yere Arn’r might be getting off!” he explained.

“Does yere Arn’r want a boy?” said a gruff voice. On turning towards it I saw a man very poorly clad, of about forty-five years of age. “Ha’nt your Arn’r a bit of a jarb for me?” Before I could reply I observed another real boy coming after me, no doubt whatever for a “jarb.” Now what I wanted was quietly to be enabled to observe a little without being observed; but as it was evident that, unless I at once came to some decisive arrangement, the fact of my having “arrived that morning at ten minutes past midnight” would as it were be placarded on my back, I resolved, out of the three candidates, to enlist one; and, moreover, in order that my first act in Ireland might be a just one, I selected the boy who had come first.

“Now keep close to this stirrup,” said I to him as soon as I had got rid of the rest; “and if any one else comes after me, tell him at once I am engaged to *you*.”

“I wull, yere Arn’r!” he replied, with a very decisive nod.



Unassailed and unnoticed by any one, my horse sometimes walked, sometimes trotted, and sometimes for a few seconds stood still, according as the objects I successively encountered more or less attracted my attention.

“ This, yere Arn’r ! ” said my guide, extending his right arm as he pointed to a large edifice, “ is called ”—

“ Never mind about its name ! ” I replied, interrupting him ; for as I merely wanted to take a general view of a city into which I had as it were just dropped from the clouds, I did not approve of being instructed before its public by a bare-footed professor.

As we were proceeding, a gentleman inquired of him the way to some point ? “ Ye’ll go along Nassau Street,” he replied, “ till ye come to King Willium a horseback ; you’ll see ut thin on yere lift hand ! ”

“ I hope yere Arn’r will give me a copper ! ” said the feeble voice of a poor old woman, who, availing herself of the stoppage, had hobbled up to me ; “ I’m wake wi’ the hunger ! ” she added.

In passing the Ordnance-Office I sent in my aide-de-camp to inquire for the address of the Commanding Engineer. A grey-headed man instantly came out and told me, very civilly, it was 40, Lower Mount Street. My attendant led me there ; but, on its proving to be an empty house, I ascertained from the next door that the individual I was in search of lived at No. 40 in Upper Mount Street.

“ I knew it was in the *upper* strate,” said my conductor.

“ Then why did you bring me *here* ? ” I asked angrily.



“ Yere Arn’r ! ” he replied, “ the boy (aged 60) said it was in the *lower* strate, and I thought shure *he’d* know best.”

As we were migrating from the one locality to the other I rode into a large square of about a dozen acres of grass, of such a lovely emerald hue that I was really almost startled at beholding it, and, seeing written up on one of its corners “ MERRION SQUARE,” I instantly desired my conductor to lead me to the house formerly occupied by the Great Liberator ; and I was wondering who might be the successful candidate for so renowned a habitation, when, on pulling up my horse before it, I own I was astonished to see not only

#### O’CONNELL

on a brass plate, but in the window a large placard which looked as if it had just been issued by him. Instead, however, of advertising a public meeting on College Green, I read the melancholy words—

#### “ TO BE SOLD OR LET.”

There was his mansion—his name—his own printed order of “ *Ring the bell* ”—the brass handle by which on leaving the house he had always closed its door behind him—there were the stone steps so often trod by his feet ; and yet all had lost their magic value, and the bricks, stone, and brass of the Agitator are at this moment in Dublin vainly petitioning to every passing stranger “ *to be sold or let !* ”

All of a sudden, as I was riding along, I came to a fine open space, in the centre of which, with an extensive macadamised road on each side, was a deep and broad channel, apparently bisecting the city. The dark-

coloured peat-water rushing within at once announced to me it was the Liffey, retained within the limits described by handsome walls of hewn stone, on which high-water mark was very legibly denoted by a deep black stain, perforated every here and there, at about four feet from the bottom, with square black drainage-holes.

Across this arterial river there has been constructed, some quite new, some older, and some exceedingly infirm, a series of thoroughfares, as if to demonstrate that in bridges, as in man, there are between their cradles and their graves seven ages.

The sun was shining bright, and beneath each bridge was to be seen its reflection in the water ; just beyond the most eastern of these arched communications there appeared to have sprung up a fine commercial crop of masts of vessels of different sizes. As the tide had nearly ebbed, the water in the Liffey was shallow, and, seeing a crowd of people very intently looking down into it, I perceived, standing in the water up to their knees, two boys wrestling together for a piece of stick which had just floated into the possession of one of them. While they were so engaged, a bigger boy, with trowsers pushed up as high as they could go, walked slowly towards the combatants, and by way of settling their dispute he tripped up the biggest, who, disappearing for a few seconds, came up with his whole body, and especially his head and long hair, dripping wet with a fluid of the dark origin I have described. The author of the exploit good-humouredly laughed at the successful result of his arbitration, and, confident of approbation, he then looked up to the

crowd of faces that had been watching him. Everybody seemed delighted at the joke, and a more decided national grin, and a more simultaneous display of latent fun, could not have been beheld.

During this scene several little boys came up to me to beg: yet, in spite of their rags and pitiful stories, there was always a lurking joke in their countenances, which, like the sun behind a cloud, burst out at last all the brighter for having been concealed.

People in most countries, and especially those of the softer sex, are particularly careful not on any account to utter the monosyllable “YES!” before the proposal, whatever it may be, is officially submitted to them for consideration; but the beautiful ladies of Dublin, as they sit, or indolently recline, in their drawing-rooms, have the word not only stereotyped on their pretty lips, but actually printed and exhibited at full length either on their marble mantel-pieces or on their rosewood tables;—at least, so I suppose—for, as I rode along, I saw, to my astonishment, for sale in the windows of one or two stationers’ shops large cards of royal size, on which was printed in conspicuous letters the following reply in the affirmative, which is, of course, deliberately purchased by the lady or gentleman before the proposal to which it refers has been made to them:—

---

WILL HAVE THE HONOUR  
OF ACCEPTING THE INVITATION OF HIS EXCELLENCY

**THE LORD LIEUTENANT**

TO DINNER,

ON

AT

O’CLOCK.



As I was reading this card, there flitted across my memory the auld song of the Scotch lassie:—

“ Oh whustle! and I will come to ye, my lad!  
Oh whustle! and I will come to ye, my lad!  
Tho’ feather and mither should gang mad thegither,  
Oh whustle, and I will come to ye, my lad!”

For upwards of two hours I rode about Dublin, which, on the whole, appeared to me to be a plain, useful, brick city, with magnificent public buildings, and here and there across its river fine bridges of iron and stone.

About the altitude of the houses there exists no particular rule; indeed, like Falstaff’s squad, they have evidently been readily enlisted at any height; neither has there been any regulation about their colour, for they are very red, red, reddish, strawberry-coloured, and cream-coloured. With regard, however, to the broad stripes over the shops, there evidently exists a stringent law, namely, that all shall be brilliant, but that no two of them shall consecutively be alike in hue. The variety is of course very striking. But what I most admired in the city of Dublin are its magnificent lungs. In a four-mile heat it would inevitably beat any metropolis on the surface of the globe. For instance, one of its lungs has an area of not less than seventeen acres, while the other is composed of large healthy squares of from twelve to ten, eight, and six acres each. What a fine windpipe, too, is the Liffey! There may be a want of trade, a want of unanimity, a want of brotherly love between this creed and that—there may even be a want of potatoes, but there is no want in Dublin, and there never can be, of an abundant supply of good, wholesome, pure air!

As I had now some business to transact, I paid my conductor to his heart's content, and then told him I should go home.

“Is it to the *hot-hell* yere Arn'r's going?”

“Yes; to Morrison's,” I replied, and, bidding him farewell, to which he very gratefully ejaculated, “I'll be sure to know yere Arn'r again!” I trotted away in that direction.

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So active is the far-famed hospitality of Dublin, that almost every person either to whom I was introduced, or of whom I had the slightest previous acquaintance, on my asking him the most trifling question, invariably replied by making to me the three following proposals:—

1st. That I should dine with him on that day.

2nd. That I should allow him to show me the principal public buildings.

3rd. That he should accompany me to the Library.

“It's one of the finest in Europe!” he invariably observed; “you really *must* see it; you'll find in it from 70 to 90 thousand volumes!”

Now I had not time to read them; I had not come to Ireland to look at buildings; and as I intended to remain in Dublin but a very few days, I was not disposed to dine out. I therefore, in all of the three cases, without a single exception, separately declined each of the three proffered kindnesses. I was, however, to have the honour of paying a short visit to the Lord Lieutenant, for which the porter of the inn of his own accord had told me I should require a “car;” but as I



did not wish to put Her Majesty's sentinels out of countenance, or throw fine, powdered footmen into fits of laughter, I seriously and confidentially asked the landlord whether it would be proper for me to drive up sideways to the Vice-Regal Lodge, in a common, open, street car? and to escape from doing so I further hinted to him that it would perhaps be better I should hire from him a carriage.

Not only by his words, but by his honest countenance and by his whole attitude, I was assured that in Dublin a car is *the* proper conveyance for everybody; and, accordingly, I at once determined that—*ruat cœlum*—in a car I would go.

I had, however, occasion to walk to that splendid pile of buildings, the Custom-house, and, having transacted my business there, I slowly proceeded to a spot on which several cars were standing; and as there are no less than 1500 of them in Dublin, the drivers thereof, besides being, as in all countries, professionally anxious to catch a fare, in doing so are in the habit of displaying a good deal of their characteristic fun and humour in competing with, or, as it is commonly called, in *chaffing* each other: for instance, says one—

“*Here's a car, yere Arn'r!*”

“My car's a *new* one!” says another, running hurriedly up.

“I've an iligant *harse!*” exclaims a third, pointing at the well-bred animal with his whip.

“Yes, but mine don't come down on his *knas*, yere Arn'r,” says a fourth.

“Look at my nice dry *kushuns* (cushions), yere Arn'r!” says a fifth.

“Dry enough!” observes a sixth, very gravely, adding, with a cunning leer, “but mine have gort no BUGS in um, yere Arn’r!” and so on, *ad infinitum*.

I selected one that had not offered himself at all, and I had no sooner driven from his competitors than, in his excess of gratitude, he endeavoured to repay me with information respecting everything we passed.

His education, however, had been slightly neglected, and his facts were not particularly accurate. He was about 50 years of age, with a round, unmeaning face, and such very short lips that his white teeth—there were fourteen of them—were always uncovered. I did not care about the buildings he pointed out to me, as I had already seen them; but as I was glad to hear him talk, I occasionally stirred up his ideas to assist him in extricating them.

“Where were you born?” I inquired.

“South of Ireland,” he replied, “in a place called Kharlow!”

“Is it a good place?” I asked.

“Och, very! very! very! It’s a splindid counthry, yere Arn’r!” he replied.

“Is Ireland pretty quiet now?” I politically inquired.

“Och! yere Arn’r,” he replied, “Ireland is *always* quite, only a few little scrimmages now and then!”

He had been desired to drive to the General Post-office, but about fifty yards before he reached it, pulling up suddenly, and pointing with his whip to a figure on the summit of a magnificent column, he exclaimed loud enough, and with animation enough, to attract attention,

“There’s our Nalson! with one of his arms orf at

the shouldher, the left arm stretched out, and the soord *in ut*; and he's looking down on the shipping and the say. He was a *say-MAN*."

"What—a sailor?" I inquired.

"Yere Arn'r!" he replied, evidently pleased at the opportunity of instructing me, "he was one of the finest admirals the Govermint ever had!"

"A good man to fight?" I asked.

"Yere Arn'r!" he replied, greatly excited, "he was one of the *gratest*. He bet the whole world before hum! Nalson! gallant Nalson ruled the mane!" he exclaimed as he waved his whip with exultation and pride.

"What did he die of?" I inquired, as leaning on my elbow I sat indolently watching the enthusiasm in my friend's face.

"Yere Arn'r!" he replied, "he was shot by a Frenchman. He aimed at his star—like this, yere Arn'r" (touching with the butt of his whip a large round iron ticket on his own breast, on which was inscribed a Crown, beneath that the word "DRIVER," and under all the number, say "297"); "and Nalson was shot through the heart!"

After contemplating the mutilated statue for some seconds, he added, "Ut's the finest monument in all Dhublun. There's nothing like ut!"

"And so," said I to myself, "while people are declaring that between the Saxon and the Celt there exists an animosity that is implacable, 'the finest monument in Dublin,' erected by public subscription, at a cost of 7000*l.*, commemorates the name of an *Englishman*, while on the other side of the Channel the



finest monuments in London heap eternal honour on the name of an Irishman! What a national bond of union are those two simple facts!”

After calling at Morrison's hotel we crossed Grattan-street, full of excellent shops, and thronged with people; and then, proceeding a very short distance,

“This, yere Arn'r,” said my conductor, is “College Green!”

And on my observing to him that it appeared to my eyes to be one half macadamised, and the other half covered with pavement, he said—

“Yere Arn'r, it was once not only all green, but in the auld records it was called College Green, near Dhublun. Dhublun, yere Arn'r, took ut's name from a Double-Inn—two houses stuck into one; from them Dhublun took ut's title.”

As we were jogging along, “Yere Arn'r,” said he, pointing with his whip to a bare-headed monarch, seated on a hollow-backed cart-horse, with an under-jaw touching his windpipe, a neck twisted into a Saxon arch, and an uplifted near-side fore-hoof, as if he had just trodden on a nail, and was showing it to the King—“There's William the Conqueror!”

After passing the beautiful Corinthian columns of the Royal Exchange, a Scotch church, dressed out, I thought, very much like an Episcopal one, and a magnificent pile of buildings (the Four Courts), surmounted in the centre by a lofty superintending dome, we trotted along one of the broad macadamised roads which bound on either side the deep hewn stone channel of the Liffey.

“This is the Mendy City, yere Arn'r!” said my



driver, pointing to a building on my left, on which was written, in large letters, "Mendicity Association." "It's a charty" (charity), he added.

On our right, on the opposite side of the river, was a congregation of barracks, in front of which were assembled a considerable body of troops. A military band was playing with great effect.

"That's the Prate-ground, yere Arn'r," observed my conductor, "where the soldiers prate (parade). This is called 'Victoria Quay,' and that opposite 'Albert Quay.'"

As we were crossing an iron bridge of a single arch, which I happened to know had been constructed in 1827 by the inhabitants of Dublin, to commemorate the royal visit of George IV., my conductor said to me, "This, yere Arn'r, is called King's Bridge. Yere Arn'r, it was built by George IV. By his manes (means) it was built; it was built, yere Arn'r, by what he give!"

"See there, yere Arn'r," he added, pulling up as soon as we had crossed, and pointing to a medallion, as follows:—



Then spelling the inscription very slowly to me, he added, "GIVR stands for 'GIVER.' That manes, that the *Crown* is the GIVER!"

On the left of the Liffey was the Terminus of the Great Southern and Western Railway; and on proceeding a little farther, passing a lodge, we entered the gate of the Phoenix Park, the finest national playground in Europe, and I believe in the world. Indeed, it contains no less than 1700 acres of beautiful grass, more or less covered with trees and shrubs growing as wild as in any uncultivated region of the globe, all open to the public.

"There, yere Arn'r," said my conductor, pointing to the right, "is the Souldiers' Hospital. That slated roof is the Constabulary Barricks." On the left, firm, erect, and everlasting, standing on earth and with its head pointing to heaven, stood an appropriate granite obelisk upwards of 200 feet high, erected by public subscription to the memory of the great Duke of Wellington; at the foot of this simple testimonial I observed a little puny, illegitimate offspring of the artist, which is really a discredit to the whole thing.

As soon as we had ascended the slight eminence on which the monument stands, "Starp!" my driver exclaimed, "till I show yere Arn'r a fine view!" And certainly a magnificent prospect there was of Dublin beneath us, bounded by a range of beautiful hills.

"That building, yere Arn'r," pointing to a very large quadrangular slated one, surmounted by a spire, nearly half a mile off, "is the Fogie's Harspital!"

"What?" I inquired.

“Some call it,” he explained, the “*Royal Harspital*. It’s for auld pinshioners, the same as Chalsea!”

Resuming our course—as we proceeded I observed on the left, bounded by large trees, a fine cricket-ground, on which were playing several athletic-looking men in white jackets, a comfortable tent being in their rear. On the right were plenty of trees, some formally drawn up in straight avenues, others socially living together “at ease,” in groups.

Far on the left was a vast expanse of grass, misnamed “The Fifteen Acres,” used principally for reviewing troops; indeed, besides being the only spot in the United Kingdom on which a large army could be manœuvred, it is perhaps the most picturesque ground for the purpose that could possibly be conceived, for not only is it fantastically surrounded by fir and larch plantations of various shapes, but on the south the horizon is bounded by a chain of mountains of extraordinary beauty. Until lately this lovely expanse was the fashionable resort of duellists. In one instance the challenger was a young lawyer, who, in concocting the billet, or bill of indictment, by which he required the gentleman he had quarrelled with “to meet him with pistols on the Fifteen Acres,” added, with professional caution, “*be the same, Sir, more or less.*”

Besides the residence of the Viceroy there exists in the Phœnix Park a warren containing, hidden in their respective groves, the houses of the Chief Secretary, Under Secretary, and Private Secretary.

After passing on the right a beautiful piece of water, on which a pair of milk-white swans belong-



ing to the adjoining Zoological Gardens, with wings slightly uplifted, were gracefully sailing, we came to a lodge, within which, in bright scarlet, cruciformed by white belts, there appeared pacing up and down, his bright bayonet glittering in the sun, a British sentinel.

“This is the Vice-Agle Park, yere Arn’r,” said my conductor.

Seeing that I did not quite understand his orthography, he added—

“That’s whart *we* call ut! There’s some as call ut Vice-Ragal Park.”

Whatever may be its name, the lonely scene, as we trotted through it, was calm, tranquil, and lovely, and, as on either side I gazed on large luxuriant trees flourishing on emerald-green grass, basking under a bright sun, I felt I had never beheld a more peaceful, happy, unsophisticated spot.

“There’s some iligant dare (deer) here, yere Arn’r,” said my driver, “and quantities of um.”

After following a meandering road for some distance, we rather suddenly drove up to a large substantial gentlemanlike country-house, significantly smartened by the appearance before it of two sentinels.

On entering this mansion, which, at a glance, appeared admirably well regulated and appointed, I remained for a short time by myself in the principal waiting-room.

Outside the window was an extensive, beautiful, closely-mown lawn, flat as a bowling-green, and ornamented with flowers in beds of various shapes and sizes; and, as a striking contrast to their brilliant colours,

there stood here and there slight, elegant, dark green cypresses, the whole being surrounded by a broad, royal-looking walk—on which I observed pacing a blue policeman—bounded by a bright buff-coloured stone balustrade, which, from its appropriate structure, assumed the appearance of basket-work.

On the horizon resting against the blue sky was the soft undulating outline of a range of lofty hills, ornamented at the base by patches of cultivated land, which, at a higher elevation, appeared gradually to dissolve into blue heather, to which the reflection of every passing cloud gave for a few moments a different hue.

At the foot of these distant mountains appeared a grove or belt of trees, from which there arose, as an emblem of industry, the lofty chimney of a steam-engine.

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On Sunday evening, at about five o'clock, in a large, roomy, comfortable arm-chair, for nearly an hour I sat at an open window of the Hibernian United Service Club, on the north side of St. Stephen's Green, watching car-loads of happy people going to and returning from Donnybrook Fair.

Every car in Dublin is employed in this annual national service, and from three or four of the drivers I learnt that they had propelled the same horse to the fair and back five-and-twenty times, not for one day, but for several consecutive days!

The distance from Dublin is about a mile and a half, but the crowd at the entrance of the fair is so great,



that the cars are usually stopped by the police at a quarter, and towards evening at half a mile from the scene of bliss.

The tide of cars that continued unceasingly ebbing and flowing before my eyes was, really, not only astonishing, but it was amusing to observe the infinite variety of ways in which those three simple items, a man, a woman, and a child, can be made to appear.

The process of the driver was, the instant he arrived from the fair to return to it, and *vice versâ*. The charge for the conveyance of each person is twopence, and thus—“*vires acquisivit eundo*”—he kept picking up people, who, of course, being picked up in this way, had no connection with each other, save that which appears to exist between all going to or coming from Donnybrook Fair.

By the time it trotted through St. Stephen's Green every car was full. In one were boys; in another girls; in others boys and girls, in every possible joyous variety of arrangement. There were old men, old women, gaudy soldiers, flashy-looking women, children of every age, all grinning,—all going to or coming from Donnybrook Fair.

In one car sat four scarlet dragoons with glittering brass helmets, a fat gentleman with a large stomach comfortably resting on a pair of very short knees, a woman with a sky-blue bonnet on her head, and a child in her lap; lastly, a man sitting, as happy as a grig, without a hat.

There were ladies with parasols, and long, large, fashionable, windy gowns—gentlemen in wide-awake

hats—young tradesmen wearing flashy waistcoats and smart neckcloths—infants, with their dear little eyes staring and almost starting out of their heads—children with bare legs, like wooden ones, sticking out—men with pipes in their mouths—babies suckling, I mean sucking—a little girl blowing a penny trumpet—a little boy trying, with a twopenny whip, to flog a grey horse sixteen hands high—men with pipes in their mouths—all going to or coming from Donnybrook Fair!

There were white, black, brown, bay, chesnut, roan, and piebald horses, of all sizes—several thoroughbred, many well-bred, a few under-bred, now and then a blind one, with his head vibrating at every step—all with their noses stuck out—leg-weary, jaded, dusty, and hot—all going to or coming from Donnybrook Fair!

By the side of several cars I observed, trotting, apparently as proud and as happy as any human being could be, a dog, running sometimes east, sometimes west, according as he was going to or coming from Donnybrook Fair!

On each side of the road—on the iron chains that bounded it—on the kerb-stones of the pavement—on the steps of doors—there sedately sat, in happy groups, crowds of people, placidly participating with me in the delight, joy, and fun that beam in the countenances of every man, woman, and child going to or coming from Donnybrook Fair.

The poor horses nobody seemed to pity; indeed, as in an Irish car nobody can conveniently look at the animal that is drawing him, the neglected creature

trots on, just as if the parties behind his tail, tired of quarrelling about him, had ended their dispute by amicably agreeing together that he belonged to none of them. When a car is crowded, a man well jammed in on the right side is completely separated from one seated on the left. They look, in diametrically opposite directions, at different objects—in fact, they have nothing whatever to do with each other.

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## NATIONAL EDUCATION.

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“ HERE it is, yere Arnh’r ! ” said the driver of my car as, in the middle of a very interesting biographical history he was gratuitously giving me of his “ harse,” he stopped him suddenly in the middle of Marlborough-street, and with his whip instantly pointed to an iron gate immediately before me bounded on each side by a grave-looking stone wall, the mica of which was glittering in the sunshine. Within the said gate, and close to it and the wall, appeared on each side a low, substantial porter’s lodge ornamented with columns of the Grecian Doric, and on entering the dominions there immediately almost flashed before my eyes a remarkably verdant and well-mowed, large, long, rectangular lawn, bounded at the far distant end by a line of three buildings slightly detached from each other. The centre one, which had the appearance of a chapel, and in the upper portion of which shone a clock, is the infants’ school, flanked on one side by its only brother, a school for boys, and on the other by its sister, one for girls. At a short distance from the Doric lodge stood, magnificently on the right, Tyrone House, formerly the town residence of the Marquis of Waterford, now occupied as a board-room, also as quarters for the Resident Commissioner, the Right Hon. Alex. Macdonnell, and for other officers of the institution. On



the left of the green lawn, and immediately opposite Tyrone House, is a large, solid, but rather lower building, used as lecture-rooms and as habitations for the conductors of the schools.

The object of this immense establishment is to impart not only to the children of the poor in Dublin, but to the indigent rising generation throughout the whole of Ireland, the inestimable blessings of education. The duties, therefore, are obviously twofold: first, to give instruction to the applicant children in its immediate neighbourhood; and, secondly, to educate and instruct male and female teachers, so as to enable them, on returning to their respective parishes, more or less remote, to establish throughout the country that well-arranged uniform system of education which it is the duty of the Commissioners to superintend.

As Tyrone House has wisely been constructed on a firm foundation, so, no doubt, was it highly desirable that in the education of the rising generation of Ireland the Christian religion, which its inhabitants vie with each other in revering, should have formed not only the solid basis of the system, but the cement which in future ages should have bound together, in indissoluble affection, the various living particles of which it is composed. Unfortunately, however, upon this subject there arose from all quarters such a variety of conflicting opinions, that it was deemed necessary to erect the superstructure—I will not say without any foundation, but with the best that could practically be obtained; and, accordingly, the principles upon which the Commissioners act are, that the schools shall be alike open to Christians of all denominations; that no pupil shall be

required to attend at any religious exercise or to receive any religious instruction which his parents or guardians do not approve, and that sufficient opportunity shall be afforded to the pupils of each religious persuasion to receive separately, at appointed times, such description of religious instruction as their parents or guardians shall think proper. Accordingly, every Tuesday from 10½ till 12½ religious instruction may be and is imparted to the children of all denominations of Christians by the minister of the particular creed to which they respectively belong. The Commissioners give to the students a new and curtailed translation of a very small proportion of the Bible, the inaccuracy of which small proportion is thus described (*vide* their Preface) in their own words:—

“The translation has been made by a comparison of the Authorized and Douay versions with the original. The language, sometimes of the one and sometimes of the other, has been adopted, and *occasional deviations* have been made *from both*.”

But although this unfortunate, and, alas! disreputable disagreement still exists, the Board of Commissioners, very much to their credit, have, for their common object, encouraged the construction of a series of books in the various departments of elementary instruction, which are not only in general use throughout the National Schools of Ireland, but by their intrinsic merit are rapidly extending, in increasing numbers, to the establishments for public instruction in Scotland, England, and even in the remotest of our colonial settlements.

In 1850 there existed in Ireland under the supervision of the Commissioners, who, as vacancies occur,

are appointed by the Lord-Lieutenant, and whose number must not exceed fifteen—

Number of National Schools . . .	4,547
Number of children attending them	511,239

—being an increase of 133 schools and of 30,616 children, as compared with the numbers in the preceding year of 1849. In 1850 the number of children in the Marlborough-street establishment was 1400. All pay for their schooling a penny a week. In the same year the sum paid to teachers of six classes (averaging 14*l.* 10*s.* to each) was 66,964*l.* The number of teachers trained during the twelve months was 185 males, 87 females; total 272. Of these, 15 were of the Established Church, 214 Roman Catholics, 41 Presbyterians, and 2 Dissenters.

There are also under the direction of the Board 124 workhouse schools; namely, in Ulster 28, in Munster 43, in Leinster 29, and in Connaught 24.

Besides affording the means of imparting ordinary instruction, the Board of National Education in Ireland has at Glasnevin a farm of 128 acres, in which teachers as well as pupils receive literary and agricultural instruction, which is thus disseminated over the country—the consequence of which has been that there have already sprung up in Ireland 17 model agricultural schools, as follows:—in Ulster 8, in Munster 6, in Leinster 1, in Connaught 2.

After ascending the chaste, beautiful staircase of Tyrone House, which by every stranger is deservedly admired, and arriving at the Board-room, I was introduced to the Resident Commissioner, who most oblig-



ingly offered to explain to me in detail the whole of the system in which he was so deeply interested. As, however, I mentioned to him that my object in visiting the establishment was merely to observe the appearance and conduct of the children, he very kindly committed me to a person whom he requested to conduct me wherever I desired, and to loiter with me wherever and as long as I wished.

From my Mentor I accordingly learnt, as I walked towards the schools, that they at present contained 500 male children, 430 female, and 300 infants—total 1230; of whom about 7-8ths are Roman Catholics, and the remaining 1-8th Protestants (Episcopalians and Presbyterians), with 3 or 4 Jews.

That of the young persons lodged in the establishment, who are learning to be country teachers, and who have come from the country to Dublin for that object, 130 are males, 65 females—total 195; of whom about 1-4th are Protestants. Lastly, that the hours of instruction are from ten in the morning till three in the afternoon, excepting on Saturdays.

On arriving at the girls' school my attendant told me very gravely that it would be necessary we should wait a little, there being at present nothing to be seen, as the children were not in study, but in their play-yards; but as this was exactly the place in which I wished to see them, I begged he would allow me to go there. Accordingly, proceeding through a large, light, airy school-room, empty of everything, but on the floor black desks and forms, and on the walls maps, he conducted me to a locked door, at which stood a little female sentinel or janitress about ten years of age. On



explaining to this nice, intelligent little being what I wanted, with her key of office she turned the lock, and I had scarcely passed the threshold it was her duty to guard when a most joyous scene presented itself. In a large, dull, stupid, square, paved yard, with a shed on its right, girls, mostly from eight to fourteen (a few were apparently sixteen, eighteen, and twenty), with no covering on their heads, and in some instances with bare feet, were dancing, skipping, vaulting on and off wooden horses, or with uplifted and diagonally extended slight arms swinging round two gymnastic poles,—and certainly a happier, a merrier, or a more innocent scene it had never been my fortune to witness. The children had clean faces, and, generally speaking, beautiful complexions, high colour, and yet, although they were all in high spirits, there was a propriety in their conduct towards each other that was very gratifying to witness. Among them, as here, there, and everywhere they flew about and around in eccentric mazes, were to be seen pacing slowly up and down on straight lines, like so many admirals on their quarterdecks, four or five full-blown, full-grown ladies in bonnets and hot shoes—most of them, as they vibrated, reading in books apparently for their very lives. They were special class-teachers from the country, whose duty it is, assisted by regular teachers, to watch over the children at play, and without in any way curtailing their liberty, to report any quarrelling or conduct that deserves punishment, which simply consists in the culprit being admonished before her class.

In the system established by the Commissioners, it is strictly required that the children in these playgrounds,

justly considered as halls for moral instruction, or, as they have been still better termed, "uncovered schools," shall "never be left to themselves."

At Almack's there are always refreshments for the dancers, and, accordingly, in the corner of the yard before me, I observed a couple of iron ladles chained to a pump, around which were a number of pleasing, pretty upper lips almost as wet as the water which for a moment they quaffed, and then with some merry exclamation darted off again to their play.

A funeral bell, however, all of a sudden tolled the termination of this happy life, and as I foresaw that the door, which the little janitress had now opened, would probably soon be crowded, I deemed it advisable to escape through it; and, accordingly, passing through the great school-room, I entered an empty adjoining smaller one called "the Gallery," in which fifteen forms, each capable of holding 12 scholars, rose one above another, like an orchestra, from the centre of the floor, very nearly to the ceiling.

After conversing for a few minutes with a very intelligent pupil-teacher, who had charge of the room, there entered through the door, like bees flying into their hive, a congregation of little girls from seven to twelve or thirteen years old, with a few others of more advanced age. For some seconds there was a good deal of puffing and panting, and, instead of by French cambric handkerchiefs, of gently wiping faces with the backs of right hands. There was also a very little twisting and setting to rights of long hair by, generally speaking, poking it in charge of Nature's band, the owners' ears. Only one girl had ringlets—however, as

an atonement for this little piece of vanity, beside her sat a child whose strong, red hair, ending bluffly like the thatch of a cottage, had apparently been chopped off under the good old-fashioned prescription of scissors and the pudding-basin.

As soon as 180 children had taken their seats, a spelling lesson began. The word proposed had scarcely left the lips of the teacher, when from all parts of the room, top, bottom, and middle, there darted towards her in radiation the right arms of all who wished thus to declare that they could spell it. On the pronunciation of some words, every right arm started out; on the utterance of others, very few; in one instance, only two. The teacher usually selected from the number of arms offered the owner of the one she expected would be most likely to make a mistake, in which case she suddenly called upon some other pupil to correct it. The instant, however, that the word, sooner or later, was correctly spelled, down dropped all the eager young arms as if they had suddenly been paralysed by old age. But after the poor word had been rightly spelled, and after, as I thought, it was dead and buried, the teacher, with that ingenious cruelty which has ever distinguished the race, pointing to an innocent child, asked her what it meant. "What is the *meaning* of 'soar'?" said she, to a rosy-faced little creature of about eight years old. "To fly upwards!" it exclaimed; "To fly aloft!" ejaculated another at the very same instant, thus satisfying me that the scholars were not, without understanding, answering by rote. Observing that a great big girl, sitting among the little ones, had never once thrown out her arm, I asked the teacher in an under voice a



question respecting her. "How old are you?" she immediately said aloud, pointing with her white wand to her. The poor girl, blushing strongly as she said it, softly answered "eighteen." The teacher then explained to me that the reason she had not examined her was, that she knew she could not spell; adding, "her education before she came here had been completely neglected."

Having satisfied myself of the great intelligence of the roomful of children I had been living with, I walked into the large adjoining room, which is lighted at each side, and is 50 feet square. In it I found 300 girls, most of them with their hands behind them, standing in segments of circles, containing from 9 to 15 each, around a young instructress or monitor, occasionally scarcely of their own age, located with her back to the wall. On the black benches which crossed the room were seated in groups, earnestly bending towards each other, a number of grown-up young teachers in bonnets, studying books, out of which they were to be examined by the Professors and by Mrs. Campbell, who, as Superintendent, has entire charge of the female school.

On my asking this highly intelligent lady how many scholars the room could contain, she replied, "Rather more than 400;" being the usual allowance of six square feet for each child.

When the particular studies at which the 300 girls had been engaged were concluded, they suddenly broke from their magic circles, and, on taking their respective places on the benches, they became in a short time intently occupied in needlework. I own, how-



ever, that when the Lady Superintendent benevolently approached me with an enormous folio book, containing specimens of what could be done with the point of a needle, I could for some reason or other hardly suppress a deep dry sigh; however, on patiently going through the volume, I certainly could not help admiring all I beheld. The science of making men's shirts decidedly pleased me most; then my affections rested about equally on darning in eight varieties and on the art of patching old clothes. I cared considerably less about the mystery of making petticoats, stays, and knitted gowns; and by the time I had learnt to plait straw, embroider, and make babies' boots, I felt that I had imbibed quite as much Irish useful knowledge as my head could hold.

Mrs. Campbell now kindly asked me if I would like to hear some singing? and on my replying, with great eagerness, in the affirmative, by a slight tap on the floor she called the attention of the school, and the rustling of laying aside little invaluable bits of calico, linen, &c. &c. &c., had scarcely subsided, when, to my astonishment and delight, the whole of the 300 girls rose, and, as with one voice, commenced with great taste and melody to sing together "God save the Queen!"

Their performance was not only admirable, but deeply affecting. After they had gone through the first verse, three girls, who on the requisition for music had, by migration, seated themselves together, commenced alone the second stanza. They were of course the finest voices in the school, and I do not exaggerate when I say that their execution and taste would attract

attention in any capital in Europe. The contralto notes of one of them were most unusual and extraordinary—her base was as low and as deep-toned as a man's, and yet it had all the softness of a woman's. There can be no doubt whatever that in due time these sounds will produce her an ample livelihood.

The singer by her side was a young girl of about seventeen, a tall, slight brunette, with shining hair, and with a narrow strap of black velvet, like the collar of a pet antelope, round her throat; her voice was high, clear as a bell, and sweet, and as she stood, with her eyes modestly fixed on the ground, singing in soft notes, which in beautiful harmony blended with those of her two companions,—

“ May she defend our laws,  
And ever give us cause  
To sing with heart and voice—  
God save the Queen ! ”—

I experienced sensations it would be impossible, and, indeed, which it is perfectly unnecessary I should describe.

The Professor of music, who happened to be present, must, I am sure, have perceived how deeply I silently appreciated the successful result of his indefatigable exertions, which I afterwards had an opportunity of witnessing in the boys' school.

On taking leave of the female establishment, I feel it due to truth rather than to its young inmates—from whom ordinary flattery had infinitely better be withheld—to state, as briefly as possible, that in no country in the world that I have ever witnessed have I ever beheld the indescribable native modesty which, in their

playground as well as in their studies, characterised their countenances; indeed, it was so striking, that I feel confident no traveller of ordinary observation could fail to observe it.

There are three schools for boys; the largest, consisting of 400, is divided into five classes. Over each division is a paid monitor, or pupil teacher. Every division, according to the proficiency of the pupils, is subdivided into classes, over each of which is appointed a class monitor.

On proceeding to the largest of these schools I entered a lofty room, 80 feet long by 50 broad, containing 16 parallel desks and benches, each affording a location for 18 squatters, where I found three Professors, each at the same time addressing on an average five benches of boys, who, on every question that was asked, darted out their arms in the sharp, quick way already described. On an exalted desk at the further extremity of the room was inscribed, on a large black slate,—

*Lessons for the 14th August.*

1. Grammar.
2. Geography.
3. Spelling.

As I have previously explained, they had not only correctly to spell on a slate whatever word was pronounced to them, but also to write the meaning of it.

On the slates of three boys sitting in a row I saw the following words inscribed simultaneously:—

“*Crab*—belongs to the third class of animals, called Crustacea.”



“ *The Crab*—belongs to the class called Crustacea.”

“ *The Crab*—belongs to that class of animals called Crustacea.”

I was afterwards shown several of their books, in many of which, over admirable writing, there appeared, justly written by the Professor, the two words, “Very good”—a testimonial highly prized, I was informed, by the boys’ parents.

All of a sudden, with a great noise, the whole of the scholars arose from their seats, and, as soon as they stood erect, the Professor put them through all sorts of movements; made them jump—fold arms—turn this way, then the other; at last, the hour for recreation having arrived, in regular procession they were marched out; and as with joyous, intelligent countenances, they one close to the other passed me in lock step, I could not help feeling how triumphantly they contradicted the opinion which has often so unjustly been expressed, that Irishmen instinctively rebel against discipline.

In a few minutes these boys were in their play-yard, and by the time I could get to it I found them not only in full enjoyment, but in full chorus—for they were singing together very prettily as well as playing.

Some were swinging; some hanging by their hands on five different bars, on one of which a merry lame boy, with a countenance beaming with happiness, was suspending himself by his crutch. The top of a single post, for leap-frog, was beautifully polished by the innumerable hands, to say nothing of cloth and corduroy, that rapidly passed over it. In a shed several were playing at fives.

At the first glance the scene was one of apparent



confusion, but on analysis I very shortly discovered the method that pervaded it. For instance, close to the lofty pole, around the bottom of which four boys were joyously whirling, only occasionally touching the ground with their feet, I observed a line of candidates for the fun, patiently standing in succession one behind the other, so as without contention to enjoy the ropes each in their turn.

In another portion of the yard were to be seen two rows of about twelve boys each, with their stomachs pushing hard against their neighbours' backs, their faces being all directed to one of two pumps, at which they were desirous in their turn to drink. At each pump, with his back to the wall, there stood, in charge of its iron saucer and chain, a young monitor. At the entrance-door of the playground there was also a janitor of about the same age.

Through this merry scene a party of boys, several without shoes or stockings, were rushing and running in all directions. They were playing at hide-and-seek, the hider, as soon as taken, being brought in triumph by his captor to a tribunal. "What's that strap for?" said I to a fine, fresh-coloured, strong lad, who was running with it in his hand. "To handcuff hum," he replied, with a grin, "if he won't come quite (quiet)!"

After crossing over to the great building opposite to Tyrone House, where I listened for some time to a very interesting and instructive agricultural lecture, addressed by a Professor to the grown-up male teachers, who, after their period of instruction has concluded, are thus enabled to carry with them to their various localities the valuable practical knowledge that I heard

imparted to them, I proceeded to a spacious building on the west of the large grass plot, the dormitory of the female country teachers, consisting of numerous rooms, containing, according to their size, from three to twelve beds, with curtains. In an adjacent building the male teachers sleep on iron bedsteads. It might have been imagined that the mixing up in Dublin of so many young rural teachers of opposite sexes would occasionally be productive of evil consequences. I was very positively assured, however, by the highest authority, that since the creation of this establishment no such case has ever been known to occur; a fact, if it be one, highly creditable to the Irish character.

On proceeding to the infants' school, I found 300 of them in their playground, drawn up in four or five formal lines, just ready, with little monitors at their side, to tottle into school.

Their faces were all clean, and they were waiting with serious countenances for the ringing of the bell, when, all of a sudden, in consequence of a little "soft nonsense" I had whispered into the ear of the teacher in charge of their yard, she called out to them in a loud tone, "*Children! you may have five minutes' more play!*" By the explosion of gunpowder one could scarcely have scattered them more suddenly in all directions. In one second the formality of their position and countenances had vanished, and all over the gritty precincts of the yard they were, mostly with little bare feet, to be seen running, tumbling, jumping, and laughing. A lot of more intelligent faces and beautiful complexions no one could desire to behold. Their glossy hair was of all colours.

In the middle of the yard were two poles, but the amusement they appeared most to enjoy was scrambling up a steep inclined wooden trough, and, on reaching the summit, squatting down and, without the slightest attention to the adjustment of their clothes, sliding down a corresponding descending wooden trough, the *bottom* of which was not only highly polished, but literally worn into two little furrows by the endless friction that, by the inventive powers of the Commissioners, had been applied to it. In a few instances, as a great joke, a child, instead of sitting, went down this *montagne Russe* head-foremost, on its stomach or back as it preferred.

Any one witnessing the innocent, happy joy of these children, would reasonably have hoped that the hand of Time would have been arrested, but, as usual, he was inexorable; the five minutes came to an end—the bell rang—the children, stomach versus back, fell out into five lines, and by word of command of her majesty the queen of their yard they once again tottled into their schoolroom.

On arriving there in the morning they deposit their hats and caps in a basket placed at one end of each of their respective forms, and their bread (dinner) in another basket at the other end.

In the schoolroom I found, seated in various directions, a number of very intelligent-looking female teachers, each of whom had suspended before her a picture. One represented the whole process of making bread, from the ploughing of land for wheat to reaping, thrashing, grinding, and baking. Another, the various preparations which leather undergoes, and the mode of



making shoes. Another was a carpenter's shop, with delineations of all his tools. Another, as a trifling change, a representation of the solar system.

Each poor teacher, like Prometheus on his rock, was chained to the picture she had undertaken to explain ; but as she could not long continue to propound its contents to one group, the chief Superintendent every now and then, as if a wasp had stung her, gave a stamp and a whistle, on which each group of children, under a tiny monitor—in many instances not four years old, and who is changed every week—moved successively to the next picture, which was no sooner explained than, in obedience to another sudden stamp and whistle, these little butterflies, with their monitor, flew to sip the honey of the adjoining flower.

In a neighbouring room I found a congregation of infants on benches raised one above another, merrily singing a tune, into which had been artfully slipped a very small portion of the multiplication table, and as this medicine evidently made them very shortly more or less drowsy (I saw one tiny sinner from the bottom of her soul give a decided yawn), the teacher artfully revived them by saying very softly, “*Let's take another sleep!*” on which, with great glee, they all threw themselves backwards, an exertion and a joke combined, which, on their being ordered to awake, completely revived them. One little girl, however, of about two years old, who had over-acted the part, remained sound asleep ; and as, with her tiny mouth open, her glossy flaxen hair lay wild and loose upon her rosy cheeks, I strongly felt how unconscious she was of the parental endeavours which the Lord-Lieu-



tenant, together with Commissioners the Archbishop of Dublin, the Archbishop Murray, Lord Bellew, the Lord Chancellor, the Bishop of Meath, the Right Hon. Alex. Macdonnell, and others of the highest attainments in Ireland, were making to impart, not only to her, but to 511,239 other children throughout Ireland, infantine habits of cleanliness and obedience, as also the inestimable advantages of an admirable education. And yet I could not help repeating to myself how lamentable is the reflection, that while, at an annual expenditure of 164,577*l.*, Parliament is assisting this great work, the Commissioners, although they have benevolently spared no pains in giving to the children they have undertaken to educate every temporal assistance that ingenuity could possibly desire, cannot to this day agree among themselves as to the admission of the Bible, or even in the construction of any simple Christian prayer in which the rising generation of Irish, Catholics and Protestants; might be taught to unite! In short, to the discredit of both religions, these children, who are taught so innocently to join together “with heart and voice” in a harmonious song of national homage to their Sovereign, are literally, by the dark rules of the institution—which “exclude from the general school all Catechisms and books inculcating *peculiar* religious opinions”—strictly forbidden from exclaiming together with similar unanimity,—

“GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND ON EARTH PEACE,  
GOODWILL TOWARDS MEN.”

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## THE CONSTABULARY.

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IF a new Lord-Lieutenant in a very great hurry wished to obtain a correct general idea of the distribution of the Constabulary Force in Ireland—in case no poor little boy, with a face deeply pitted with the small-pox, happened to be in the neighbourhood—I would strongly advise him to buy a sixpenny map of Ireland, nail it to a tree, and then, standing twenty-five yards from it, to fire at it with a close-carrying single-barrelled gun loaded with snipe-shot, which, in one second, would, as nearly as possible, mark out for him the distribution of the constabulary throughout the country he was about to govern. A glance at the annexed map, on which every police station is accurately delineated, will, I believe, sufficiently demonstrate the truth of my prescription.

The first question which the moralist would, of course, ask is, why so ubiquitous a force is necessary? Blinking, however, this subject for the present, there is another query, which, though of minor importance, is not unworthy of consideration; namely, by what magic power can such a scattered force be governed? By military men discipline is said to be the art of welding together, into an indissoluble band, a number of human particles, which, separately, have no strength or value whatever. But those whom discipline has

thus joined, no man, with impunity, can put asunder. In a regiment, however admirable may be its efficiency, it would be difficult to select six men who would maintain their artificial habits, if they were to be located in a lonely spot for, say, only one year. To find a company of such men would be almost impossible; and yet the constabulary force of Ireland is composed of an army of 12,501 Irishmen, belonging to two religions which we are told it is impracticable to conciliate!

With these facts fermenting in my mind I felt desirous to inform myself, first, of the nature of the force in question; and, secondly, of the mode in which it is disciplined: and as, for some hours, I had an opportunity, first, of glancing over the whole of their rules and regulations; and, secondly, of inspecting several hundred of the officers and men at the depôt at which the whole is educated, I obtained the following trifling data on the subject:—

I.—Ireland — which contains 32 counties, 316 baronies, 2422 parishes, and 66,700 townlands — is divided, for police purposes, into 35 counties and ridings, over each of which is placed a county inspector. Each county and riding is divided into districts, averaging 7 in number, over each of which is placed a sub-inspector, whose district is further subdivided into about 7 sub-districts, each under the immediate charge of a head or other constable.

Each sub-district comprises on an average 40 townlands.

There are at present in Ireland 1590 police stations (*vide* Map), giving on an average 48 stations to each county, and 8 policemen to each station.

The constabulary force of Ireland consists of—

Roman Catholics . . . . .	7,798
Protestants . . . . .	4,703
	<hr/>
Total force . . . . .	12,501
	<hr/>

The height of the men is as follows:—

ft.	in.			ft.	in.		
6	3	and upwards	. 23	5	11	and upwards	. 1794
6	2	,,	. 161	5	10	,,	. 2921
6	1	,,	. 506	5	9	,,	. 4623
6	0	,,	. 1104	5	8	,,	. 1518

Besides acting as conservators of the public peace, the Irish constabulary direct their exertions to numerous collateral objects of great importance to the country; for instance—

They distribute and collect the voting papers for all the Poor-Law guardians.

They take the census throughout Ireland.

They escort all prisoners, excepting in Tipperary and Cork, in which counties the aid of troops is required.

They escort all convicts, and discharge the convict accounts.

They collect and settle the innumerable accounts of fines and penalties, from sixpence upwards.

They act as billet-masters throughout the country, and as auctioneers for the sale of distress.

They enforce the fishery laws under certain instructions.

They assist in various ways the Board of Health.

They act (in towns and large villages) as masters of weights and measures.

They preserve order in sessional and assize courts.



They make up annually for Government certain statistical returns of the quantity and quality of the different kinds of crop, of stock, &c., and are thus competent, at any moment when required, to report simultaneously on the state of any particular crop—the potato, for instance—throughout the whole of Ireland.

During the famine they greatly assisted the Commissariat, as also the numerous relief commissions; in short, from their zeal and intelligence they are ready and competent to perform almost any miscellaneous duties that may be required of them.

On comparing the pay of the constabulary with that of a corresponding number of British troops, it appears that the police are a rather less expensive force than the army; for, although the sub-constables of police are better paid than private soldiers, yet, from the inferior pay of the other ranks of the constabulary, and from the much smaller proportion of them required than for troops, the cost of the whole force is at present, on the whole, less than that of an equal number of her Majesty's troops;\* and indeed this difference might be materially increased; for, as the number of constable-officers is not (as in the army) measured by the number of men they command, but by the extent of country under the superintendence of each, the

\* The difference is nearly as follows:—

10,000 police, with their officers and staff, cost 2000*l.* a-year less than 10,000 troops without staff.

The average annual expense of the clothing of the constabulary is as follows:—

Infantry, per man . . . . .	1	5	5 $\frac{3}{4}$
Cavalry, , , . . . . .	1	19	1

number of police constables at every station might be doubled, without materially increasing the officers' labour; and as the whole police of Ireland might thus be very largely augmented without any great addition to its complement of officers, the expense of the force, as compared with that of the army, would in that case, of course, be proportionally diminished.

From documents which will shortly be submitted, and which will enable the reader on this important subject to judge for himself, I was happy to ascertain that in the constabulary, as in our army and navy, Protestants and Catholics live together in such perfect harmony, that during the last fifteen years the Inspector-General has not received above four cases of complaint connected with religion; indeed their difference of creed is productive to the service only of *good*; for as the constables and sub-constables of each religion would, of course, jealously report any partiality or disaffection of a comrade on account of religion, the plain course, and indeed the only practicable course for all, is to drop religious animosity, and be faithful to their duty. Several years ago one of the constables was promptly dismissed for calling out "*O'Connell for ever!*" Immediately afterwards two more were dismissed for, with equally extended jaws, shouting, "*To hell with the Pope!*" The adherents of both parties rabidly complained to Sir Duncan M'Grigor, who quaintly enough answered their communications by laconically sending to each complainant a copy of the punishment he had just inflicted for the antagonistic exclamation.

Throughout the late elections, although the whole

body of Ireland was convulsed by religious animosity, the fidelity of the constabulary was so irreproachable, that during that severe trial there has been no occasion to dismiss a single individual for disaffection. By a regulation, established by the Inspector-General, no constable or sub-constable can be allocated in the district of country of which he is a native, or in which he is known to have relations and friends; and, as a pleasing proof of the propriety of this arrangement, it may be stated that constables, located on the confines of their own neighbourhood, of their own accord often apply to be removed, as they find their difficulties and temptations so much increased by being even in the neighbourhood of their acquaintances.

In the small detachments in which the constabulary are scattered over the whole surface of Ireland, not only is every individual strictly required to do his own duty, but he is punished if he witnesses any irregularity in the conduct of his comrades without reporting it to his officer.

For ordinary offences there are instituted Constabulary Courts of Inquiry, which, after due investigation, deliver their verdict; but, to insure uniform discipline, the Inspector-General alone awards the punishment, which generally consists of a fine not exceeding 3/. With the sanction of the Lord-Lieutenant he can, however, at once rid himself of any one technically termed by his comrades "a black sheep."

In the last fifteen years the only case of disaffection that has occurred in the constabulary was an anonymous letter, written by a constable to a rebel, "hoping he would succeed." On this communication being



transmitted to the Inspector-General he sent to the culprit, desiring him to come to head-quarters with a specimen of his handwriting. The man, fancying he was to be promoted, joyfully obeyed the summons, and appeared quite elated, until, after a severe cross-examination, his letter was shown to him, upon which he at once acknowledged himself to be the writer; boldly adding, "*Those sentiments are mine!*" It is a singular circumstance—to which no unfavourable moral can reasonably be attached—that this man, who was of course instantly dismissed, had for two or three years been a student at Maynooth.

But it is by rewards rather than by punishments that the discipline of the force is established.

Any head or other constable, or sub-constable, who distinguishes himself by zealous, intelligent, and spirited conduct, is permitted to wear, as a mark of distinction, a chevron of lace on the left fore-arm of his jacket.

When a man, distinguished by four such marks, merits a fifth, in lieu of all he receives a silver medal, which he wears suspended by a light-blue riband on his left breast.

For every occasion on which he subsequently distinguishes himself, he is allowed to wear a chevron in addition to the medal.

These chevrons and medal are not only honourable distinctions to the constable while in the service, but on his retiring from it they very properly become bills of exchange. On the termination of his services the earner of these honours receives from the Reward Fund—if a head-constable, the sum of 6*l.*, and if a constable or sub-constable, the sum of 4*l.* for each chevron: for his



medal, a head-constable receives 35*l.* ; a constable or sub-constable, 25*l.* ; and if the man dies in the service, these well-earned sums, after his funeral, are paid over to his widow or children, but to no other *heir at law*. The medal itself is also handed over to the widow or children as an honourable testimonial. Sub-constables with medals, without regard to their services, take precedence of all others in their class ; but for misconduct a man forfeits one or more chevrons, according to the nature and degree of his offence.

The Inspector-General not only declines to enlist married men, but after the recruits are enlisted they are not allowed even to speak of matrimony for exactly five years: however, at the end of that period, if they sicken, their names are allowed to be enrolled, and, as vacancies occur among the 1-5th of the force that are permitted to be married, they gradually (in the order of their application) crawl up the tree of Hymen, until they arrive at the point called “holy matrimony,” where they are authorised to establish themselves; “provided always,” says the regulation, “that they can produce satisfactory references as to the conduct, character, and respectability [the stern order says nothing about beauty] of the female to whom the constable or sub-constable may wish to be united.”

Besides the numerous small detachments I have described, there are in each county a few men of superior attainments and experience, termed “disposable men”—Anglicè, “Detectives.” They are, however, entitled to this latter appellation only in one sense of the word ; for, with a view to prevent them from acting as spies, they are prohibited from looking out for intended

crimes; and are directed to confine their attention exclusively to the capture of the perpetrators of outrages already committed, about which there can be no question.

With this object in view they search for information, and it is a curious fact that since the exertions of Father Matthew they have found that the difficulty of detecting crime in Ireland has considerably increased, the reason being, that the information and confessions they formerly obtained were usually volunteered by drunken men.

Formerly every county in Ireland paid one-half of the gross expenses of the constabulary located within it, and the consolidated fund paid the other half. Now the whole of the Parliamentary establishment is defrayed by the consolidated fund, the county only paying for any force it may require beyond that establishment. When, however, any great crime takes place, Government has the power to send a force, which can be located, as it deems fit, on the county at large, the barony, parish, or town-land, either of which, as ordained by Government, is made chargeable for the cost of the extra force for three months certain, and for such further time as may be requisite. The beneficial effect of this regulation is, that in many cases information is privately given to Government of an intended crime, merely to avoid the expense of suppressing it.

For the constabulary men are selected solely from character and personal appearance, without reference to their religion. Some years ago about one-third of the applicants were Protestants. I ascertained, how-

ever, that the number of applicants of that creed has very lately increased.

Strange as it may sound, the little dumb potato has been the unconscious cause of this difference, for, as the lower orders of Catholics usually feed on it, and the lower orders of Protestants partly on oats, the famine caused by the potato disease, not only (as the statistics in the Government offices fully substantiate) fell principally on the poor Catholics, but subsequently, from the terrifying effects of this cause, the latter class have formed by far the greater number of the emigrants who since the famine have left Ireland.

Of the officers, who are all gentlemen, there are more Protestants than Catholics.

In proportion, however, to the whole force, which is essentially Catholic, they are very few in number.

Beginning from the lowest rank, the officers consist of—

Cadets-Probationary, who rank as constables, and who usually continue in probation for about 2 months.

Sub-Inspectors, of three classes, who perform the same duties, but with different rates of pay, namely, 100*l.* a year, 120*l.*, 150*l.*, and about 12 at 180*l.*

County-Inspectors, of three classes, receiving 220*l.*, 250*l.*, and 300*l.* a year.

2 Assistant Inspector-Generals,—one employed in the office in Dublin Castle, and one (Captain Roberts) commanding the Educationary Depôt in the Phœnix Park.

2 Deputy Inspector-Generals, of great experience, who work in the office.



1 Inspector-General, Major-General Sir Duncan Mc Grigor, K.C.B.

The Depôt consists of a Commandant (Lieut.-Colonel Roberts) and 6 Sub-Inspectors (of whom 4 command companies of about 150 infantry men each; one the cavalry troop, consisting, at present, of 60 men and 52 horses; the sixth performs the triple regimental duties of adjutant, barrack-master, and storekeeper). There are also a surgeon and veterinary surgeon.

Besides the discipline and payment of the companies, these 6 officers have to conduct a large county correspondence owing to the reserved men being scattered over Ireland, in places where, in consequence of disturbances, their services are required.

The officers who join as cadets, and who, during their probation, are dressed as officers, are taught to command a body of men, and, when competent, are promoted, as vacancies occur, to the rank of Sub-Inspector.

The officers are instructed in arithmetic, algebra, geometry, "*the* [their] code;" also how to fill up numberless returns, which, on service, they have to make as to crime, statistics, estimates, accounts, &c.

In the whole of the above, as also in the knowledge of the drill and discipline of the corps, they are strictly examined, and, unless deemed perfectly competent, are not sent to a county to be intrusted with the charge of a district. The time occupied in their primary instruction, which they are required to continue when detached, is usually from 4 to 5 months.

As the constables of the three ranks, in their remote and often solitary locations, have to act as paymasters,



they also are all instructed as accountants, and in other matters which will shortly be detailed.

In the whole force there are, per annum, about 1000 vacancies, caused by resignations, deaths, retirements by pension or gratuity, and dismissals, the latter averaging each year about 200.

Every individual in the constabulary is required to have in his possession, and to be catechised therefrom, a small printed book, entitled ‘EXTRACTS FROM THE STANDING RULES AND REGULATIONS, AS PUBLISHED FOR THE INFORMATION AND GUIDANCE OF THE CONSTABULARY FORCE OF IRELAND.’

On glancing over the 558 regulations contained in this blue-bound *vade mecum*, the following appeared to exemplify, very satisfactorily, the admirable principles by which Sir Duncan McGrigor has organized this valuable corps.

“17. Every inferior, whether officer or constable, is to receive the lawful commands of his superior with deference and respect, and to execute them to the best of his power; and every superior, in his turn, whether officer or constable, is to give his orders in the language of moderation, and of regard to the feelings of the individual under his command.

“96. It is of great importance that the men should be respected by the people of the country, and obtain the good opinion of the gentry. They will, therefore, be extremely cautious in their demeanour, and, by sober, orderly, and regular habits, respectful attention to every gentleman, and ready zeal to execute the lawful orders and commands of the magistrates, endeavour to obtain the approbation of all classes.

“97. The situations in which the men are placed render it of the highest importance that they should be on the most cordial terms with each other, and join in every-

thing that can tend to the advantage of the establishment ; therefore, any man who is inclined to quarrel with his comrades will be considered unfit for the service.

“173. All official authorities are to be treated with marked attention and respect by every member of the force ; and head and other constables are never to pass any of the Queen’s judges of assize, lieutenants of counties, vice-lieutenants, high-sheriffs, magistrates, sub-sheriffs, coroners, officers of the revenue police, or officers of the force, without saluting them.

“193. The constabulary force should sedulously cultivate a good understanding with the army, navy, and other public services.

“*Firing.*

“396. The constabulary being, from the nature of the service, much detached, and acting, necessarily, in the performance of their various duties, in small parties, are intrusted with arms for their own preservation, and that of their barracks and prisoners ; it cannot therefore be too strongly impressed on the mind of each and every member of the force, how highly essential it is to guard against the slightest wanton or wilful misuse of their arms, but to observe the utmost forbearance that humanity combined with prudence can dictate, before incurring the awful as well as legal responsibility of firing on the people ; a measure which should never be resorted to until the very last extremity, and not until after every other means shall have failed for the preservation of those engaged in carrying the law into effect. It should be constantly borne in mind, that, however well justified a policeman may consider himself in firing, the act, with all its accompanying circumstances, whether the result be attended by loss of life or otherwise, must become the subject of legal investigation. It therefore behoves those who may be placed in such a situation to be well prepared to prove that they acted with becoming humanity, caution, and prudence ; and that they were compelled by necessity alone to have recourse to their arms.

“ 397. Whenever the necessity of firing should unfortunately arise, it ought to be at the leaders of a riot, or the assailants of the police, and, if possible, with effect. Firing over the heads of mobs engaged in an illegal pursuit must not be allowed ; as a harmless fire, instead of intimidating, would give confidence to the daring and the guilty.

“ 402. The constabulary should, upon all occasions (as before directed), observe the utmost caution and forbearance in using their arms ; but should any attempt be made to force an entrance into their barracks, or to rescue prisoners who may be in their charge, or to deprive them of their arms, they ought, in those purely defensive situations, to act with the utmost firmness and determination, and to resist by every means in their power the loss of their barracks, prisoners, or arms.

“ 403. The police are expressly prohibited from firing shots, for the purpose of intimidating any persons they may be authorised to arrest, or for any other purpose whatever, or under any other circumstances than those set forth in the 7th chapter.

“ *Prisoners.*

“ 483. Are to be treated by the constabulary with every humane consideration which their situation and safety can admit of, and no unnecessary restraint or harshness shall be permitted towards them ; but on the other hand, as the escape of any prisoner must ensure the dismissal of the person or persons in charge of him, it behoves the police to be vigilant in the discharge of his or their duty.

“ 484. Every rational allowance should be made for the feelings of a prisoner by his escort ; but as the latter is responsible for his safe custody, he is to be handcuffed, if charged with the commission of any serious offence, or if a person of bad or suspicious character, if there be reasonable grounds to apprehend an escape or rescue.

“ 485. Females, or old or infirm prisoners, are not to be handcuffed ; and the constabulary are not to converse with their prisoners or question them respecting the offences with which they may be charged.



*“Witnesses and Prosecutors.*

“558. In all trials wherein the police may either be witnesses or prosecutors, they should give their testimony in a manly straightforward manner, without caring or appearing to care about the effects of it, either as to the conviction or acquittal of the accused in criminal matters, or as to the result in any civil or other suit.

“559. They should merely and briefly answer the questions put to them without remark or commentary; and, if cross-examined, they should carefully avoid making a disrespectful or an intemperate reply; for if their testimony be fairly and honestly given, they need not fear, and should not be annoyed at, any ordeal to which they may be subjected. It must, however, be clearly understood that no man can be considered as a worthy member of the force who is not a respectable witness, and that any instance of prevarication before any court of assize, sessions, inquiry, or other tribunal whatsoever, shall ensure the immediate dismissal of the witness who prevaricates, or gives partial or vindictive evidence.

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THE CONSTABULARY DEPOT.

This establishment, romantically situated in a retired portion of the Phœnix Park, is composed of barrack-looking buildings, forming three sides of a rectangular, capacious, dark-coloured, gritty parade-ground. The long north front, which has a clock in the middle of it, contains officers' quarters, officers' mess-room, sleeping-rooms for the infantry portion of the force, and the Commandant's quarters; on the east, or right, a short wing for infantry; on the west, or left, similar accommodation, with stabling beneath, for the cavalry.

The whole is surrounded on the south by a ditch, terminating at each end by a rustic, countryfied, cottage-



looking guard-house, which has evidently been scientifically constructed for the purpose, like a bastion, of flanking the ditch in case of an attack. In the iron shutters of its windows are loopholes, and I also in the walls observed more loopholes, filled up with brick-nogging, that could evidently be knocked out with the butt end of a musket at a moment's notice. The other three sides are protected by a jagged-topped stone wall, 8 feet high.

Close to the iron entrance-gates is a small moveable guard-room, 10 feet square, whose roof, floor, and sides are composed of shutters, the lower portion of which, by iron lining, have been made ball-proof. In the sides are hooks for five hammocks, carefully hung in the portion that is musket-proof.

A few habitations of this sort are in store, ready to form a portable barrack for mountains, or for any uninhabited spot in which it may be necessary to locate a party for a few months.

On arriving, by appointment, at 10 o'clock in the morning at this *Depôt*, I found the whole of its dark-green force marching in companies on the Parade, and as, by order of the Commandant, they wheeled into line, I saw at a glance before me a well-organized body of regular troops; indeed, in soldier-like appearance, arms, accoutrements, and uniform, they strongly reminded me of that noble corps the old 95th, now-a-days christened "the Rifle Brigade." They had the same slight, active appearance; although, on the whole, they were evidently taller.

The full dress of the men is, a black shako, a dark green soldier's jacket with worsted epaulettes

of the same colour, dark green trousers and gloves, boots, a black patent-leather cross belt, clasping with a brass plate, a black shining-leather waistband containing two black pouches, one for percussion caps, the other for a pair of iron handcuffs. Their arms are composed of a short carbine with a spring bayonet, which, when unfixed, is attached by another spring to its scabbard, so as to prevent the weapon, in either position, from being forced from its place. In every cartouch box there were 20 rounds of ball cartridge (two loose and ready) and 30 spare caps, and above them was suspended, by black straps, a black knapsack. Each man in full marching order carries 33lb. 4 oz., including his carbine and bayonet, which weighs 7 lb. 15 oz., and his cartouch box with 20 rounds of ball cartridge, weighing 4 lb. 3 oz. For undress, the men wear a smart, neat foraging cap, with black patent-leather chin-straps.

On walking through the ranks, I perceived that the acting constables (corporals) were distinguished by two gold chevrons on the left arm. The constables (who rank as sergeants) had three gold chevrons. The head constable (second class), who wears two small gold epaulettes, and in his undress gold twist, has on his arm four bars surmounted by a crown embroidered in gold. Instead of a single he has a double-barrelled carbine, with a short sword that can be attached to it as a bayonet. The head constable, first class (sergeant-major), whose clothes are of superfine cloth, has the same four chevrons and crown; but underneath them there is embroidered a gold shamrock. Besides the above, those men and non-commissioned officers who

have earned them, are distinguished by the good-conduct chevron and silver badge of merit already described. The officers wear shakos, dark-green uniform, with gilt epaulette scales; their long straight swords are in burnished steel scabbards.

The mounted constabulary is a well-appointed cavalry force, composed of tall, slight, wiry-looking men, selected for their superior activity, general intelligence, and predilection for horses and mounted service. They are not selected if they are under five feet eight or above five feet ten, if they exceed in weight twelve stone, or until they have served as infantry police for two years. Their uniform consists of a dark-green jacket and trousers with black stripe, a light-green worsted waist-belt, a black cavalry cap, with patent-leather peak, brass chin-scales, patent-leather cross belt, white gloves, and steel spurs. In front of their saddle, which is the same as that used by the horse artillery, they carry a brace of pistols covered with brown leather; behind it, a valise protected by black oil-skin. The horses have bright collar-chains and white girths. The appointments, including everything, weigh 5 stone 4 lbs. On ordinary service the men wear a foraging cap, and the horses do not carry the valise; the weight of the appointments is thus reduced to 3 stone 12 lbs.

Every man, after having served one year in the mounted force to the satisfaction of his county inspector, is entitled, if a constable, to an addition of 2*l.*, and if a sub-constable of 1*l.* 10*s.*, to his usual salary; thus making the pay of a mounted constable 38*l.*, and of a sub-constable 29*l.* 4*s.* a-year. The increase, however, above named is forfeited by misconduct, or by the man being



removed to the infantry. To the cavalry the principal words of command are given by a trumpet, to the infantry by bugles.

As soon as our slight inspection was over, the Commandant, Lieut.-Colonel Roberts, who, under the directions of the Inspector-General, has indefatigably raised and trained upwards of 14,000 constabulary recruits, put his force through various military evolutions adapted to their particular duties. For the purpose of clearing away a mob, the infantry advanced rapidly in the form of a solid wedge, which, as soon as it was supposed to have penetrated the mob, gradually extended itself into line. They then quickly formed themselves into small defensive squares; and although they have happily never had occasion to carry it into effect, they went through a movement of street firing adapted for a small force, which it would be impossible for any undisciplined crowd to resist. Advancing in sections about the length of a narrow street, the leading men no sooner fired than a section from the rear in double quick time ran in front and fired again; and so on a rapid succession of volleys was administered. Besides this exercise, the men are taught first to fire blank cartridges, and then, with the help of a target, are (as it is professionally termed) "finished off with ball," until, as I was informed, they can hit true and well at 100 yards. On the whole, I certainly have never seen assembled a more intellectual force; indeed there was an intelligence in their countenances, a supple activity in their movements, and a lightness in their tread, that were very remarkable.

The Commandant, having most obligingly shown me



a specimen of the Irish Constabulary in its manufactured state, now pointed to a picturesque portion of the Phoenix Park immediately outside the south ditch of the barracks, where I had an opportunity of seeing, standing in squads of 20 and 30 men each, the raw material of which it is constructed.

On a small expanse of emerald-green grass, studded here and there with beautiful gnarled thorn-trees, which, increasing in number, soon formed a wild-looking forest, bush, or jungle, much resembling spots I had seen in uninhabited portions of South America, I found standing in squads of 20 or 30, clasping their thighs, and in various degrees of strangulation, recruits, some of whom, having arrived but the day before, had only that morning been gifted with a hard stiff patent-leather stock, which gave that sort of protuberance to the eyes which I remember formed the first feature in my own military career. Some had joined a week, some a fortnight, and the rest rather more than three weeks. Without reference to religion, almost all had been selected as being the sons of deserving small farmers. They were, generally speaking, fine, handsome, intelligent lads of from 18 to 20; well dressed, wearing waistcoats, neckcloths, and clean shirts. There was nothing clownish or cloddish in their appearance; and the progress which the more advanced had made during the very short period of their probation exemplified what I believe is an old remark, namely, the natural aptitude of the Irish to be soldiers—*not sailors*, as *that* profession rarely suits them.

After observing for a few minutes their star-gazing attempts to march, countermarch, &c.—in short, the

vigorous efforts of these military grubs to become butterflies—I returned with the Commandant to the Parade to look at the barracks. We first went to the officers' quarters, where I entered a good reading-room well supplied with newspapers, and an excellent mess-room, handsomely carpeted, with mahogany sideboard, plate, and other Constabulary comforts.

In the infantry barracks, on the ground floor, I found the men's rooms, which are 33 feet by 20, newly whitewashed; and besides two lofty windows at each end, they were scientifically ventilated by four holes about three feet from the floor for the admission of heavy pure air, and by two holes in the ceiling for the exit—viâ the chimney—of light foul air. In every room were sixteen iron bedsteads, each containing a fresh bed and pillow of straw, a pair of sheets, two blankets, and a quilt. The tick beds are washed every six months, and the pillow-cases every four months. The men's accoutrements were arranged on shelves, and around each room were stands for their arms. For the lower panes of the windows I observed iron shutters, loop-holed; in short, the Irish Constabulary in their barracks are, in fact, a select garrison of admirably drilled troops, occupying, very properly and very peaceably, a very snug little fortress of their own. But its loop-holes are blinded, and the officers and non-commissioned officers wear quiet civil titles; and thus Parliament, so invariably averse to every description of force that by its efficiency deserves the unpopular appellation of "*regular*," good-humouredly looks upon the whole, and, satisfied by the blocked-up loopholes, finds no reason whatever to complain of "unconstitutional protection."

On ascending a stone staircase we passed some single small rooms, about 12 feet square each, containing a solitary bed, and a table bearing an inkstand, pens, &c. They belong to the constables (sergeants).

On the upper story I found a series of rooms similar to those below, but with a small low door pierced in the wall of each, so as in case of *attack* to allow the men, by stooping, freely to circulate through the whole region without being obliged to ascend the staircase.

Under each bedstead I remarked a black box, on the side of which was written the owner's name in white letters, containing, besides his linen, &c., a suit of plain clothes and round hat; which, if necessary, enables the force without danger to move from station to station, or to assemble in force at any given point, without irritation or observation.

In rear of these barracks are a cleaning yard; washing-room, supplied by a steam-boiler with hot and cold water; a shed, for cleaning clothes, and for drilling in wet weather, &c. In the cooking-house, in which are eight large caldrons, I found three women engaged and paid by the men to cook their victuals and clean their rooms.

In the cavalry wing there is a sergeants' mess-room, containing tables neatly covered with painted oil-cloth. On the walls were hanging several maps and the mess regulations. From the latter it appears that these chief constables get an excellent breakfast and dinner for 11*d.*, servants and washing included. Throughout the barracks smoking, card-playing, and gambling of every description are strictly prohibited. In the riding-school I found several recruits in dark green, with brass



scales to their caps, riding on horses, each branded on the shoulder with his respective number. The stables, which are 36 feet by 20, and well ventilated, are divided by iron rails; and over each iron manger is written the number, age, and date of purchase of the horse that is eating out of it.

In the hospital, which is luxuriously supplied with hot and cold baths, the sick are all required to wear a blue-bottle coloured dress, to prevent them from flying unseen to their healthy green-coated comrades. On looking over the dietary, I was quite delighted to find that on Friday all the inmates, whether Protestant or Catholic, dine amicably together on fish.

In the eastern short wing of the establishment I found an excellent, healthy, well-ventilated school-room, containing in two divisions sixteen long desks and benches. In front of them was the teacher's table, with globes, a case for books, &c.

On their first entrance here, the recruits are made to copy out the rules and regulations by which they are to be governed, and in which they are strictly examined. In addition, they are taught orthography, grammar, arithmetic, geography, with a particular knowledge of Ireland, and the rudiments of geometry.

They are then in the "special class" taught, by a constable-schoolmaster, a highly intelligent young man, book-keeping and mathematics. No recruit is allowed to be detached until by examination he has shown himself competent to perform his duty. In like manner, his subsequent promotion depends on his passing a superior examination:—



“It is in vain,” say the printed regulations, “for any man to expect promotion who cannot write with facility a good legible hand, and spell well.”

To enable him to prepare himself for this future examination, he receives, previous to his leaving the depôt, every necessary instruction. On the whole, it appeared to me that at the Constabulary depôt every practicable exertion is made to give to the important force it educates an intellectual character, as well as that intelligence, activity, and zeal which its delicate and difficult duties so urgently require.

COLLEGE OF MAYNOOTH.

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OUTSIDE the entrance-door of Morrison's Hotel there are always—like sharks a in hot latitude floating within the surf of a beach—a number of carmen, greedily waiting to snap up any human body that they can see at all struggling for assistance; and, accordingly, no sooner, on leaving the aforesaid hotel at 9·45 A.M., did I happen to stand for a second or two rather irresolutely on the pavement (the fact is I was thinking that I should probably want a car) than one flew at me like a bull-dog, and, stepping aboard of it, I had scarcely taken my seat, when off it started with me, dragging me sideways in a direction exactly opposite to my wishes.

“Where the deuce are you going?” said I to the driver.

“Where does yere Arnh'r *wish* to go?” he replied, pulling up.

“Why didn't you ask that before you started? What are you in such a terrible hurry about?” I added.

“Well, yere Arnh'r! I've a good harse her! She's a well-bred baste!” And, on my smiling as my right eye glanced at her for a moment, he added, “I can see yere Arnh'r knows what a well-bred baste is!”

The animal was certainly exceedingly impatient to be off; and in a very few minutes after I had divulged

to the driver where I wished to go, she rattled me through the streets to the spot, and the sixpenny transaction between us all three having thus concluded, the car slowly jogged away from the station-door of the Great Southern and Western Railway, as I walked into it.

From a porter I learnt that there had lately been an alteration in the departure of the train that was to drop me at Maynooth, and as I had in consequence thereof arrived at the station half an hour too soon, I strolled from it with perfect impartiality in the first direction that offered itself. Passing a large stack of peat for sale, I came suddenly to a canal basin, in which a couple of naked boys of about eight years old were splashing. "Throw me a halfpenny, yere Arnh'r," exclaimed one, "till I dive for ut!" In an instant I complied with the first half of the child's little prayer, intending him to catch my penny with his hands. He, however, did not attempt to do so; but, diving after it, brought it, to my astonishment, up in his mouth.

Four or five men close to me immediately left their work, and they seemed to take such an eager interest in sport (I believe of any sort), that they prevailed on me to throw into the water another penny. "Hould!" exclaimed one; "here's Jan cummun that 'ull dive for ut from the tap o' the wharl!" The words were hardly pronounced when a lad of about seventeen, who had just run up to the group, threw off his jacket, kicked off his trowsers—he had neither shirt, shoes, nor stockings on—and, to my surprise, I saw him climb to the top of a stone wall upwards of ten feet high, and then, running along the round coping, I perceived by the attitude he was assuming that he was

about to jump head foremost across the coped towing-path beneath him into deep water. I was most seriously alarmed lest he should kill himself, and his intended performance, in the middle of a city, was altogether so irregular, that nearly to the extent of my voice I called on him, imperatively, to desist.

“ Sure, yere Arnh’r, he’s arlways doing it for iny gintleman ! ”

“ No, no ! ” I exclaimed, and I was proceeding very earnestly with my protest, when from my little audience there arose such a simultaneous series of rejoinders in different voices of “ Arnh’r ! ” “ Yere Arnh’r ! ” and “ Yere Arnh’r ! ” . . . that it immediately occurred to me that the best thing I could do with my honour was to decamp with it, and so, throwing down a sixpence for the lad who at that instant with his hands clasped before his head had dived from the top of the wall into the basin at some distance beneath, I very quickly walked away, and, descending a steep street, came to a flat broad one, in which I stood for some minutes, observing what appeared to be large walking haycocks with a horse’s head projecting from the middle of each ; indeed in many instances the hay trailed on the ground on each side of the poor animal who was thus bringing it on his back from the country to Dublin market. Close on my left, snuffling and grubbing in the dust, were half-a-dozen little pigs, each with his near fore and near hind legs tied together by a small hayband to prevent him cantering. Whilst I was looking at this arrangement, a maimed beggar-woman slowly walked up to me. To prevent a long story, I gave her a halfpenny. “ May God in Heaven reward



ye!" she fervently muttered, as she continued her course.

My half-hour's stroll was now nearly expended, so returning to the station I took from the clerk in waiting a second-class return ticket to Maynooth.

As all I knew about travelling in Ireland was from certain pictures I had studied in my youth of thatched postchaises and of hostlers running with red-hot pokers in their hands to "start" the horses, I was curious to learn in what sort of accommodation I was about to be embedded. On reaching the platform I found a train of dark rich blue carriages, equal, if not superior, to any I have ever seen on the continent of Europe. Each was composed of a first-class coupé, handsomely lined with blue cloth, and (between them) of two second-class carriages, painted in the interior drab-colour. In both were four seats, comfortably furnished with well-stuffed cushions covered with new glossy morocco leather. The glass windows, above which were Venetian shutters painted in two shades of light blue, had neat linen curtains chequered in blue and drab. From the roof of the carriage, which was painted white, there protruded two round black iron ventilators, about nine inches high, pierced with holes like a colander. In the coupés there was scarcely an inhabitant, but the second-class compartment was nearly filled with a clean, well-dressed, and respectable class of persons. As soon as a sudden and loud whistle, which I particularly remarked had no peculiar Irish tone, ordered us to start, a general commotion, or rather a series of general commotions, began; and although I could not correctly hear what was said,

it was evidently at intervals of a very jocular description, and accordingly there were every now and then behind, before, and on either side of me, paroxysms of convulsive grins, the causes of which I could not learn, and shall now never know.

Dublin, in the direction in which we were travelling, has no suburbs, and so in a few minutes we were all flying through flat, rural scenery, strongly resembling England, excepting that the colour of the grass as it flitted by was certainly, if possible, rather more beautiful. In the fields, which were small, and bounded by hedges, we continually passed close to groups of sturdy reapers, and their living attitudes, and open, sunburnt breasts, contrasted with the motionless yellow sheaves that stood around them, formed a pleasing picture of "harvest home." Alongside of us, as we glided on, was—as is usually the case in railway travelling—a canal, the horses and boats of which appeared by comparison to be moving backwards.

By the time we had gone fifteen miles, the speed of the train evidently began to diminish, and, continuing to slacken, it had scarcely stopped, when I heard loudly ejaculated by a monotonous, psalm-singing voice, which on two legs was evidently rapidly approaching me, the word "MAY-nooth!" and on looking out of the window, a neat white station, bounded on each side by a high bright pea-green paling, a pea-green lamp-post, a pea-green ladder, and a pea-green bell-post, all newly painted, was standing close before me.

I had some little difficulty in threading my way through some knees more or less hard to the door of the carriage, and thus I was scarcely on the platform

of the station when away went the train with a whistle, “and,” as the old song says, “I was left all alone.”

On passing through the station, I found waiting at its portal a couple of hack cars, and as I stepped on the footboard of one, and as there was no fare for the other, both trotted, one close to the other, towards the village of Maynooth, distant about 200 yards. The driver of an Irish car utterly abhors that vacuum in the human mind commonly called ignorance; his duty and his delight are to impart information of any sort or description to the person he drives, and thus, before I had proceeded twenty yards, I was instructed that a piece of claret-coloured water before me was the canal-basin, that it was a harbour for coals,—that the ruins on my left were the old castle of Maynooth,—and my conductor, jabbering as fast as he could, was actually pointing to them with his whip, when I heard loudly ejaculated to him from the carman close behind us, “Johnnie! why doun’t ye shau the man the orbelisk?” The reasons I suppose were, 1st, that it was exactly in the opposite direction to that which the whip was pointing to; and, secondly, because my driver, no doubt, considered that, just as a marquess, however old, ranks above a baron, however new, so do castles, ruined or not, rank before columns, pyramids, and obelisks, whatever may be the events, new or old, they commemorate.

The instant I reached the village I begged my instructor to pull up, and, without loss of time having once again descended upon the surface of this earth, I briefly asked, according to its custom, what I had to pay. “Ye can give ut me by and by, yere Arnh’r! Yere Arnh’r,



*this*," pointing to a little building like a methodist chapel, "is the cort-[court]-house, and *this* with the railings round it is the market-house built by the Dooke!" "Does yere Arnh'r wish to go in ut?" said the feeble voice of a little bare-footed boy in rags, whom I had not observed at my side; adding "there's a marn in there, yere Arnh'r, who has the kay." "Go along out o' thart!" said the driver, suddenly looking as if he was on the point of kicking and striking the boy's stomach at one and the same time. Not wishing to be involved in a dispute of this nature, I piteously begged leave to be left to myself, and after having, with considerable difficulty, gained my independence, I availed myself of it by quietly looking around me.

The village of Maynooth, which is about a quarter of a mile long, is composed of one long, very broad straight street of low houses, two stories high, some of which are white, and the rest from age a light drab colour. At several intervals are to be seen very slight indications of a bygone intention on the part of this quiet village to turn itself by three or four streets at right angles into a town, but the abortive attempt soon dwindled into huts and cabins, that in a very few yards came to an end. At the eastern extremity of the main street there is a low wall with iron railing, and a park-gate communicating with a broad road and greensward upwards of a mile long, and of the breadth of the main street, of which in fact it is a prolongation. This road and park are the approach from Maynooth to Carlton, the splendid residence of the Duke of Leinster.

The opposite or western extremity of the long



street I have described is abruptly terminated at right angles by an iron railing, fixed in a low concave dwarf wall, supporting at intervals several pilasters, on which appear two couchant sphynxes, one on each side of the iron entrance gates; two lions couchant and fiercely looking down the main street; six globes; and three ornamental ancient urns. Immediately on the right of these railings, but outside them, are the ruins of an old castle, the ancient residence of the Fitzgeralds and ancestors of the Duke of Leinster. Within the railings, bounded by two groves of horse-chestnuts, beeches, and acacias, are a couple of nice-looking grass plots, separated by a road on which are flourishing four fine yew-trees, two large hollies, two large laurustinus, and a few other evergreens. At the termination of this lawn, about one hundred yards from the railings, stands the Royal College of Maynooth, looking like something between an old-fashioned English country-house and a French château, with a wing at each end of a modern and rather a manufactory appearance. In short, it resembles, on the whole, very much one of the innumerable "establishments" within a dozen miles of London, in which the substantial family residence of "the fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time," has, by the addition of a pair of plain new vulgar wings, been converted into a school.

The old portion of the building, which projects slightly beyond the other two, is three stories high, with five windows in each; the wings are two stories high, with ten windows in each. The whole, which has been rough-cast, looks weather-beaten and old.

The central portion is inhabited entirely by Pro-

fessors. The middle window of its second story was wide open, displaying to view two very large school globes, separated by twelve extra-sized folio volumes with red leaves, standing on their edges, with their lettered backs uppermost.

When I was in Dublin I called twice at the residence of Dr. Cullen, the Catholic Archbishop of Armagh, intending, although I was perfectly unknown to him, to ask him to be so good as to give me a note of introduction to the President of Maynooth College. He happened, however, at both times to be from home; and I therefore determined that, without applying to any one for assistance, I would go down to the College and take my chance of being admitted into it or not.

Accordingly, walking up to the central door, I rang the bell, and, on a servant appearing, I desired he would give my card to the President, and say I begged leave to speak to him. The man told me that the President was away, but he would go to the Vice-President; and in the mean while he begged me to walk into a comfortable small room of three windows, handsomely furnished with a scarlet and black carpet; scarlet curtains edged with yellow lace, with white muslin curtains underneath; a round table, covered with a scarlet and black cloth; ten dining-room chairs, with black hair bottoms; a dumb waiter; brass fender; common grate; a painting of a man, with both hands uplifted, on his knees before two friars, one standing, the other sitting on the ground close to a cross surmounted by Alpine scenery. In a spacious carpeted adjoining room, the door of which was wide open, was a large dining-table (standing on a scarlet and black carpet), four silver

decanter-stands, a large full-length picture of St. Francis on a pedestal, and about a dozen and a half of plain hair black-bottomed chairs.

In a few minutes the door from the entrance-hall opened, and in walked the Vice-President, in his black gown. He appeared to be about 40 years of age; he was tall, light, and active, with a countenance not only exceedingly clever, but particularly mild and pleasing. He had my card in his hand; and I had scarcely apologised for calling upon him, as a complete stranger, when he replied, "You were Governor of Canada?" I answered, "I was." And, rather to my surprise, he then added, "And you have taken the part of Louis Napoleon?" As I did not want to enter into that subject, I briefly said, "I had;" muttering to myself at the moment, "Well, you read the *Times* at all events!" "Do you want," said he, "to see our College?"

Of course I did; but as I was particularly anxious that he should not consider I had come merely from private curiosity, I at once took my black note-book out of my pocket, and opening it, and displaying to him some ten or fifteen pages of pencil writing, I said very gravely, "I yesterday took these notes of the system of Irish education pursued in Marlborough Street, Dublin. If you see no objection, I desire to take similar notes, not on theological subjects, but on the general management of this College."

For a moment I fancied I saw a very small cloud of reflection flit across the sunshine and serenity of his countenance; but it had scarcely vanished when he said, with great kindness of manner, "I will show you everything myself."



It appears that the establishment of the Royal College of St. Patrick at Maynooth, founded on Mr. Pitt's recommendation, in 1795, by the Irish Parliament in the reign of George III., consists at present of a President, a Vice-President, a Dean, two junior Deans, a Prefect of the Dunboyne establishment, who also acts as Librarian, a Bursar, and a Secretary to the Board of Trustees, composed of three Catholic Archbishops, seven Bishops, and four Irish noblemen.

The Professors are of

Dogmatical and Moral Theology.  
Natural Philosophy.  
Rhetoric and Belles Lettres.  
English Rhetoric and French.  
Ecclesiastical History.  
Logic, Metaphysics, and Ethics.  
Humanity.  
Irish.

There are also attached to the Institution, a Counsel, a Law-agent, a Physician, a consulting Physician, a Surgeon, a consulting Surgeon, two resident Medical Attendants, and lastly a Printer and Bookseller.

For the maintenance of this establishment the sum of about 8000*l.* was annually voted by the Irish, and afterwards by the Imperial Parliament, from 1795 to 1807, when an additional 5000*l.* was granted for the enlargement of the buildings. From 1808 to 1813 the annual vote was 8283*l.*, and from 1813 to 1845 it was raised to 8923*l.* By the Act of 8 and 9 Vict. c. 25, the College, on the recommendation of Sir Robert Peel, was placed on a new foundation, and permanently endowed for the maintenance and education of 500 students, and of 20 senior scholars on the Dunboyne



foundation, for the support of which the College receives from the fee simple estates of the late Lord Dunboyne 460*l.* a year.

Besides providing for the annual cost of commons, &c., for these 520 students, of allowances to the 20 Dunboyne students, and to 250 students of the three senior classes, and of salaries to the president, superiors, and professors, the Act above quoted moreover vested in the Commissioners of Public Works the sum of 30,000*l.*, for erecting the buildings necessary to accommodate the enlarged number of students, which at presents amounts to 520.

The rules for their admission are as follows :—

No applicant can be received as a student at Maynooth College unless he be designed for the priesthood in Ireland, be sixteen years of age, be recommended by his bishop, and unless he be competent to pass a prescribed examination.

The ordinary course of study requires for its completion five years, after which the student is deemed fit to be made a priest; but those who, by their superior qualifications, have been selected for the Dunboyne establishment, continue their course for three additional years. The studies principally consist of Greek and Latin classics, rhetoric, mathematics, French, English composition, the historical books of the Bible, logic, moral philosophy, natural history, ecclesiastical history, theology, and the Hebrew and Irish languages.

The Vice-President explained to me that within the territory of the College, which comprises about 80 acres, there are three separate sets of buildings, namely :—

1. One containing 390 senior students, composed of a sort of barrack, forming three sides of a hollow square (the front of this building is that with two wings, which I have already described).

2. A new college just erected in rear of the old one by the Parliamentary grant of the 8 & 9 Vict. c. 25, forming also three sides of a hollow square.

3. A large detached building of two fronts, containing 130 junior students whom, on their arrival, it is deemed advisable to keep for three years by themselves.

The Vice-President was good enough to propose to take me over these buildings in the order named.

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

The first portion of this establishment which we entered was a "prayer hall," containing benches with backs of deal varnished, capable of receiving all the students of the senior establishment. At one end was a small platform slightly raised, for the reader. From it we entered "the refectory," a large room 120 feet long, by 36 broad, and lighted by ten windows. At one end was a raised gallery, like the orchestra of a country ball-room. The floor was composed of glazed tiles, on which were irregularly arranged deal tables and deal benches, sufficient for 390 students who dine here. In the centre of the room, near the wall, stands an elevated desk or pulpit, from which prayers are read very loudly to the students during the whole of their dinner-time. The Vice-President told me that the subjects read "consisted of a chapter from the Bible (the reader during the time standing up uncovered), the historical

works of the Church of England, some Saint's life, and lastly, the Roman martyrology of the day in Latin."

We next proceeded to the library, a low solid-looking room, 115 feet long, divided by short walls into a suite of eleven recesses, on the right and left as one walks up it, lettered successively from A to K.

In walking up the aisle or middle of the room, I observed in these several recesses, seated at a single table, more or less loaded with books, a young student in his black gown and black stock, edged with white, intently reading,—indeed they were apparently so completely engrossed with their respective studies, that not above one or two of them even raised their eyes as we passed.

On reaching the fireplace at the end of the room, I observed on it a statue of King George III., the founder of the institution; and the compartments A, on either side of it, to my surprise I found completely filled with bibles of every description. "Well," said I to myself, as I looked at them and then the royal statue, "here's certainly Church and State!" In this compartment there was standing a young student, of about 21 years of age, who had apparently charge of it; and as he saw that the Vice-President and I were conversing, and were evidently interested in the subject, he handed me down, with great alacrity, bibles of a variety of languages, English, French, Spanish, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic; then one huge polyglot volume of pages divided into three compartments, in which was the Bible in the Syriac, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, German, Bohemian, Italian, Spanish, French, English, Danish, Polish languages. "And yet," said I to the President,



“you have no bible in *Irish!*” I moreover observed in this compartment A, Calvinus in Epistolas; Roberti Stephani, MDLVI.; Beza in Evangelium; Biblia Sacra Beza; Biblia Hebraica Hennicotti (from the Clarendon Press, Oxford, date 1780). There were numerous commentaries on the Septuagint, commentators of all classes and creeds, Grotius and Calmet included. Among the earliest editions I observed Rider’s Family Bible, Haydock’s Holy Bible, Douay Bible, King Henry VIII.’s Bible, lastly, a very old one in black letter, with Apocrypha and all complete, excepting the title-page, which was missing.

On retracing my steps along the aisle or centre of this library, I observed, hanging on one of the low walls which formed the recesses, a notice, of which the following is a copy :—

“ WHOEVER TAKES A BOOK OUT OF THIS LIBRARY  
*incurs excommunication*  
IPSO FACTO.”

From the library we went to the chapel, before the principal altar of which the Vice-President knelt with great devotion for about half a minute, and then rising explained to me—what was perfectly evident—that there was scarcely accommodation for the 390 students of the senior department.

We next proceeded to the dormitories, and, ascending a stone staircase deeply worn by feet, we came in the upper stories to passages—in several instances they were 420 feet long, and 10 feet broad—in which we met a number of the students, who appeared to pass the Vice-President with most remarkable respect. The



rooms, which were of different sizes, had from two to six curtainless iron bedsteads, on each of which was a feather pillow and a hair or grass mattress. The chambers were scantily furnished, and had few ornaments, excepting occasionally a cheap holy picture or image on the wall.

In the kitchen I found on one side two very large adjoining fireplaces, before which were revolving, one above the other, a couple of exceedingly long spits, closely covered with joints of mutton.

Between these two furnaces, at a short distance below the ceiling, was a niche cut out of the solid wall, as if to contain a large statue. Within it, in a white straw hat and blue smock frock, sat a sturdy, ruddy-faced, healthy man, turning with one hand a winch, which caused the spits beneath him to revolve: in fact, he was the turnspit of St. Patrick's College of Maynooth; and a more contented-looking literary animal I have seldom beheld.

The Vice-President told me that the consumption of the College averages a bullock and sixty sheep per week.

Opposite the fireplaces were several very large caldrons for stews, vegetables, &c. The meals are as follows:—

At nine in the morning the students have breakfast, composed of bread and butter, with tea or cocoa. At three they dine (excepting on Fridays and fast-days, when they are restricted to eggs, puddings or pies, and potatoes) on meat, vegetables, bread, beer, and water. At eight in the evening they have a supper of bread and cocoa.

On descending we came into the hollow square, surrounded on one side by the entrance front, and on the other side by the dormitories I have just described, which occupy on each side three stories of 33 windows each. The space included by these buildings is an encircled green lawn, on which are growing very luxuriantly two dark yew-trees.

As a group of students passed us I asked the Vice-President whether they were ever allowed to go into the village? In reply, he told me that on Wednesdays they were permitted to take a walk under the guidance of the Dean; that at Christmas and Easter they have a few days holiday, but remain in the College; that in the summer they have 55 days' vacation, during which they are supposed to be delivered over to their bishop or parish priest. I asked whether those who remained at Maynooth during the vacation (this summer they amounted to upwards of 60) were allowed to go out? "Oh, no," he replied; "a student with us is *always* under the inspection of his superior."

"On the 3rd of September," he added (I copied his words as he spoke them, and afterwards read them to him to see that they were quite correct), "On the 3rd of September commences a 'spiritual retreat.' During the whole of that interval all the Superiors, Professors, and Students observe perfect silence, devoting themselves wholly to religious exercises, and communing only with God. So solemn is the separation from each other and from the world, that they are in the habit of taking leave of each other, by shaking hands and bidding farewell as if going on a long journey; and when it is over, in like manner, they meet each other

as if after a long absence, as though they had not seen each other in the interim."

#### THE NEW COLLEGE.

At a distance of about 100 yards from the open end of the lawn on which I was standing with the Vice-President, and which, as I have stated, was bounded on the other three sides by the residence of the Professors and barrack-looking dormitories of the Senior Department, there appeared immediately before us the chaste, simple, and appropriate front of the New College, a plain, solid, handsome building of grey rubble limestone of the best description, with Gothic entrance-gate and windows of white chiselled limestone.

From the builder, who fortunately happened to pass, and who for a few minutes joined us, I learnt that the height of the tall slated roof, which is surmounted by four crosses of different sizes, is 45 feet; the height of the tower at each extremity of the building,  $61\frac{1}{2}$  feet; to the central cross, 76 feet; height of cross, 4 feet; length of front, 305 feet. The whole building, which is just completed, but which remains to be fitted and furnished, has cost 30,000*l.*, the total of the Parliamentary grant. Like the Old College, it is composed of three sides of a hollow square, of which it is designed that the fourth shall form a chapel, with additional dormitories and halls. The builder told me that his estimate for this extra work was:—

Cost of the building of a chapel and hall	£20,000
Dormitories and halls adjoining it	. . . 10,000
	<hr/>
Total . . . . .	£30,000



For the above no Parliamentary provision has at present been made.

The new college before us was, in front, three stories high of 27 windows each, with an additional story in the tall slated roof. The arched central entrance gate was of oak, with massive black hinges. The whole of the 3 wings, as they at present stand, comprise 215 rooms for students, a library, 7 lecture halls, a refectory, kitchen, and other accommodation; but the fixtures and furniture of the whole have yet to be provided.

On passing with the Vice-President under the great archway, I found immediately on my right and left a very simple and handsome corridor, extending upwards of 1000 feet round the entire of the three sides of the building. From it, on the ground floor were a series of low Gothic arched doors, each communicating with a lofty chimneyless room (for a single student), 20 feet in length by  $16\frac{1}{2}$  feet in breadth, lighted by a tall Gothic window resembling that of a chapel.

On ascending by a handsome stone staircase to the second story, I found, on each side of a long boarded passage 6 feet broad, a series of similar chimneyless rooms, about 14 feet high, 13 feet long by 11 feet broad; and on the third story a similar passage 230 feet long, with rooms on each side. In the attic chambers, one side of which slope with the roof, the chimneyless rooms are 12 feet long by  $10\frac{1}{2}$  feet broad. In other respects the whole building is very insufficiently ventilated.

It is an extraordinary and almost an unaccountable fact, that in most civilised countries, and especially in



England, little or no provision is made to ensure to a human habitation during cold or wet weather, when doors and windows must be closed, that succession of pure air which is necessary for the health, and indeed existence of animal life. *Dives*, with great ingenuity, provides himself with a good dining-room—he never forgets *that*,—large sitting-rooms, and spacious bedrooms. He takes care to have entrance doors, and windows for the admission of light. He contrives a front staircase and a back one—and then by pipes of various sizes he conducts to every passage, and occasionally to every room, fire and water: beneath the whole are constructed subterranean cellars for wine and for coal. When all is completed, he invites his friends to partake of his hospitality, and now, when they are crowded in his splendid drawing-room, or formally seated on opposite sides of a dining-table groaning with the weight of hot meats, where, in the name of Science, I would ask him, are your arrangements for the admission of fresh air, and for the exit of foul?

The real truth is, in his magnificent project he forgot all about breathing, and accordingly he not only totally neglected to provide for it, but he approved of a plan which, if it had been accurately carried into effect, would have killed him,—his powdered menials,—and his guests. For how, I ask, during the feast are they to be provided with air?—Why, not by the perfection, but literally by the *imperfections* of the builder. The ceiling is, we all know, hermetically sealed by plaster—the floor and walls are equally impervious. The portion of the foul air above the fashionable *low*

chimney, by its specific gravity, cannot descend to escape. How, therefore, is it that Dives and his "fat friends" manage to exist? Why, by the admission of pure air which forces itself through numerous crevices around doors that were intended to shut close, and by the exit of foul air that in like manner forces itself between the little chinks of the sash-frames of windows that were fully intended to fit. In short, Dives had folly enough to plan suicide, without wit enough to know how to commit it!

From the dormitories we proceeded to the new, plain, but sufficiently capacious chapel, containing, as the Vice-President informed me, four altars, "one to the Blessed Virgin, one to St. Patrick, and another to St. Joseph." The name of the fourth he did not mention.

In the refectory—a handsome capacious dining-room—there is erected a pulpit for the delivery during dinner-time of the prayer I have described. The lecture halls are spacious, and the kitchen admirably constructed and arranged.

We now proceeded to the rear of the New College, where I found a fine large park-like flat plot of ground, bounded on the right by a broad gravel walk, shaded on each side by trees. In it a number of the students in their loose black gowns were slowly strolling. Here the lofty rough-cast wall, which I had repeatedly looked at, that encircles the whole of the 80 acres of the College of Maynooth, appeared suddenly to dwindle into a low, stiff hedge, with rather a broad ditch on the other side; and although I was in earnest conversation with the Vice-President at the moment we

passed it, I own that the figure of my best horse suddenly flitted before my eyes as my tongue involuntarily mumbled—

“ ‘ We’re off! over bank, bush, and scaur ;  
They’ll have fleet steeds that follow,’ quoth *old* Lochinvar.”

The fence, however, I afterwards ascertained, only separated the broad road from a large grass-field bounded by trees, on the other side of which the high rough-cast stone wall obdurately pursued its course.

Pointing to a small spot within the wall, but at a considerable distance from us, the Vice-President said, “ There is our cemetery ;” and, as that was undeniably the end of the subject, he proposed that we should now proceed to the

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Accordingly, passing a small detached rough-cast infirmary for sick students on our left, we retraced our steps to the entrance lawn in front of the professors’ quarters in the old building, and then, going through an *open* iron gate, we at once entered the precincts of the younger branch of the establishment, composed of a very pretty rectangular lawn, 130 yards long by about 60 broad, bounded on the left by a handsome walk, shaded by fine old trees.

At the further extremity of this lawn, and consequently right before us, was a plain rough-cast building, three stories high, and with twenty windows in front, which, with a similar building at right angles of exactly the same size, formed the quarters I had come to visit ; but as the reader would no doubt be glad to



be saved the trouble of accompanying me through them, I will merely state that the chapel, refectory, halls, and dormitories, were arranged as nearly as possible like those in the Senior Department, excepting that they were all on a smaller scale.

After I had gone over the whole of the arrangements, I asked the Vice-President what was the reason of their having *two* establishments? In reply, he told me that in the education of the Catholic priesthood it was found necessary gradually to bring their minds to their sacred calling, and that, after being at the College for some time, it became their own wish to be separated from the society of new comers; that the latter were, therefore, strictly kept by themselves; that the two sets were on no account ever allowed to hold any communication with each other, but that, after the period for their residence in the Junior establishment had expired, they were moved into the Senior Department, for which, by that time, their minds were fully prepared.

We were retracing our steps along the lawn as the Vice-President gave me this explanation, and as several of the young students were sauntering about it, and as I had observed that the iron gate which separated them from the senior branch was wide open, I said to him when we came to it, "Do you never close that gate?" "Oh, no," he replied with great gentleness of manner, "our *rule* is our gate."

After passing it he told me that he had now shown me the whole of the establishment; that he had devotional duties to perform which would prevent his remaining longer with me—(I had been with him upwards of three hours)—but that he and the other



principals of the College hoped that, as there was no train to Dublin till the evening, I would partake of their homely dinner at four o'clock. "In the mean while," said he, "pray go into our library, or into any part of our buildings or grounds, as you may feel disposed:" and accordingly, telling him that I would avail myself of his very obliging invitation and permission, we separated.

As soon as I was by myself, I strolled first to the large lawn enclosed by the barrack-looking dormitories of the Senior Department, which I perceived were rough-cast with lime and pebble-stones nearly as large as a pigeon's egg, and I was standing on the grass looking at some students, who, in their black College caps and loose flowing gowns, were strolling about, when I heard an explosion, and, casting my eyes towards the direction from which it proceeded, I saw a black mass about the size of a 13-inch shell rise from behind the buildings, pass over their roof, and, after going high into the air, fall heavily on the grass. Two or three workmen happened to be near me, and as they also had watched the parabolic course of the lump, and as the eyes of almost every student had, I believe, been similarly engaged, I said to them "What's that?" "From the quarry!" they replied, as coolly as if it were quite a common occurrence.

After looking for some time at the several groups of students before me, I walked into one of their large dormitories, and, resting on one of the window-seats of a long boarded passage communicating with innumerable rooms, I heard in that immediately opposite to me the notes of an accordion plaintively and well played.

I then spoke to several of the students as they passed, and endeavoured to enter into conversation with them, but they were certainly more serious and taciturn than I expected ; indeed, more so than I had thought it possible for young persons of their age to be.

In return, two or three times they put to me a question which I also felt slightly embarrassed to answer, for almost invariably, when I observed to them that I had been over the whole of their establishment, they briefly and quickly replied, “ And how do you *like* it ? ” Generally speaking, they appeared to be in the enjoyment of perfect health ; many were exceedingly muscular, sturdy, and robust ; almost all had clear ruddy complexions, and yet in the countenances of every one I happened to speak to were to be seen very faintly impressed the unmistakable lines which in every country I have ever visited, more or less, characterise the lineaments of the Catholic priest. In fact, it was quite evident to me that the system they were pursuing was successfully producing the mental effects for which it has especially been devised.

As I was ruminating on a bench, I observed at my side a small black-covered book, which a student had apparently left there. A portion of it appeared to have been much thumbed, and, the leaves opening of their own accord at that particular spot, I read as follows :—

“ Oh ! Holy Trinity, one God, have mercy upon us.  
Holy Mary.  
Holy Mother of God.  
Holy Virgin of Virgins.  
Mother of Christ.

Mother of Divine Grace.  
Most Pure Mother.  
Most Chaste Mother.  
Most undefiled Mother.  
Most Amiable Mother.  
Most Admirable Mother.  
Mother of our Creator.  
Mother of our Redeemer.  
Most Prudent Virgin.  
Most Venerable Virgin.  
Most Renowned Virgin.  
Most Powerful and Most Merciful Virgin.  
Most Faithful Virgin.  
Mirror of Justice.  
Seal of Wisdom.  
Cause of our Joy.  
Spiritual Vessel.  
Honourable Vessel.  
Vessel of Singular Devotion.  
Mystical Rose.  
Tower of David.  
Tower of Ivory.  
Tower of Gold.  
Ark of the Covenant.  
Gate of Heaven.  
Morning Star.  
Health of the Weak.  
Refuge of Sinners.  
Comfort of the Afflicted.  
Help of Christians.  
Queen of Angels.  
Queen of Patriarchs.  
Queen of Prophets.  
Queen of Apostles.  
Queen of Martyrs.  
Queen of Confessors.  
Queen of Virgins.  
Queen of All Saints.  
O Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the  
world. Spare us, O Lord."

The little volume containing the above prayer was entitled 'THE KEY TO HEAVEN.'

From the Old I strolled into the New College, which, although finished, was completely empty. For some time as I paced along its lengthy corridor, nothing was to be heard but the faint, worthless reverberation of my own footsteps. I then entered one of the chimneyless rooms on the lower floor, and, closing the door, I could not help saying to myself, "Well, here I am at last, a student of Maynooth!" and after thinking my new profession over for some time, and looking first at my lofty walls and then at the large tall chapel window above me, for it was so high from the floor that I could scarcely look out of it, my mind gradually came to the conclusion that the fine new system—by whomsoever it may have been devised—of giving to each student a separate cell, instead of crowding, as in the old building, from 2 to 8 in a room, will materially increase the monastic severity of the education to which they have hitherto been subjected; indeed, to deprive them of their room-comrades will, I submit, prove to be the bitterest drop in that cup of ecclesiastical medicine, which, it is said, will cure them of—or rather kill—attachment to the things of this world.

From my cell I wandered into the large green park in rear of the new buildings, and, as I had only seen the College cemetery from a distance, I proceeded across the grass to that spot.

On entering it, I was much surprised to find a very small space of ground, surrounded by an ordinary hedge, and choke full of long rank grass and thistles. There was no cross of any sort or kind; indeed all that marked



it to be a burying-ground were four flat stones, each resting on four plain pedestals about three feet high. One of these stones was surrounded by iron rails. All were to the memory of great Dons of this College, whose distinctions were detailed at unusual length in Latin. To the graves of the students—three or four only of which could I manage to find out with my feet, so completely were they covered with weeds—there was neither epitaph, stone, cross, or any memorial whatever; indeed, when I reflected on the apparent omission, I could not but admit, that of the history of a poor student at Maynooth, who has not lived to be a priest, but little more could be written than—“HERE LIES AN ECCLESIASTICAL FLOWER THAT NEVER BLOOMED.”

As I stood absorbed in melancholy reflections of this nature, I was aroused from my reverie by the scream of, as it were, a being from another world, a steam-engine, which, with a light train behind it, suddenly flew by within ten yards of the lofty rough-cast wall that environed me. The little legacy of white steam which it left behind hanging in the blue air that rapidly devoured it, forcibly reminded me of a variety of worldly allurements that, under the influence of the *genius loci*, I had at least for some hours entirely forgotten.

After admiring for some moments the tall, handsome slated roof of the New College, I returned to the old one, which I found completely empty of students. They were at dinner, and on passing the refectory, the windows of which were all wide open, I most distinctly heard, amidst a very faint rattling of knives and forks, &c., the loud sonorous voice of the priest who, during

their repast, was reading to them with great emphasis and energy. This unusual combination of sounds however very soon suddenly ceased, and on the door opening a number of the students issued from it and passed close to me. None of them appeared at all flushed, and I am therefore of opinion that their repast, whatever it may have been composed of, had been partaken of by them with great moderation.

They now either assembled in little groups and stood talking, and occasionally laughing to each other, or sat down quietly on some of the many benches which, probably to encourage meditation, were scattered about the grounds. Hanging from one of the windows of their dormitories I observed a yellow cage containing a starling.

As it was now on the point of four o'clock I returned to the Professors' Department, and, obtaining there the little I wanted for the arrangement of my toilette after so long a stroll, I entered the small reception-room, where, by the Vice-President, I was introduced successively to his colleagues—the Principals of the College. I need hardly say that in appearance and in reality they were exceedingly clever-looking men, and the usual preliminary formalities of society were scarcely over, when the door of the dining-room was thrown open, and we all took our seats at an oblong table, at the head of which was, of course, the Vice-President. Our dinner was exactly what it had been described to me, plain, simple, and homely. It consisted of a large joint of mutton, a great dish full of fowls, ham, and vegetables of various sorts. We had then one immense fruit pie, with cheese, butter, and a slight dessert. The wine con-

sisted of super-excellent port and sherry ; and as soon as the cloth was removed, a large jug of hot water, a couple of small decanters of whisky, a bowl of white sugar, and a tray of tumblers, each containing a little ladle, were successively placed on the table.

The Vice-President drank nothing but water, and also opposite to me sat a Dean, who told me that for many years he had only enjoyed the same beverage.

For a short time we continued a conversation which I believe I may confess I once or twice happened to bring very nearly to the hostile confines of a general laugh. Its character was, however, generally speaking, consistent with the locality, grave, sober, and intelligent. In about twenty minutes we all arose, and, as I had then an opportunity of conversing again with the Vice-President, I asked him to be so good as to finish the information he had given me by telling me the way in which the students spent the day. He replied as follows:—

“They rise ordinarily at 6. (In May and June at 5.)

From	6	to	6½	Dressing.
„	6½	„	7	Prayer.
„	7	„	8½	Study.
„	8½	„	9	Mass.
„	9	„	9¼	Breakfast.
„	9¼	„	10	Recreation.
„	10	„	10½	Study.
„	10½	„	11½	Class.
„	11½	„	12	Recreation.
„	12	„	2	Study.
„	2	„	3	Class.
„	3	„	3·40	Dinner.
„	3·40	„	5	Recreation.
„	5	„	6·45	Study.
„	6·45	„	7	Recreation.



From	7	to	8	Study.
„	8	to about	8·12	Supper.
„	8·12	to	9	Recreation.
„	9	„	9½	Night Prayer.
	Lights extinguished at 10.”			

I then observed to him that I was glad I had visited compartment A of the Library, as people in England were usually of opinion that Roman Catholics did not read the Bible.

He replied in the following words, which I read to him from my note-book to ascertain—as I told him—that I had correctly copied them from his mouth.

“It is a rule of our Establishment,” said he, “that every young man at entrance should be provided with a copy of the Bible, for his own individual use; and so solicitous are we for the observance of this rule, that our Procurator purchases a number of Bibles, one of which is handed by him to each student, immediately after his accession, if he has not already a Bible in his possession.”

“But,” said I, “do you not alter or suppress some portions of the Bible?”

“On the contrary,” he replied, “we admit *more* books of Scripture than most Protestants.”

“And,” said I to myself, “if the Procurator of the College of Maynooth actually purchases a Bible, and *hands* it to every candidate for the Roman Catholic priesthood; and moreover, if Catholics admit more books of Scripture than most Protestants; what possible excuse can the Commissioners of Public Instruction in Dublin offer to God, or man, for virtually excluding the said Bible, throughout Christian Ireland, from the education of the Catholic and Protestant youth of both sexes?”



I then stated that, as I had truly told him on my arrival, it was not for theological information I had come to visit his college. "But," said I, "as I feel a great interest in the welfare of Ireland, may I ask you what is the real cause of the schism which so unfortunately exists between the Roman Catholic priesthood and the Protestants, or, in other words, what is it that the Roman Catholic priesthood desire?"

He replied, "As you ask me plainly, I will tell you frankly." After, however, he had done so, and after I had, as he pronounced his sentences, written them in my book, he added, "On reflection I should not desire to make *public* my opinions on a political subject with which it is not my province to interfere;" and accordingly I instantly drew my pencil through the lines I had written, which of course I shall never feel myself at liberty to repeat.

Having now obtained as much information of the College of Maynooth as, for the general object I had in view, I desired, I took leave of the Vice-President, to whose polite attentions I have so much reason to be indebted; and as the time for the departure of the train had not quite arrived, I determined to loiter about the village.

On passing out of the iron gates of the College I heard a shrill, sudden exclamation, and instantly saw, by a regular Irish grin on the faces of four or five bystanders, that I was in the immediate region of a joke, occasioned by one of the labourers of the College, who it appears had often in vain warned old women not to sit in the ditch beneath, having just dropped between the collegiate wall and an aged culprit a very

small paper of gunpowder, which had that very instant exploded. The poor old creature, whose face was yellow from fright, and who apparently had not the most distant idea of what had befallen her, had one shrivelled hand on her heart, while with the other she supported her chin as she violently panted, and yet, the more she panted, the wider did every one around her grin.

The village before me, from its breadth of street and from the light colour of the low houses that composed it, had rather a picturesque and pleasing appearance. On analysing it, however, I was really astonished to find human beings living in dirt which might be so easily removed. Several of the habitations, although the walls were substantially built of stone, were mere cabins, of such dark interior that I did not feel much disposed to enter them. Into the door of one I saw a wrinkled old woman, with a long stick in her hand, drive an enormous large fat sow, who with one slight twist in her tail waddled with as much calm dignity into the mansion as if she herself had built it.

At some distance from the sow, in the middle of the street, I observed a small crowd, and, on reaching it, instantly perceived that I was again in the immediate presence of some very good joke.

A short half-fed man, hatless and in rags and tatters, was, with extraordinary gravity, telling stories, every other line of which appeared to convulse the faces of his hearers: indeed, such a grinning circle of odd faces could, I believe, hardly be met with out of Ireland.

The portion of the story I happened to listen to was delivered, with a strong comic brogue, as follows:—

“Last night six weeks ago I received a letter of an

auld hag's death. I've been so overjoyed by the sad news that I took a sma' fit of running with my two shin bones in my porcket, and my head under my arum, til I ran at the rate of 16 miles an hour. I met with Jack Jervis, an auld hacknie couchman, driving fifteen flying jackasses under an empty stame-coach that was loaded with two roasted mill-stones and a 74 man-o'-war vessel with 18 artillery granny-deers and 12 big-book magpies. They were drinking tay until they were ready to bust wi' the hunger. I asked Jack Jervis had he any account o' the shower of auld hags that fell not long ago? He tould me divil the account he had o' them, but John Manx had all kind of 'count about um, and that he lives on one side of the Three Flying Jackasses up and down the street where a mad dog bit a hatchet and pigs rastling for stirabout. I niver stopped till I crashed into a sma' vil-lige twice the size of Dublin, when I met an auld man roulng away wi' a stack of chimneys on his back. He didn't go very far until he had taken a horn-colic in his big toe, and a tooth-ache in his shin-boune, and a head-ache in the back of his bellie. I hired an impty stame-coach to take hum to apothicary's shop, where I called for a physic for hum, when I got 16 quarts of bees basted, 19 pounds of frog's butter, and 21 gallons of Kirogue's kidneys. Well! I had um all biled in an auld iron leather pot, and conveyded hum to a lock-up 'orspital, where he had been thirteen days and nights coughing, and after that he was safely delivur'd of an auld blacksmith's anvil, 42 pounds"——

At this point of the story, which appeared to be endless, I left the group, and indeed had only just time to walk to the station, when the train came up, and from the College and village of Maynooth carried me safely back to Dublin.



## DUBLIN POLICE.

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As I was anxious, during my short visit, to observe, as accurately as I could, the Irish character in the various phases in which it is to be seen, I obtained permission to inspect the Dublin Metropolitan Police Force, composed of 103 serjeants, 12 detectives, 954 constables, and 20 supernumeraries, making a total of 1099, whose weekly pay is as follows:—

	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Sergeants and detectives . . . . .	21	0
Constables, First class . . . . .	16	9
„ Second class . . . . .	15	0
„ Third class . . . . .	11	6
Supernumeraries . . . . .	7	0

A candidate for admission must be under 26 years of age, must be able to read and write, and, moreover, must be in height 5 feet 9 inches, without his shoes.

The whole force average in height 5 feet 11 inches, and they are thus in reality, as they are in appearance, an army of grenadiers, of which the B division, composed of 190, are all 6 feet and upwards. Among the constables there is only one old soldier, and one lawyer. There is scarcely a Dublin man among them, the Commissioners preferring to enlist country people from all parts of Ireland, without making any inquiry as to their religion.



The conditions upon which they are enlisted are, that they shall not belong to any secret or political society, and that they shall abstain from the expression of any political or religious opinion in any manner calculated to give offence. To these simple, sensible regulations they at once cheerfully and rigidly conform; and thus, while the whole of Ireland is convulsed with religious animosities, which generations of British statesmen have declared, and still declare, to be implacable, the Dublin Metropolitan Police, composed of Catholics and Protestants, picked up from all parts of Ireland, not only among themselves live in perfect amity, but at a moment's notice, at the sound of a rattle or of a whistle, fraternally join together to collar, handcuff, and, if absolutely necessary, to fell senseless to the ground, any person or persons who, from religious, political, or any other alleged motives, shall presume to disturb the public peace.

In this sacred duty, and in attaining this noble triumph, no less than seventy of them, during the last twelve months, were grievously and severely wounded; and yet, is it not strange that, while the Dublin Police Force so clearly sees that by amity and silent unanimity they can beneficently preserve the peace of their metropolis, "another place" ever has been, and is, an arena in which the pronounciation of the very name of Ireland produces acerbity and contention? In fact, there can exist no doubt whatever that if, on the one hand, the members of "the House" alluded to were to be made constables of the Dublin Police, they would, by endless speeches, create infinitely more disturbance than they would allay, and

that, on the other hand, if Lieut.-Colonel George Brown, and his Catholic and Protestant constables, were, for a single Session, to be granted an opportunity of legislating from St. Stephen's for Ireland, they would, with perfect unanimity, by silent firmness, laconically impart peace, happiness, and prosperity to the land.

There are sixteen station-houses in Dublin, with a clock in each, by the assistance of which, at the same instant, sixteen reliefs are thrown out over a surface of forty-four square miles. The whole is governed by two Commissioners, one civil, the other military, whose office is in the Castle.

In the police store, within its precincts, I found a number of trophies that had been obtained by the force. Among them was the tricolour flag given by certain Paris ladies of easy political virtue to Mr. Meagher, and captured in the summer of 1848; a black flag, with the harp of Ireland in white; another black flag, tastefully ornamented with the words "Famine and Pestilence;" pikes of various sorts, for cutting bridles, maiming horses, spitting Protestants, &c. &c.; lastly, a human skull, which, during the State trials in 1848, had been hung on the knocker of Mr. Kemis, the Crown Solicitor, as a reminder.

I also observed a lot of very efficient extra weapons, in case the police truncheons should prove insufficient, consisting of swords, ship cutlasses with iron handles, and lastly, as the strongest dose in the Dublin police pharmacopœia, short detonating muskets with brown barrels.

In the clothing store I found piled in masses great-

coats, coats, trousers, and oil-skin capes, with a quantity of mattresses, stuffed with cocoa-nut fibre.

From the Castle, the residence of Vice-Royalty, Colonel Brown was good enough to accompany me to the "Old Bishop's Palace," now the principal establishment of the Police, consisting of a plot of ground and buildings surrounded by a high wall.

In one stable, as clean, and, I may add, as smart as a London livery stable, I found twenty capital, well-bred horses, belonging to the mounted force, every man of which is well trained to the use of the bright arms he bears.

The sets of harness belonging to four large vans in which, as in London, prisoners are conveyed to the Police Courts, and from thence to the jails, were as highly polished and burnished as if they had belonged to a gentleman's carriage.

On entering the largest of the buildings I found a school for recruits, in which they improve their writing, and also learn by heart a "Catechism," in which is very clearly expounded to them that the duty they owe to their neighbour is to conduct him quietly to the nearest station whenever he is disorderly,—carry him there when he happens to be unable to stand,—force him there whenever he resists,—and handcuff him whenever he is what is professionally termed "violent."

From the school I proceeded to a room where I found twenty fine, good-looking, powerful country lads, with large white teeth and clean ruddy faces, seated with a dinner before them, and with heaps of potatoes which certainly appeared to me altogether enough to choke them. But they were not only learning to eat a good



meal, but how to eat it in clean clothes, with a clean knife and fork, off a clean table-cloth ; in short, with a probationary pay of a shilling a-day, they were undergoing the agreeable process of being introduced to a new system of life, in which they were not only to display good behaviour, but, like Falstaff's wit, to be the cause of good behaviour in others.

Here, again, the members of the two religions were intermingled in most happy communion, and, as one large mealy potato after another disappeared, it was utterly impossible for the keenest observer even to guess whether they had been devoured before his eyes by a Protestant or by a Catholic ; indeed, so easily are these recruits made to harmonise together on this point, that on Friday they, as well as the whole of the Police force, often comfortably dine together on fish ; in short, the prejudices which great statesmen fancy to be insuperable, *they* readily annihilate by mastication.

The bed-rooms were lofty, airy, with floors as clean as women's hands could make them : in fact, it is by the hands of old women, hired by the force, that they are cleaned. After going through several, we came to those in which a hundred men who had been on night-duty were lying, with nearly closed shutters, fast asleep.

On opening these doors and standing for a few seconds at the threshold, I beheld before me, in twilight, under bed-clothes, a series of large lumps of men, all apparently more or less exhausted by fatigue. Here and there a very great eye would open—stare a little—gradually become fishy—and then close. Occasionally a pair would unequally open, until the owner of one



set, as if half aghast, actually raised his huge head from his pillow. Not wishing to disturb the poor fellow, I instantly slowly retired backwards, leaving him to recite to his comrades in the morning, that he had dreamt he had distinctly seen "the Colonel" gazing at him, accompanied by an inquisitive stranger, who appeared to be taking his picture.

In a very neat small room I visited a 1st class serjeant, who, besides possessing a wife and daughter of very pleasing appearance, has a couple of hundred pounds in the savings-bank. On his table I observed a large bible, and as the good book, I felt sure, had had something to do with the sum that had been saved, I ascertained on inquiry that the Protestant members of the Dublin Police have in savings-banks no less a sum than 20,000*l.*

As in the Constabulary, no married man is admitted into the corps; nor is any member of it afterwards allowed to marry unless he is the possessor of 40*l.*; the first thing, therefore, that Cupid has to teach a Dublin policeman is to put by a sixpence,—to repeat the operation sixteen hundred times, and *then* apply for his licence.

To the force is attached a fire brigade, with a magnificent engine, under the especial direction of an acting serjeant, fourteen firemen (from the mounted police), and twenty of the recruits who work the pumps.

At one of the police-stations, in Chancery-lane, a narrow, crooked, old-fashioned street, in olden times the official residence of the Attorney and Solicitor Generals, and other crown lawyers, I visited the lock-up houses, in which I found only one tenant, a respect-

ably dressed man, well known to Col. Brown, who had unfortunately happened to become so intoxicated that he could with difficulty articulate an explanation, which, as it slowly came out of his mouth, was apparently thicker than his whole body. Adjoining him in a corner of the yard reposed a hand-stretcher, with a canvas bottom, for the purpose of bringing to the station any one who—without metaphor—might be found in the streets dead-drunk.

I learnt, on inquiry, that drunken men assist not a little in removing from the police any hostile feelings among each other on the score of religion; for as in their madness these delinquents attack Catholics and Protestants with equal violence, the parties assailed are absolutely forced to join together for mutual self-defence, and thus vicious habits and brutal conduct are productive—under Providence—of beneficial results.

As I had now gone through all the district and barrack details, I had only to witness the force, or rather a large portion of it, that had been drawn up for inspection in that large hollow quadrangle in the interior of the Castle, in the centre of which there stands, guarded by a sentinel always pacing up and down beside it, the British flag, affixed not to a lofty, but to an ordinary hand-staff.

This powerful body of tall men, who appear to be considerably stouter than the slight active members of the constabulary, were dressed as nearly as possible like their brothers in London; that is to say, they had black hats, covered at top with black patent leather—whalebone side-guards covered with the same; blue coats with silver buttons, hard black stocks, blue

trousers, black leather waistbelt, white gloves, and boots. The only trifling difference, as I could observe, was, that the figures and letters distinguishing the division and number of each policeman are in Dublin in silver, instead of, as in London, in white cotton.

In appearance they are clean, and well set up; and as they marched and countermarched about the square of old-fashioned buildings that environed us, their heavy tread unequivocally explained their momentum or physical force.

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## M Y T O U R.

## FIRST DAY.

DURING the few days I was in Dublin, I perceived that it was not only agreed upon by everybody I had the happiness to converse with that I ought to make a tour in Ireland, but everybody was obliging enough to tell me exactly where I ought to proceed. “You must go to *Cork*,” said one; “*Belfast* is the place that you should visit,” said another. All said “*Of course* you’ll go to KILLARNEY!” After gratefully thanking everybody for their kind endeavours to steer a compassless and rudderless bark into its proper harbour, I asked—as it were quite incidentally—in what part of Ireland was to be seen the greatest amount of poverty and misery; and as almost everybody, in reply, named the counties of Mayo and Galway, in the secret chamber of my mind I quietly determined that, without saying a word to any one, I would make my tour in that direction. Everybody was so obliging, that I believe I could have obtained a sackfull of letters of introduction; and like a postman, could have spent the whole of my time in delivering them. On reflection, however, I considered that, instead of going to strange people who would often encumber me with help, the best mode of summarily obtaining the simple information I desired would be to get an order to the consta-



bulary, who, throughout Ireland, are ubiquitous. I conceived that this highly intelligent body of men would of course be intimately acquainted, not only with their respective localities, but with the persons within them best competent to instruct me. Lastly, it was evident that an order addressed to the constabulary would also, on production, be a pass into any jails or workhouses I might desire to visit.

Accordingly, the evening before my departure, without mentioning my route, I obtained what proved to be of inestimable assistance to me—namely, a general firman, from the chief constabulary office in Dublin, directing the force to afford me “all possible information and assistance.”

With this in my pocket, and with a small carpet-bag by my side, I drove early next morning to the railway station, and, after paying for my ticket, took possession of a first-class coupé, which I knew I should have entirely to myself.

For nearly an hour, in beautiful sunshine, I flew across a verdant country, nearly as flat as Hounslow, intersected by low hedges into small fields, in which were standing large cocks of hay, corn in sheaves, and here and there poppies, thistles, with yellow, white, and red weeds, which, as true children of Nature, appeared to be enjoying themselves wherever they could steal an opportunity. In the picture, which now became more undulating, I observed a few small woods, some stone walls, and, scantily dotted about, a few low stone cottages thatched—some dilapidated, others milk white.

The country seemed to be troubled neither with

towns nor cities. The railway fence was often nothing but a slight ditch bounded by a couple of stout wires running through slight posts, about two feet high.

The coupé was so large and so high, that with the greatest ease I could pace from one side to another with my hat on ; and then, resuming my seat, it was really quite delightful to find oneself in a quiet study with large plate-glass windows, contemplating, not little bits of painted canvas, but Ireland itself, passing in review, with growing crops, living cows, sheep, goats, and horses grazing, swine rooting, an Irish lamb gambolling, and in its immediate neighbourhood, lying on the green bank, an Irish child, the loveliest ornament of the soil on which it slept. Suddenly, from the most beautiful verdure, we passed through a large dark level, looking as if it had been convulsed by an earthquake that had just rudely thrown up a substratum to the surface. Among it, here and there, were to be seen women and a few men, stacking peat into tumuli of various picturesque shapes. The barren bog, however, suddenly changed into heather in bloom, in which occasionally appeared heaps of peat ; and thus for some time flowers and fuel were to be seen in juxtaposition, in a beautiful variety of different proportions.

In about forty miles the fences of the country changed into banks protected by single or double ditches. The railway on which I travelled appeared to have been admirably executed. On one of its sides, indolently hanging in the air, were two wires, ready for electrical communication on any subject.

On stopping for a few minutes to allow our hot

engine to drink, I observed, ranged along and resting upon the coping of a railway bridge, scarcely twenty yards from us, a series of Irish faces, of various ages and of both sexes, which would have formed an amusing as well as interesting study for any artist.

At fifty miles from Dublin we came to Mullingar, the centre and the principal town of the county of Westmeath. It appeared to contain a substantial gaol surrounded by high walls, a court-house, extensive barracks, a handsome Roman Catholic chapel on an elevated site, a nunnery, a union workhouse, and a variety of other civilized comforts and luxuries. About two miles to the south lies Lough Ennell, a shining patch of water between four and five miles long, and about one and a half broad.

The station was exceedingly clean; and when we left it, and an erect, intelligent, well-dressed station-man, who at about half a mile from it, in a well-appointed uniform, appeared standing on the green bank, motionless as a statue, I could not help feeling that his outstretched arm not only showed us the way we were to go, but, morally speaking, demonstrated most indisputably the facility with which a railway, wherever it goes, establishes habits of order, discipline, and cleanliness, which have been declared to be impossible to inculcate.

After flying across a capital stone-wall-hunting country, in which I observed at work a number of very well-dressed men in clean shirts (it was Monday), healthy children, and women whose bare red legs appeared for some reason or other to have a propensity to whiten in proportion to their distance from the earth, and a quantity of black cattle, I began to examine the



little chamber in which I was receiving so much placid enjoyment.

My attention to it was first attracted by an unusual-looking object immediately before me, which proved to be a blue cloth covered table, suspended at a convenient level by a pair of small hinges, which enabled me, with the assistance of a small contrivance beneath, to raise and fix it.

I next discovered a sliding door, by which the coupé could be divided into two chambers; and on continuing my search, I observed several trifling indications of another hidden luxury, which, on unbuttoning a hasp, proved, to my great astonishment, to be two comfortable double beds and hair mattresses, in which two couples, closing the intermediate door, might separately sleep as comfortably and as innocently as if they were at home.

At seventy-eight miles from Dublin the train stopped at a large grey town, divided apparently into about equal halves by the Shannon, which was rushing through it with considerable violence. It was Athlone, the most important town between Dublin and Galway; indeed, not only is it about half way between the Irish Channel and the Atlantic, but as nearly as possible in the very centre of Ireland, the river forming the boundaries of the counties of Westmeath and Roscommon, and, of course, of Leinster and Connaught; moreover, by the subdivision of the water, one-half of the town is in the one county, and the opposite one in the other.

At this central point I had determined to leave the train; and accordingly, descending from my coupé, I found myself in one moment in the centre of a great



crowd of clean, well-dressed people, some, like myself, just arrived, others just departing. There were also a considerable number of spectators; among whom, worming their way with trunks, bags, boxes, and bandboxes, on their shoulders, in their arms, and pendent in their hands, were to be seen several men, dressed in blue, with yellow worsted lace—railway porters—employed in transporting luggage either to or from the train. Calmly observing this grand scene of only apparent confusion stood the station-master, distinguished by a blue embroidered collar.

I would fain have stopped a moment to have admired the beautiful bridge and castle of Athlone, but I was in a stream of human beings, and had only to follow it; no sooner, however, was I outside the station-gate than my carpet-bag was a signal for boys to assail me in all directions. Philosophically speaking, I could only give it to one; and having done so, I expected I should have been deserted by the rest, but three or four honest-looking lads kept following me, as if they considered I was about to produce another carpet-bag. “Will you pick the marn’s pockut?” exclaimed one of them, by way of reproof to his comrade, who appeared from his propinquity to be the successful candidate.

At a short distance I found a public car with three horses, that had been waiting for the train, and was about to start for Tuam; accordingly depositing my bag on it, I told the driver I would walk on. After proceeding about one hundred yards, on coming to a turning I said to an old woman as I passed her, “Is this the road to Tuam?” “Oh yus!” she replied; adding, with an arch smile, “it wull be, when you’re *there*.”

When the car overtook me, there were seated on each side of it two or three well-dressed people, one of whom with his right hand made a slight beckoning sign to me. I, however, scrambled up to the driver, and although there was scarcely room for us both, and although the iron rail pressed very hard against my left thigh, I consoled myself with the reflection that I was probably the only person travelling through Ireland who was not taking a one-sided view of the country, and of the manners, social, moral, religious, and political, of its inhabitants. Whoever could have invented the art not only of journeying and of thinking elbow foremost, but of sitting for hours together back to back with fellow-creatures with whom it may be desirable to converse, I am totally unable to conceive. The fellow, whoever it was, grievously annoyed me the whole of the short time I was in Ireland. His invention was to my eyes what the sound of setting a saw is to my ears.

My Siamese companion—for we were literally one flesh—was a strong, healthy, bony (of *that* I am quite sure) man of about fifty-five years of age, with an intelligent, pleasing, and yet very serious countenance. We had scarcely proceeded two hundred yards when a fine rosy-faced boy with naked feet came running towards us to beg of me. My friend—for such he had dubbed himself the instant I sat beside him—made a furious pretended attempt to strike the suppliant across the face with his whip, but the little fellow, without raising a hand, and with a confidence that would have disarmed anybody, beautifully smiled at him, although he was quite within reach of the lash.

After talking with my companion about the state of the crops and the state of the country, I observed it was a great pity that there should exist in Ireland so much unkindness of feeling on account of religion. "That's all!" he replied, "it's jist difference in religion that's ruining us all. A marn should be allowed to remain in the religion of his farthur. I remain in the religion of my grandfarthur, and ought not to be interfered with. I live under the blissing of Almighty God. Praise be to his holy name!" Looking upwards with apparently real devotion, he added, "The Almighty God can relave men of a' religions." "A fine country this!" I observed, pointing to the crops on each side of me. "That's," he said, "because we have here the best landlord in a' Ireland—in a' *the world*, I may say," giving the near wheel-horse rather a sharp cut with his whip. He then proceeded to detail to me various instances of the consideration and kindness of the individual he had praised, during which we met a fine-looking, barefooted woman, carrying in her hand a large black teakettle, on the nozzle of which she had stuck a raw potato to prevent the contents from jolting out. "What is she carrying?" said I. "Milk," he replied.

We now trotted close by a large establishment—at a glance I knew it to be a workhouse—composed of two triple rows of buildings, evidently well ventilated, the whole surrounded by a high wall. As many years ago I had served in the Poor Law Commission, I was well aware of its importance and of its necessity, and yet it looked so infinitely larger than any other habitation I had seen, that I could not repress a sigh as I



passed it. At the adjoining village we stopped to take up a very ruddy stout priest, with a newspaper in his hand.

The country, which had now become poor, bleak, and very miserably cultivated, was imperfectly enclosed by dilapidated walls, some of stone, others of earth; it shortly afterwards appeared to recover from its sickness, and its surface was more or less diversified with woods.

On arriving at the town of Ballinasloe we found a good hot dinner awaiting us. "Had you not better sit on the car?" said the gentleman who had already invited me to do so. "You must surely find it very exposed up there with the driver!" My kind Mentor was apparently not at all aware that his Irish brains for the last two hours had been moving wrong side foremost: they were, however, no doubt quite accustomed to it.

Close to Ballinasloe is a house of six windows in front, which had belonged to one of the race of landlords who have lately been ruined. His residence is now a constabulary barrack. Adjoining we passed a little stream called the Suck, not a yard broad, dividing the counties of Roscommon and Galway, the latter of which we now entered, and here almost immediately I first met with that afflicting spectacle, or rather spectre, that almost without intermission haunted me through the whole remainder of my tour, namely, stout stone-built cabins unroofed for the purpose of evicting therefrom their insolvent tenants.

The country we passed had also suffered from cholera. "I'd a beautiful girl," said the driver to me, "and I buried her. Praise be to God!"

From his daughter he began talking about Irish women, and, on my saying I had heard that their conduct, generally speaking, was remarkably correct, he said, with an energy which invariably affected his whip, "In this counthry a young woman has nothing to live on but her *character*: if you take *that* from her ut's the cause of murthur! Her male friends look upon it as murthur. There's no difference. In Ireland," he added, "if a girl goes wrong, her parints turn her out o' the house; her relations discard her; her associates, and the houl of her village, refuse her even food; she is, in fact, . . . . abandoned."

We were now in a country divided by stone walls so ingeniously balanced and so slightly put together, that, as the light shone through their interstices, they had often the appearance of network; indeed, a good hurricane or Pampero would level the whole of them to the ground: On each side, as we trotted along, were to be seen unroofed cabins; and although the children we passed were generally healthy and always merry, yet we often met grown-up men and women on whose countenances there was indelibly imprinted the word "FAMINE." The affliction of 1848 had passed: their sufferings had ceased; they were now no longer in want of food, but their system had never recovered from the pressure to which it had been subjected; the ravages left behind were very striking, and perhaps the more so from those who had been afflicted being apparently perfectly unconscious of their existence. By the side of the road were enormous heaps of useless road-metal, which, by means of the Parliamentary grant, had been broken by the poor sufferers, many of whom had died at the job.

“ You work hard at um,” said the old driver, pointing to the cracked stones, “ from morning till night, and no thanks coming on the top o’ ye !”

But, from the stones, my mind reverted to the melancholy subject of the famine.

“ Hundreds of patients,” said a distinguished physician to me, “ were brought into our Dublin hospital starving. A mutton chop, or a glass of porter, would have been to them like the shot of a pistol. We were obliged to nourish them gradually ; homœopathically. In the space of a fortnight the stomach recovered its tone, and we were rejoicing at the result, when, by a sort of explosion, they died of typhus !”

On approaching the town of Tuam, pronounced by everybody as “ Tume,” the country becomes richer and better cultivated.

Tuam is not only the principal town of its district, but has lately become one of the most thriving in Connaught. With a number of fine buildings it, however, contains several very wretched streets and much poverty. Indeed, as we changed horses, we were surrounded by a set of men and boys through whose clothes little bits of skin were here and there peeping, like the white meal of over-boiled potatoes.

On leaving Tuam the country became again bleak, flat, and desolate, with now and then cultivated parts of some beauty, which gradually increased, until, passing through and between some park-like grounds, we at last arrived at Hollymount, a regular posting-stage between Tuam and Castlebar, also where roads branch off to Clare and Ballinrobe. I here took leave of my intelligent companion, and of what I infinitely



less regretted, the iron-bound seat in which for so many hours I had been tightly ensconced.

A branch public car was shortly to convey me to Ballinrobe ; in the mean while I walked to the station of the constabulary. At its door I found one of the force on duty, exactly as clean and as well appointed as those I had seen on their parade in the Phoenix Park. On producing my order the head constable received me with great civility, and at once accompanied me through the house, or, as it is not improperly termed, the barrack. In the principal bedroom were five iron turn-up bedsteads ; on each was a straw mattress, upon which the sheets and blankets of the owner were neatly wrapped in a reddish counterpane, the folds of all five being so neatly arranged that the different-coloured articles altogether resembled a section of what is commonly called a roly-poly or blanket pudding. On a shelf were arranged the men's caps and great-coats. The deal table in the middle of the chamber, as also the floor, were as clean as hands, soap, sand, and water could make them. The windows were open, and, above all, the constable and his six men were dressed with as much precision as if they had just prepared themselves for parade. Their uniform was well brushed, boots well blacked, jackets buttoned from the waist to the windpipe ; their arms and accoutrements clean and neatly arranged. On conversing with the head constable, a slight, exceedingly intelligent man, he told me that, in consequence of the evictions, a number of people had emigrated and were still emigrating ; and yet that for the harvest and for the drainage of the river Robe there had been throughout

the whole season, and there still was, a scarcity of labourers, so much so that it had been necessary to import them from the adjoining county of Galway.

On my return to the inn I found the public car just starting, and accordingly taking a side seat on it—for the driver's box was a "sulky"—we proceeded for five miles and a half through a country divided by crooked stone walls into innumerable little fields, until on approaching the small town of Ballinrobe I observed a sudden and most remarkable difference; for instead of unroofed houses and frail stone-wall boundaries I saw before me a considerable expanse of land well cultivated, covered with green and cereal crops, and divided by substantial straight walls into large square or rectangular fields. On inquiry I found that this change had been effected by Lord Lucan.

On arriving at the town of Ballinrobe, at which I had intended to sleep, I went, although the sun was on the horizon, to the workhouse, an enormous building, which had contained, in January, 1850, 4400 inmates

,, 1851, 3400 ,,

,, 1852, 1670 ,,

and which now contained—boys over fifteen and able-bodied men, 101; ditto females, 255; infirm of all classes, 24; boys below fifteen years of age, 194; girls ditto, 295; infants, 20; sick, 106. Total, 995.

I found scarcely an able-bodied man in the house, although several had been booked as such, simply because they were not absolutely infirm. The women were evidently of the humblest class; and yet I did not see among them a countenance that appeared to acknowledge to any fault but extreme poverty. They, as well as the

whole of the inmates, were, as compared with the ordinary workhouse garb in England, very poorly clad. The boys had just gone to bed; but as I felt anxious to see all, I walked through several large rooms full of them. On the word "*Sit up!*" they all, two in a bed, as if from their graves, obeyed the order; and though often bordering on a state of nudity, they certainly appeared — as Irish boys always are — cheerful, and sometimes even merry. As fast as I passed them they reclined backwards to lay their heads on their straw pillows.

The principal portion of the children of both sexes have almost all been reared in the workhouse, which they never are allowed to leave unless accompanied by an officer. The dietary of the establishment I found consisted of,—for adults, Indian meal and buttermilk for breakfast; wheat-meal and oat-meal gruel, with vegetables, for dinner, at four o'clock. They have no supper, and their cellar is the pump. Some of the young children are allowed "sweet" milk and white bread. The floors of the house are washed every morning, and are, besides, scalded and scrubbed three times a week. The walls of the dormitories are whitewashed every six weeks; the kitchen and laundry once a week. The whole premises stand on six acres of ground.

On conversing with the master, I ascertained from him that Lord Lucan's evictions have ceased, but that Lord Erne evicted on Saturday last; I also learnt that, while on his new farm Lord Lucan is now paying his men 10*d.* a day, the average wages elsewhere are 6*d.*, and occasionally 8*d.* He told me that several who had been evicted by Lord Lucan, and who were now em-



ployed on his cleared land, had told him (the master) that they were better off than before : adding, that in appearance many were decidedly cleaner.

From the workhouse I went with my firman to the police station, where I found seven sub-constables, exactly as well dressed, and in a building as clean, as at the barrack at Hollymount, already described. A steel sword-scabard which, among a variety of accoutrements, hung on the wall was as resplendently bright as polished silver. I asked the sub-inspector whether there was much crime in his district. He replied, " We have really no crime at all. In six months there have been four cases of cattle-stealing, principally by strangers. The poor people here are particularly honest ; do not steal even a potato." I asked him to describe to me the process of eviction. With extreme intelligence of countenance he replied verbatim as follows :—" Under her Majesty's writ of Habere, or an injunction from the Commissioners of the Encumbered Estate Court, the sheriff forwards to the sub-inspector of the constabulary force a written requisition, never exceeding (here at Ballinrobe) a constable and six sub-constables, who proceed to the place, and who stand by under arms to see that no breach of the peace takes place. Every household article must be turned out, otherwise it is not considered a clear possession, and the building is then unroofed, which is called ' levelling.' "

I asked him if much opposition had been offered ? He replied—" No opposition has been offered here, excepting in one case in which an angry feeling was excited by the personal interference of the priest. In that case the military were called out."

He told me that the improvement of the new system is undeniable, and yet that among a great portion of all classes there exists considerable apathy on the subject; they are neither for it nor against it—take no interest in it, nor evince any sympathy for those who have been ejected.

He explained to me that the men employed to take off the roofs in the neighbourhood of Ballinrobe are commonly called “levellers.” By a portion of the Irish press they are usually designated the “crowbar brigade.”

After remarking to the sub-inspector how creditable was the appearance of his barrack and men, which appeared to give him much gratification, I strolled for a few minutes about the poorest part of the town, and as almost all the doors were open I walked into one, and uninvited sat down on a low stool, close beside a young woman, who was feeding a child. For some time I could not see her face for smoke. “Fine day, yere Arnh’r!” she observed. “Very !” I replied; for I felt I should cough violently if I dared to say more, and I therefore contented myself with looking first at her healthy child, then at her bright red peat fire; and as human curiosity is insatiable, I at last gazed through the dark atmosphere for other objects, I cared not what. A great pig was lying on his side close to me, but, as he had not in the slightest way noticed *my* entrance, I felt it would be *infra dig.* to look at him, especially as in an opposite direction I perceived a sort of cheap bell-rope that by the wind or some other cause occasioned kept vibrating a very little. On watching it attentively I discovered that it was the tail

of a donkey, that over his fetlocks in what I will only describe by the generic term "muck" was quietly munching in a corner of the room. "What a contrast," said I to myself, "to the bright steel scabbard I was looking at five minutes ago!"

In a house of this sort it is customary for its tenants to take in, at *1d.* a night, lodgers, young or old, male or female, and although all, including pig, donkey, and chickens, sleep immersed together in smoke, I have been assured by the constabulary as well as by various masters of workhouses, that the conduct of these poor people is irreproachable.

My portmanteau I had left at the inn, and as soon as I got there, hungry and tired, I was conducted up stairs to the second story into a nice little room by a waiter-boy, who, when I was seated, with much kindness of manner, untying a piece of packthread from around a newspaper that had apparently just arrived, with great zeal unfolded it, and then formally presented it to me. It was 'The Lincoln, Rutland, and Stamford Mercury,' printed only eighteen days ago.

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SECOND DAY.

In the morning I arose at six o'clock, and on going into the yard to order a car I asked the driver, who was to accompany me, whether it was not going to be a wet day? "Yere Arnh'r," he replied, "I think ut's very apt! Ut's very dark!" I returned to my parlour, and, as soon as my breakfast was over, amused myself for a few minutes by looking out of my window. I was in Mona-



han's inn, and accordingly, as if by reflection, PATRICK MONAHAN in large letters was the name of the grocer over the way. It was now raining slowly, steadily, and unremittingly. Women with uncovered heads and bare feet were standing round the shop; one—pattering as she walked—entered it, and in a very short time came out with a clasped hand containing a small paper parcel, which every one of the wet-faced women slightly looked at. In the window was written on a large placard

“SOUCHONG,  
5s.,  
THE BEST BLACK TEA.”

For some time I watched the ragged dresses of a group of men and boys, also loitering before the inn. Their clothes formed a species of dissolving view. Occasionally I rubbed my eyes, and yet I really found it impossible to decide whether the garments before me had begun life by being blue cloth or thick flannel, for, as correctly as I could calculate, there appeared about as many shreds of the one colour as of the other. The trowsers, usually of dark cloth, literally and without exaggeration, looked as if they had been borrowed for half an hour by somebody who had filled them with rats that had then been baited with Skye terriers, who, to get hold of the vermin, had not only bitten pieces out of the garments, but in many instances had literally torn them to atoms, which, with the assistance of scraps of cloth of a variety of other colours, had been hurriedly replaced by people who had never before used a needle; indeed, in many places the stitches were as rough as network. But in several cases a

considerable portion of the garment had apparently been eaten up by the dogs, and accordingly, before me I saw a lad of about 18 in trowsers, which could not grammatically be called "a pair," inasmuch as the whole of one portion of the right leg was gone from the middle of the thigh down to the ankle, where, supported by a narrow irregular shred, say 3 inches broad, there hung a remnant of about the size and in the position of a gaiter. Several men, down whose honest-looking faces the rain was slowly trickling, were in coats which, although in holes and tatters, appeared to have originally been three coats of three different colours. Nobody had buttons behind, and one man, although he seemed perfectly unconscious of it, had moreover lost a whole skirt, and was, therefore, in fact, in half a jacket and half a long-tailed coat; and yet how painful is it to reflect that the most astonishing part of the enigma I have just described is, that every one of these apparently degraded beggars has under his rags as much intelligence, ingenuity, ability, and infinitely more wit, than the smock-frocked peasant of England, or the decently-clothed labourer of Scotland! As regards the women of Ireland, their native modesty cannot fail to attract the observation of any stranger. Their dress was invariably decent, generally pleasing, and often strikingly picturesque. Almost all wore woollen petticoats, dyed by themselves, of a rich madder colour, between crimson and scarlet. Upon their shoulders, and occasionally from their heads, hung, in a variety of beautiful folds, sometimes a plaid of red and green, sometimes a cloak, usually dark blue or dingy white. Their garments,

however, like those of the men, were occasionally to be seen hanging in tatters. I was informed by different people that the ragged clothes I have described do not characterize the whole of Ireland, but, with certain exceptions, are principally to be found in the counties of Kerry, Mayo, and Galway.

As in point of clothing I was myself very ill provided against rain, I sent to a house on the opposite side of the street for a horse-rug. Among them the shopman brought one with a small slit in the middle, for a purpose which, at a glance, I happened well enough to understand. "Ut's whart we ca' here a Poncho!" said the man; and he then, expending a great many words, proceeded to expound to me exactly how it was to be used—and so, thanking him for the explanation, and, as he thought, entirely on his recommendation, I bought it.

On calling for my bill it was as follows:—

	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
To Tea . . . . .	£ 1	3
Material . . . . .		5
Bed . . . . .	1	0
Breakfast . . . . .	1	6
	<hr/>	
	£ 4	2
	<hr/>	

To car-hire to Castlebar  
14 miles at 6*d.* per 7

Settled by Cash.

"What does '*material*' mean?" said I to the attentive, well-behaved young lad who had waited on me. "Yere Arnh'r's whusky and hot water," was the reply.

In the route I had drawn out for myself I had in-



tended to have proceeded from Ballinrobe to West-Port, but I had been so much affected by the sight of so many unroofed cabins—I had been so much astonished at the sudden difference of appearance in the country under the new system of cultivation, and during the night I had been haunted so repeatedly by the appalling facts I had gleaned from the sub-inspector and master of the workhouse at Ballinrobe, that, as it was evident that before my eyes there was a problem of vast importance to the civilized world in general, and to Ireland in particular, I resolved that I would alter my course,—that I would call upon Lord Lucan, with whom I was not acquainted (he lived about fourteen miles off), and frankly ask him whether or not he would object to explain to me the extraordinary system on which he was proceeding.

Accordingly, in a car as light as a feather, with a little wiry well-bred horse, all life and spirits (*i. e.* “material”), and with a lively small driver, whose joyous sporting shriek every now and then of “JIP!” invariably enlivened me as well as the horse, I started sideways from Monahan’s inn at half-past seven A.M., in a quiet, soft, small rain, that, I may as well at once say, never ceased for a moment until nearly midnight.

“Is this system of eviction,” said I to the driver, pointing to a small cluster of unroofed cabins we were passing at the moment, “good or bad?” “Well! yere Arnh’r!” he replied, “ut’s good and ut’s bad. Ut’s good for them that hould large lands, bad for the small. Ut laves nothin for tham but the workhouse.”

In a short time we trotted through a poor country, composed, in almost endless proportions, of three in-

redients, bog, stones, and peat, and yet within it I passed here and there a healthy pretty child, with uncombed flaxen hair, bare feet, and a red petticoat. After travelling some miles I met a young girl, apparently leg weary, with the bright eyes, yellow bills, and sharp intelligent heads of two live fowls peeping out of a crimson-coloured cloak, that in a variety of folds was gracefully hanging about her slight figure.

At five miles from Ballinrobe we came to a constabulary station, and, as I was now lord and master of my own carriage, I desired the driver to stop, and in I went. It was really a picture and a pattern of cleanliness; the walls and ceilings of the rooms were milk white, the floor as clean as a farm kitchen table, and the men, notwithstanding the rain, in perfect parade order. I asked the sergeant commanding, whose arm was distinguished by three chevrons, whether there was much crime in his neighbourhood. "Very little indeed," was his reply. He said there had been no evictions lately.

As I was jogging along, with my umbrella over my head, we met a car, in which there was seated by himself a healthy, ruddy, respectable-looking priest.

"What do the poor people pay to their priest for being married?" said I. "Yere Arnh'r," my driver replied, "they pay 1*l.* 5*s.*; a few of the very poorest 'll have ut done for 1*l.*"

"What do they pay for christening a child?" "Two and sixpence," he replied; adding "that's a *riglar* charge." "And for funerals?" He replied, "Nothing at a' for thim—they can get a mass read for from 1*s.* to 2*s.* 6*d.*"

We now drove through a "muckle-stane muir," in the middle of which I observed a solitary cabin with three or four goats, with their legs tied together, grazing in front of it. We then came to a region of small ideas—that is to say, of little fields enclosed by crooked tottering stone walls, from one to three feet high, and by little roads similarly bounded that apparently led to nothing. Among them, pointing to heaven, were the stark, stiff, rugged gables of a small evicted village, of which not a human being had been spared. All were gone, and rank weeds were here and there flourishing on the very floors on which probably several generations of honest people had slept. Indeed several of the gables were deeply marked by the smoke of fires now extinguished—not for a moment—but for ever!

The road we were travelling on was not only a by one, but, by the by, it was as crooked as if it originally had been the track of a drunken giant. Within the little fields, now deserted, were here and there to be seen, cropping from and peeping out of the earth, rock and large stones, that altogether gave to each of these tiny enclosures the appearance of a small churchyard; and yet among this gloomy grey mound of loose stones, it was striking beyond description to see occasionally, like a gaudy tropical bird, a woman in bright scarlet, carrying on her head a pitcher of water she was bringing to her cabin from some distant spring.

After meeting a barefooted boy walking in the rain with a couple of peats under each arm, we trotted by a party of men who were constructing, from the little stone divisions and from the ruins of the evicted cabins, good substantial straight walls upwards of four feet



high, cemented with lime, and then rough cast. At ten miles from Ballinrobe we came to some cultivated land around Bally-hayne, a small, poor, straggling village, where I observed a neat, substantial Protestant church, which, as it happened to be open, I entered. The sittings were composed of nine open pews on each side, and above them, in the solid wall, there was a comfortable-looking fireplace and fender! On coming out of my church I went into a substantial cabin adjoining. The roof was jet-black from smoke; a quantity of clothes, as if to dry, were hanging on a straw-rope; the pig was not only sleeping immediately beneath them, but, like John Bunyan's Apollyon, "straddled over the whole breadth of the way." At the farther end of the village we passed a plain spireless Catholic chapel, neatly whitewashed. On the left, at a distance, were the ruins of Kenturk Castle, looking like an old monastery. We now came again to land subdivided by low walls, of no use whatever, into innumerable small fields, in many of which the weeds were higher than the tottering boundary that enclosed them; indeed there passed before me in review all sorts of crops but the right ones. Sometimes rushes prevailed—then they turned for a time into broad strong green flags—then came white weeds—then tall yellow ones—then beautiful purple ones—then, all of a sudden, we slowly trotted through heaps of black peat, here and there to be seen moving in lumps on the backs of women and men. Above them, hovering in the air, was apparently a great raven. But by far the most appalling feature in the picture was that, wherever, throughout all the country I had visited, the potato was growing, there was more or less

a discoloration in its leaf, that but too clearly announced the existence of subterranean disease.

About a mile from Castlebar we, all of a sudden, came to a most extraordinary change. The road on the left side was bounded by a stone and lime wall, rough-cast, and within it, to Castlebar, the eye roamed, or rather revelled, over an expanse of corn waving or standing in sheaves; green crops, of great luxuriance; cocks of hay standing in emerald-green fields; the whole—like France—without a fence of any description.

On the right of the road, the country, to a considerable extent, had been similarly altered. In the middle of all I observed the tall chimney of a steam-engine: in short, the change was really magical; and whatever the heart might say on the subject, it was utterly impossible for the judgment of any man to deny, for an instant, that a most astounding improvement of the surface of Ireland had been effected; indeed, in the course of my life, I have certainly never beheld a contrast so striking. In the centre of it my companion pointed out to me with his whip, among some trees, the residence of Lord Lucan, whom I had come to visit.

Castlebar, the county town of Mayo, is situated at the north-west point of that vast plain of mixed bog and pasture land which characterises the greater part of the counties of Roscommon, Galway, Sligo, and Mayo. It is also very nearly at the head of that broken valley that separates the high lands of Connemara and Joyce country from Ennis and Tyrawley. The most remarkable point in its history is, that in 1798 it was occupied for a few days by the French army, under General Humbert, that had landed at Killala Bay.

As we were trotting along one of the main streets leading to the principal square I observed about a dozen well-appointed men in blue uniform, standing outside a door. As they evidently did not belong to our army I desired the driver to stop, and, entering the house, I was soon in the presence of two officers in blue military frock coats, gold scales on their shoulders, and wearing swords exactly as if they were of a regiment of the line. The one was a sub-inspector and the other a lieutenant of what is called in Ireland "the Revenue Police." On producing my order to the constabulary these officers very readily and obligingly explained to me—who had never before even heard of their force—that its especial duties, which, previous to the year 1836, were performed by the military, accompanied by an excise officer, are to suppress illicit distillation and malting. In order to do so, armed parties, four times a week, by day and by night, and for at least eight hours per diem, make excursions to search the town lands, every suspected house, concealed caves, &c. The whole force consists of about 1000 men under officers whose ranks are as follows:—

1 chief inspector, residing at the Custom-house, Dublin, 9 second inspectors, 9 sub-inspectors, and 55 lieutenants. There are also a due proportion of sergeants, and about 1000 privates, almost all of whom are Catholics. The principal stations are commanded by sub-inspectors, and the out-stations by lieutenants. The men, like those of the constabulary, are armed, efficiently equipped, and well disciplined and drilled. Their uniform consists of blue military jacket, trowsers, brass buttons, blue foraging cap, with a brass bugle



above the letters R. P., and a patent-leather chin-strap. I asked the officers whether religion in any way interfered with the duties their men had to perform. They both at once, nearly in the same words, replied, "Oh no, our men seize as soon from a Catholic as from a Protestant!" "What a moral," said I to myself, "is contained in those few words!"

Crossing the square, which, bounded by trees on one side, strongly reminded me of the "Grande Place" of an ordinary French town, I proceeded through crooked streets, swarming alive with barefooted women, and little girls in red petticoats, to the workhouse, composed of a series of well-arranged buildings, surrounded by a very high wall. As I was about to ring at the bell I was accosted by one of the relieving officers of the union.

"There appear," said I, "to be a number of unroofed houses in the neighbourhood of Castlebar."

"Yes," he replied, "there are, but many who had good means took advantage of the badness of the times, and, on being evicted, went off to England and America."

"Have these evictions had much effect on the town?"

"They have made a number of empty shops," he replied.

"Had you any rows here during the election?"

"Yes," he replied, "the Priests' party came down and got over the wall there" (he pointed to a spot where the iron spikes had apparently been forcibly wrenched off): "six were indicted for it, tried, and found guilty."

"How many relieving officers have you in the union?"

“ There are four of us. Three of us are Catholics, the other is a Protestant.”

On entering the workhouse I ascertained from the master, a highly intelligent man, that his inmates consisted of—

82	Men		
122	Women		
17	Infirm		
57	In hospital		
218	Boys and Girls from 9 to 15.		
60	„	„	5 to 9.
13	„	„	2 to 5.
26	Infants.		

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Total . 595

During the famine the numbers in the house were from 2500 to 2800.

On going up stairs, we entered a room in which were fifteen little, clean, healthy, barefooted children from two to seven years of age, in old blue frocks and white pinafores.

One of them was standing close to the knees of a tidy woman, who, with her left fingers, kept on picking up lock after lock of the child's hair, and then with a pair of scissors mercilessly snipping it off close to the head.

In a handsome stone building I found boys employed in weaving, tailors' work, and in baking.

In the girls' school were, seated on benches and writing, 168 children, clean, healthy, and well arranged. In an opposite school were 72 boys from five to fifteen, but though they looked healthy, they, like the rest of

the children I had seen in the Irish workhouses, were exceedingly diminutive for their ages. Among the men were only four that could fairly be called "able-bodied;" each of them told me he had been evicted by Lord Lucan. I asked the master what had become of the rest? His answer was very instructive. "Most of them," said he, "if they can scrape up half-a-crown, go to England, from whence after some little time they send from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 10*s.*, and, as soon as their families get *that*, they are off to them."

"Does the father go first?" I thoughtlessly asked.

"Oh, no! we keep *him* to the last. One daughter went off to England from here a short time ago and sent 7*s.* 6*d.* *That* took out the mother and another sister. In a few weeks the mother and sister sent enough to get over the remaining two sons and the father. Total of the family, 6."

From one of the relieving-officers who were present I was told, that "the temporary destitution caused by Lord Lucan had been immense;" but, said he, "if I were a landlord I would do the same, for it *must* eventually be of enormous benefit to Ireland."

"How comes it," said I to the master, "that we hear of so many landlords being shot, and yet that Lord Lucan escapes?"

"I regret to say," he replied, "that among English people a *part* of Ireland is taken for the whole. I have been here four years, have usually attended petty sessions, and know of no one instance such as you have referred to. I allude," he added, as if correcting himself, "to the counties of Mayo and Galway." Pointing to an eminence in the immediate neighbourhood, en-



closed by a capital wall, and in a state of good cultivation, he said, "That was a densely populated hill called 'Staball.' All the houses were thrown down, on which many of the inhabitants thereof just descended the hill into this workhouse."

We now passed into a room full of infants in cradles. In another clean, healthy, barefooted women were spinning and working. In the laundry they were washing. The master informed me that of the whole of the inmates about nine-tenths are from evictions.

On leaving the workhouse a gentleman intimately connected with it told me, as we walked along, that the reason of the mob breaking into the premises was to get possession of a voter who had sought refuge there from them. On gaining admittance they demanded this man from the master, who replied, "I will give you nobody, but, if you think he is here, you have full liberty to search for him." They did so, forcing the master to unlock every room, excepting the little dark closet in which he was secreted, which, strange to say, they passed unnoticed; and having satisfied themselves he was not in the house, they were departing, when one of the paupers betrayed the secret. With imprecations they demanded the key from the master, who said, "I will only surrender it on condition that you will not take his life." On their promising that they would not, he unlocked the door, and, following the mob and their captive, he proceeded with them to a hotel where he found collected thirty or forty priests.

"Here he is, yere Reverence!" exclaimed the ring-leaders, as they led in their prisoner.

"Your Reverence," said the master of the workhouse,

addressing himself to apparently the chairman, "this man (pointing to the prisoner) took refuge in my workhouse. I hope you will see he is not hurt."

"Who are *you*?" replied the priest.

"I am the master of the workhouse."

"You deserve," replied the priest, "to be turned out of it. Here!" he added, addressing himself to the captors, "put him out!" and the master accordingly was turned out "neck and heels."

The mob had divided into two sections. One of the leaders of the larger one outside, on seeing the master, whose fearless conduct at the workhouse he as well as all the rest had witnessed, said to him, "You have done your duty, man, and we'll give you three cheers!"

"No! no!" exclaimed the party who had just left the priests, and the whole then followed the master, hooting, striking their sticks furiously against the wall; in fact, said my informant, who was present on the occasion, "they were on the point of murdering him." "And yet," said I to myself, "the constabulary force has repeatedly assured me that the people of this very county are particularly honest, and now, that their passions are not improperly excited, that 'there is scarcely any crime at all.'"

The main serpentine street of Castlebar, composed of houses generally of two stories high, and of all colours, gradually dissolves or dwindles into a long series of white-washed hovels. In various parts of this line were to be seen, with their eyes closing and heads drooping, donkeys laden with panniers of peat, and occasionally of coarse vegetables. Around them were women in parti-coloured shawls crossed in all sorts of

picturesque folds over crimson petticoats, often fringed at bottom by their own rags. I also observed a number of children with bare hair nicely combed. In the barracks at the head of the street were quartered about 200 soldiers.

I now inquired the way to Lord Lucan's, and, as it had never ceased raining for a moment, I proceeded, under my umbrella, to a lodge on the edge of the town opening by iron gates into a verdant, handsome, old-fashioned park studded with large trees.

The house, called "The Lawn," appeared smaller than I had expected; however, it was large enough for all I wanted, so, ringing at the bell, I gave my card to the servant and requested to know if Lord Lucan was sufficiently disengaged to see me.

I was shown into a large drawing-room, in which I was left for about a quarter of an hour, and I was getting a little tired of Bluebeard's hall, when the servant entered, and begged I would follow him. I did so, and in a small study I was received by Lord Lucan, a tall, slight, intelligent, and very gentleman-like man, of apparently about fifty.

I told him at once, what I had not deemed it necessary to mention to any one else, namely, that in travelling through Ireland I was taking notes, which I intended to publish; and having thus, as was due to him, put him on his guard, I asked whether he would have any objection to give me certain information I desired.

"None whatever!" he replied.

"What do you pay your labourers, if you please?" I asked.

Without replying, he took from his table the pay-lists



of his various farms, and, putting them into my hands, I perceived that he was not only giving from 9*d.* to 10*d.* throughout the year, but that most of his labourers were cottiers.

I asked him how much land he had cleared? He replied, "I have in the neighbourhood of Castlebar about 15,000 acres stocked and cropped, and about 15,000 more in a transition state. The former is farmed by myself; the latter, when properly reclaimed, will be farmed by tenants for whom I am building houses costing about 500*l.* each."

His lordship now said very kindly, "We had better adjourn to my establishment, where we shall find my head steward, who will give you correcter information than I can. At all events," he added with a smile, "I had rather *he* should make a mistake than *I*."

On proceeding to the establishment, in the centre of which stood erect the tall chimney of the industrious steam-engine that had already attracted my attention, I was led by Lord Lucan into a series of rooms full of what he termed "*Cheshire* cheeses," and with grammatical precision I was secretly rather cavilling to myself about the appellation, when, turning round, I perceived on either side of me a fine, strong, rosy-faced, plump young woman, neatly dressed, with, strange to say, shoes and stockings on!

"There," he said, with a smile, "are *Cheshire* dairymaids under the direction of a *Cheshire* woman married to a *Cheshire* man."

"Then," said I to myself, "they're *Cheshire* cheeses, and no mistake!" Indeed, the young persons beside me looked as if they had been created on purpose to turn milk into *Cheshire* cheeses.

At a farm I found admirable stalls for 400 head of cattle, sties for 200 pigs, 48 boxes for horses or animals of any sort, 10 cattle-yards, 2 bone-mills, a flax-house, and that "Jack-of-all-work" a steam-engine of 12-horse power, that was thrashing, cleaning, grinding, chaff-cutting, sawing, besides lifting water to supply the whole premises, and, moreover, heating a kiln for drying corn. The engine, which was in charge of a Scotchman, was heated by turf, at a cost of about 5s. a-day.

We were now joined by the head steward—a sedate, highly intelligent, respectable-looking Scotchman, who has been in Ireland thirteen years. He told me that the number of persons that had been ejected was about 10,000, of whom one-tenth were employed by Lord Lucan, who had given most of them cottages. He said that two Scotch bailiffs superintended the new farms at Ballinrobe, and that he had also one other Scotch bailiff under him at Castlebar. I asked him how the new plan was working.

"At Ballinrobe," he replied, "where the system has been completed, the result is, that the land has become of double its former value; that is to say, would keep double the amount of stock."

"But," said I, "how has it answered to the *poor* people?"

"Oh," he replied, "I think they are *vara* much improvit."

*Question.*—If Canada fell into the hands of you Americans, how would you deal with the *French* population?

*Answer.*—Well! I reckon that in about six months we'd just improve 'em off the face of the globe?

“In what way?” I asked.

“The cottiers,” he replied, “are better dressed, have cleaner cottages, have wages *all* the year round—from 1s. to 8*d.* a-day, and the greater number of them have gardens.”

“What wages do other people pay?” I inquired.

“From 6*d.* to 8*d.*, without a house;” but he added, “few people here employ men *all* the year round.”

“Have you ever been attacked by any one?” I asked.

“I have never met with a threat or an insult, nor have any of the bailiffs, nor any of the thousand men that work under them, excepting a little angry noise at the elections.”

As a curious addition to these statements, I was told by Lord Lucan, that, as Protestant Chairman of the Catholic Board of Guardians, he had only last week, in recommending several necessary reductions, proposed that the salary of the priest should be lowered from 60*l.* to 50*l.*, and that, his reasons being deemed satisfactory, the recommendation was agreed to without a word. How clearly does this show what can be done in Ireland—as indeed everywhere else—by decisive conduct!

From Lord Lucan's I walked to the constabulary barracks, where I found 1 sub-inspector, 1 head ditto, 3 constables, 2 acting ditto, 18 sub-constables, and 5 recruits for other stations, all in the same admirable order so often described. The ceilings and walls of the rooms, five in number, and of the passages, were literally as white as snow. On the table of one room, in which I ascertained there slept several Roman



Catholics, I observed a Bible, showing that a Protestant was among the number.

“Have you ever any differences between your men on account of religion?” I inquired.

“Oh, no,” said the sub-inspector, with great gravity, “we *never* allow anything of that sort to exist among us!”

On walking towards the town at which I had left my carpet-bag, I saw to my astonishment, among bare-footed women and children, a footman in livery, with as much of his hair as was not covered by his hat a mass of white flour!! It is only fair to add he had not been thus victimised by Lord Lucan.

As the car I had ordered was all ready at a few minutes past four, I started for Westport; but on leaving Castlebar, as I had to pass the county jail, I desired the driver to pull up, and, ringing at the bell, sent for the governor, to whom I produced my order to the constabulary. The establishment, which is on an extensive scale, is composed of a central building, containing the governor's house, chapel, store, and cooking offices. From this building there radiate, in various directions, six others: two for convicted male criminals, one for prisoners not convicted, one for debtors and revenue offenders, one for female prisoners, and a hospital. To each department there is a yard, in which the governor, by signal, assembled the prisoners belonging to it for my inspection.

Among the men there were two or three who appeared to be of violent dispositions, but generally speaking their countenances did not denote either vice or depravity.

Among the 72 women 14 were under confinement for felony, 20 for larceny, and the rest for begging or debt.

As the car proceeded along the hard wet road every now and then a great black crow stood, as if it was his intention to dispute our progress; indeed, it was not until we got within a very few yards of him that, taking two or three preliminary elastic hops, he slowly and reluctantly flew to a short distance, and then again, bounding round sideways, stood, and with his brilliant black eyes inquisitively looked at us.

Excepting here and there patches of cultivated land, the country was bleak, wild, and moorlike; and my mind was so engrossed with the various subjects that had flitted before it, that I believe I travelled nearly a mile without hardly knowing that, close to my back, I had a companion.

At last, pointing indolently to a deserted house from which the door and window had been abstracted, "Is that part of Lord Lucan's new system?" said I.

"Tissur!" my driver replied, almost before I had completed the question.

"Is that Lord Lucan?" I added, as a very short stout man on horseback passed us.

"One-of-his-tinnantsur!" he answered, almost in one word.

We passed a cabin, and, closing my umbrella and leaving it on the car, I walked in.

"Will y're Arnh'r take a sate?" said a woman about thirty-eight, with a fine open countenance, her eyes being listlessly fixed on the daylight.

I sat down. On her lap was an infant. Three bare-footed children, as if hatching eggs, sat motionless on the

edge of a peat fire, which appeared to be almost touching their naked toes; above the embers was demurely hanging a black pot. Opposite sat, like a bit of gnarled oak, the withered grandmother. The furniture was composed of a dingy-coloured wooden wardrobe, with a few plates on the top, and one bed close to the fire. There was no chimney but the door, on the threshold of which stood, looking exceedingly unhappy, four dripping wet fowls; at the far end of the chamber was a regular dungheap, on which stood an ass.

“Where is your husband, my good woman?” I said to the youngest of the women.

“In England, yere Arnh’r,” she replied, “saking work.”

Taking into consideration the rain, I thought altogether it was about as melancholy a scene as I could well witness; nevertheless, I can truly say to the reader, “Tarry a little, there is something yet!”

After trotting slowly on for about a mile, and after I had left Lord Lucan’s property, I came, as usual, to a small village of unroofed cabins, from the stark walls of which, to my astonishment, I saw here and there proceeding a little smoke; and, on approaching it, I beheld a picture I shall not readily forget. The tenants had been all evicted, and yet, dreadful to say, they were there still! the children nestling, and the poor women huddling together, under a temporary lean-to of straw, which they had managed to stick into the interstices of the walls of their ancient homes.

“This is a quare place, yere Anrh’r!” said a fine, honest-looking woman, kindly smiling, to me, adding, “Sit down, yere Arnh’r!”



One of her four children got up and offered me his stool.

Under another temporary shed I found a tall woman heavy with child, a daughter about sixteen, and four younger children—*her* husband also was in England, “saking work.” I entered two or three more of these wretched habitations, around which were the innumerable tiny fields, surrounded by those low tottering stone walls I have already described.

Besides women and children, I observed among the jagged, sharp, triangular stone gables of these unroofed cabins two or three men listlessly standing stock-still; and as I was a Saxon stranger in their land,—as I was of the same religion as the landlord that had evicted them,—and lastly, as I happened to have in my pocket, besides silver, a quantity of loose gold, I might not unreasonably have expected to have received among their ruined hovels what is commonly called a rough welcome.

“Ride your ways,” said the gipsy; “ride your ways, Laird of Ellangowan—ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram! This day have ye quenched seven smoking hearths—see if the fire in your ain parlour burn the blither for that. Ye have riven the thack off seven cottar houses—look if your ain roof-tree stand the faster. Ye may stable your stirks in the shealings at Dernelough—see that the hare does not couch on the hearth-stane at Ellangowan. Ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram; what do ye glowr after our folk for?”—*Guy Mannering*.

As however I was resuming my seat on the car I saw among the tottering walls women and children worming their way towards me; as soon as I started, with uplifted hands and bare feet they exclaimed

almost simultaneously, "May the Almighty God preserve yere Arnh'r!" Indeed, long after I had left them I heard the same sounds reverberating through the rain that was cruelly falling on us all. They were really good people, and, from what I read in their countenances, I feel confident that if, instead of distributing among them a few shillings, I had asked them to feed *me*, with the kindest hospitality they would readily have done so, and that with my gold in my pocket I might have slept among them in the most perfect security.

The devotional expressions of the lower class of Irish, and the meekness and resignation with which they bear misfortune or affliction, struck me very forcibly. "I hav'nt aten a bit this blessed day, glory be to God!" said one woman. "Troth, I've been suffering lhong time from poverty and sickness, glory be to God!" said another. On entering a strange cabin the common salutation is, "God save all here!" On passing a gang of comrades at labour a man often says, "God bless the work, boys!" In meeting a person, if you want to get quickly into friendly conversation with him, it is usual to say to him, "God save ye!" to which, like the "Aloom salicoom!" and "Salicoom aloom!" of the Mahometans, the answer always is, "God save ye kindly!" the pronounciation of which is sure to secure a courteous and favourable reception.

A Protestant clergyman of great experience told me that in all his intercourse with Irish Catholics he had *never* met with an infidel.

In a few miles we came to an immense region, the property of Sir Robert (Somebody), bounded by distant hills, all utterly houseless, but turned into large fields

teeming with crops, green and brown. On proceeding further I met with a similar picture on the property of Lord Sligo, and, although the recollection of the tragedy I had just witnessed was fresh both in my heart and mind, I could not but admit that the contrast between the old system and the new is so striking, that the superiority of the latter, to any one who witnesses it, does not for a moment require an advocate.

In all regions of the world it has been, and is, the stern decree of Providence that civilization, sooner or later, should override and overrun those feeble tribes who are innocently revelling in what is usually called a state of Nature; and, accordingly, throughout the great continents of North and South America, and elsewhere, the virtuous and simple aborigines have, since the discovery of their respective countries, rapidly melted away, as they themselves figuratively express it, "like snow before the sun."

It might therefore not unreasonably be expected that, even if the land the poor people on which I had visited were their own property, it would be as impossible for them as it has been for the Red Indians to withstand the torrent of civilization that is steadily and irresistibly rolling over the world. But they are NOT, like the Red Indians and other aborigines, the lawful owners of the soil on which they sleep. It belongs to what in the scale of civilization may justly be called another race, by whom they are permitted to live upon it, on conditions to which both parties have agreed. Now, even if the poor people I have alluded to could have continued to pay their rents, any well-educated friend might have admonished them that, if they



persisted in sleeping with their pigs and asses, and in subsisting with them on one single article of food, no payment they could offer could possibly prevent their being eventually swept away.

But in consequence of certain dispensations of Nature, they became first of all unable to pay their rents; then destitute of subsistence; and thus, by creating a necessity for poor-rates, they became a burden, gradually increasing in weight, until the landlord had absolutely not physical strength to bear it; in fact, not only did the landlord get no rent, but for his land which gave him nothing he was out of that nothing required to pay rates he had no funds to supply! By the interference of Nature the whole system, therefore, rapidly began to fall to pieces, and I have no hesitation in stating, as my humble opinion, that it is out of the power of man to attempt to hold it together any longer. The decrees of Providence are often, to our judgment, dark, mysterious, and unfathomable. In the present instance, however, the sentence pronounced, not *against*, but really IN FAVOUR of that portion of the Irish people who are at this moment—I repeat the truth—sleeping with their pigs and asses, may be thus expressed. The backwoods of Canada—the new settlements of America—the gold of California and Australia—endearingly pronounce to them the word “COME!” Simultaneously the potato disease very sternly utters to them the monosyllable “Go!” and with attraction on the one hand, and repulsion on the other, these virtuous people, in my opinion, have no alternative but to emigrate from their beloved and beautiful country, OR COMPLETELY TO CHANGE THEIR HABITS OF LIFE. This is not *my* decree,

it is not the decree of the British Government, it is not the decree of the petty Irish landlord,—but it is the decree of a Beneficent and Omnipotent Power whose inflexible will no man can oppose.

As we were trotting along, a barefooted boy of about fourteen, after the car had passed him, ran after it, and then, holding on behind, he very cunningly kept his eye on the whip. Observing that when I turned towards him I did not frown, he smiled, looked at the lash, at me, and then smiled again, until, conspiring with him against the driver, I occasionally now and then treacherously fed him with a halfpenny.

Descending a narrow valley, through which runs a small stream, we now trotted through the welcome street of the sea-bathing town of Westport, nearly all built by the late Marquis of Sligo.

On driving at about six o'clock up to a capital inn, built and furnished by the late Lord, I was suddenly and politely asked by the landlord whether I would have any objection to sit down with some other gentlemen to a hot dinner which was just about to be placed on table? And as the subject of dinner had occasionally been uppermost in my mind for some hours, I most readily replied in the negative.

“Has this marn any claim upon you?” kindly added mine host, pointing to a fellow muttering something to me, in a hat the brim of which had apparently been gnawed off by rats, and in a pair of breeches that looked as if they had just been riddled with grape, canister, and musketry. I again, as briefly as before, replied in the negative; and begging that I might have some hot water, I was conducted by a

very respectable-looking chambermaid into a room containing two beds, *one* of which she said I could have; in short, I found that the house was overflowing with English tourists, each carrying in his or her right hand a pea-green 'Handbook,' that had been given gratis at Euston Station, and which, very unfortunately for me, had gratuitously told almost everybody to come to Westport. Without asking for a description of my bedfellow, I at once so positively declared I would not have one, that by persuasion and more effectual means I extorted a promise that I should be alone. At dinner we had a splendid turbot, a superabundance of lobster-sauce; but as I was rather too hungry to be at all particular, nothing else has lived in my memory excepting some potatoes of a sort called "*Protestants*," which, on my making some remark as to the oddity of their name, elicited from the waiter, as with a white napkin under his left arm he bustled around the table, an anecdote, showing how a gentleman had won a sovereign by betting with a party of jolly good Papists, with whom he was dining, "that he could prove there were, at table, more *Protestants* than Catholics."

As soon as our repast was over I walked for a short time about broad streets (most of which were at right angles), of houses two stories high, constructed on the acclivity of an exceedingly steep hill. At the intersection of four of the principal thoroughfares I observed on a Grecian pedestal the statue of a bald-headed hero of some sort, standing with his right hand on his heart, and evidently thinking hard. "Who is that?" said I to a wet boy, on whose bare head the



rain was steadily pattering. "He was," he replied, "a rich man of this place, and so they made him a startu."

From the statue of Dives I went to the barracks of the constabulary, where I found the beds of a sub-inspector, a head constable, two Protestant constables, and nine sub-constables, of whom eight were Roman Catholics and one a Protestant. Of the above force, eight, with the sub-inspector, and twenty-seven more from other parts, had the day before proceeded to Clare Island, a most beautiful elevated spot, about four miles long by one and a half broad, situated in the entrance of Clew Bay, nearly seventeen miles from Westport, for the purposes of eviction.

The head constable, an exceedingly well-educated intelligent man, who had been at Westport five years, and who had been present at nearly all the numerous evictions in its neighbourhood, told me that, although in unroofing the houses the women often stood by, crying bitterly, excepting a trifling animosity at Kilmeen, no resistance whatever had been made.

"They have always," he added, "been quite amenable to the law. Indeed, considering their sufferings at the time, it was a matter of wonder they were so submissive."

"You must surely," said I, "sometimes have had great difficulty in the execution of this duty?"

"Well, Sir," he replied, "we certainly have, but we endeavour to joke off anything that is said against us; and even if it comes to blows, we will bear a good deal rather than have recourse to deadly weapons."

"Has there been much crime in the county?"

“None whatever,” he replied—“some petty larcenies, that’s all.”

“Have you had any religious disagreements among your force?”

“Oh no!” he replied, “if any person insults one he insults all. Our force is paraded, as on other days, every Sunday. Every man then goes off to his own place of worship.”

I asked him from whom I could obtain the most correct account of the numerous conversions to Protestantism which of late years had been effected in the West of Ireland? In compliance with my wishes he at once conducted me to two gentlemen who appeared to be well conversant with the subject.

The serious mistake which the English Government made long ago was appointing Protestant clergymen who could not preach in Irish to localities in which the native language was in current use. In those localities, as well as in all others, a zealous Catholic priest has naturally always deemed it his duty by every means in his power to keep his own flock separate from those of a different creed; and as the same policy was not pursued by the Protestant clergy, it follows, of course, that conversions, if any, were more likely to be effected from the latter creed than to it.

As death, however, is said to level all earthly distinction, so did the famine in 1846 bring the suffering Catholics and the Protestant clergy into close communication. The poor, when they saw the tenderness and indefatigable exertion of the clergy of the Established Church, applied to them for relief—obtained it—and the barrier of prejudice which had separated

them having been thus broken, they listened to their doctrines, and, being simultaneously relieved by their charity, they willingly became converts to a religion which they practically found to be so different from what it had been represented to them. But the greatest success has been among the Roman Catholic children, who, having in like manner originally been forced by famine to congregate around the Protestant clergy, have had the Bible put into their hands, and by it and by the schools have subsequently been converted.

The innumerable conversions which, from their commencement in the little island of Achil in 1835 to the present day, have been effected in the West of Ireland, from Achil to Dingle, and from Dingle to Oughterard, in the counties of Donegal, Cork, Kerry, and even in Dublin, have been most extensive and extraordinary. For instance, in the town of Westport there are now three Protestant churches, and five more in the parish, extending over an area of 153,675 acres. At Clifden the conversion burst out so rapidly that already by far the greater portion of the inhabitants are Protestants. Indeed, the extent of the change that has been effected is sufficiently demonstrated by the recent violence of the Roman Catholic priesthood, especially against education; for, as may be well imagined, it is impossible to have educated, as has been the case, nearly half a million of children for twenty years on the National System I have described without producing immense effects. The Sisters of Mercy zealously combine with the priests to stop the movement, and their efforts are extraordinary. In short, every engine is brought to bear against this alarming conversion; a



regularly organised denunciation is levelled against all aiders and abettors of the Protestant missionaries, as well as against every one who affords them any countenance whatever. Any Roman Catholic who listens to a Protestant clergyman, or to a Scripture reader, is denounced as a marked man, and people are forbidden to have any dealings with him in trade or business, to sell him food, or buy it of him. For instance, a shoemaker at Westport lately seceded from the Catholic Church; the Sisters immediately offered him 2*l.* a-week, which he refused. Not a journeyman dared work for him. A priest went round to every man that dealt with him, until only one person would sell him leather; in short, he lost his custom, and rapidly came to a state of starvation.

It is, however, only fair to state that by the Roman Catholic priesthood it is declared, that of this extraordinary amount of conversion, which they do not attempt to deny, almost the whole has been effected by what they call "the meal system;" and, accordingly, they sneer at those who have deserted them as "jumpers," belonging to what they term "the stirabout religion."

I must say, however, that I highly approve of this stirabout movement.

It would, no doubt, be extremely satisfactory if, among the followers of different creeds, the question of religion could be left entirely to find its own level according to its own intrinsic merits; and, if this calm judgment could practically be obtained, I believe the Protestant religion would gain all it could possibly desire. But there exists no religion whose ministers are

immaculate. On the contrary, excited by zeal and enthusiasm, they but too often contend one against another, until, in the case of Protestants and Catholics, not only has much angry language been used throughout Ireland, but in a late instance, over the body of a dying convert to Protestantism, the two ministers, as is notorious, actually came to blows. As the subject, therefore, is not, and cannot be, one of calm unruffled judgment, it appears to me that, instead of there being any harm, there is much good in the benevolent Christian practice that has lately been adopted by the Protestant missionaries in Ireland, of offering a wholesome breakfast of meal to all indigent children who may be desirous to attend their schools; for what can more clearly demonstrate to young people the inestimable advantages of the Christian faith than that its ministers and supporters should openly practise the charity they preach, so powerfully recommended, as follows, by St. Paul?—

“Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. . . . And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.”  
—1 Cor. xiii.

But it is said, “Meal is a bribe, and people ought not to be *bribed* to change their religion.”

But a slated house is a bribe, desks are bribes, benches are bribes, books are a bribe, pens are a bribe, ink is a bribe, yellow soap is a bribe, a towel is a bribe; and, accordingly, if little children are to find all these articles for themselves, how barren and uncharitable is the invitation that is made to them! But the poor of Ireland have not the money to pay for these elements of education; and if, therefore, it be absolutely

necessary for the rich to provide their children with a comfortable schoolroom, wash their faces and hands, and give them books, ink, pens, and paper, surely there can be no great sin in filling their poor little hungry stomachs as well as their empty heads.

I, therefore, most earnestly and fervently hope that all who are friendly to the Irish will promote the good cause of supplying these distant schools with meal. In this friendly effort the rich Protestant has the power of contributing infinitely more, and consequently of producing infinitely more effect, than the poorer Catholic; but while religious antagonism ought, generally speaking, to be condemned, in *this* struggle the poor children, whichever way the scale may preponderate, are sure to be gainers by the contention; and with this prayer and recommendation in their behalf, after the toils of my journey, I must now wish my gentle reader “Good night!”

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#### THIRD DAY.

On rising at six o'clock I found the wind had chopped round to the north-west, and that there was every prospect of a fine day—in short, the weather had apparently run itself quite dry, and as my travelling-bag of halfpence was nearly in the same state, after walking for a short time about the town I entered a large ale-house to beg change.

“Have the evictions in this neighbourhood done you much harm?” I inquired of a large man of about fifty, as very good-humouredly he was counting out from a small heap of copper.



“It’s ruining us all!” he replied. “I now take 5*l.* at fairs where I used to take 20*l.*, and on market-days 1*l.* where I used to get 7*l.*”

I had ordered breakfast, and as soon as I entered the large parlour of the inn I found its table heavily prepared for about twenty people. Looking out of the window for some little time, I fancied I was in the room by myself; however, on hearing a slight muttering, I turned towards it, and then I perceived the jet black back and head of a very short priest on his knees, praying. As soon as the eggs came in he got up, and, as we were similarly disposed, we both sat down to breakfast together. His face, which was rather round and red, was completely covered with little pimples; his neck was nil. However, in spite of all, he was very communicative, and so fond of eggs, and so fond of talking, that, as he sat eating and incessantly chattering to me, constantly repeating what he had just said, both corners of his mouth soon became as yellow as those of a young blackbird. He had ordered his bill, and it was lying before him.

“They never,” said he, glancing at it and then addressing himself to me, “charge a priest as much as they do others. They will charge *you* here 1*s.* 6*d.* or 2*s.* for your bed; they charge *me* 1*s.* We never say a word about reduction; and they do it of their own accord. When the cholera raged we were at their bedsides. We charged them nothing, and they appreciated it. In return they never charge us as much as others, but we never say a word for it.”

When my bill came,—for one’s bill at an inn, like Death, is sure to come,—I asked the waiter what effect

the evictions in the neighbourhood had had on the town?

“They have ruined it,” he replied; “the poor used to support the rich; now that the poor are gone the rich shopkeepers are all failing. Our town is full of empty shops, and, after all, the landlord himself is now being ruined!”

As soon as I had defrayed my account, the waiter stepped aside to a table, from which he returned with a large book, in which he asked me to be so good as to inscribe my opinion—whatever it might be—of the accommodation I had received. As, however, I had really totally forgotten all about the turbot and lobster-sauce,—had slept so soundly that I had never for an instant thought about the bed,—and as the priest had talked so incessantly, that for the life of me I could not accurately state how many eggs we had eaten, I excused myself from complying with his request. In justice, however, to the Royal Hotel, Westport, I should say that on glancing over the leaves I read as follows:—

“Mr. and Mrs. H. and Miss H., of ——— Bank, Yorkshire. We have found everything very comfortable.”

“Judge and Mrs. P., Miss P., Miss D., and Miss R., have found this a comfortable house. The host and his people are very attentive and accommodating.”

“I have been in worse and better hotels in this country.

(Signed)

“P. S.”

“I have travelled over a great part of the world, and was never better entertained than in this establishment.

(Signed)

“P. L.”

“I have much pleasure in contributing my experience to the above compliment, as a hotel so worthy of praise in every department, whether in London, Dublin, or elsewhere, has never come under my notice.

(Signed)

“L. T., of R.”

“Capital accommodation.

(Signed)

“V. L.”

My car was now at the door, and, bidding adieu to

the landlord, whom I found at its side, I trotted sideways through the broad macadamized street until its acclivity brought our animal to a walk. At this sober pace we passed an immense union-workhouse, which in 1848, when "the famine was sore in the land," had administered out-door and in-door relief to no less than sixty thousand persons.

On reaching the summit of the hill I observed, on looking behind over the town beneath, that during the rain and mist of the previous day I had unconsciously passed a range of undulating mountains, the outline of which was now bold, clear, and distinct. At a short distance in front of us, on the right, was Croagh-Patrick, commonly called St. Patrick's Reek, a magnificent mountain standing by itself. Its base and centre appeared to be covered with brown heather, which became more and more stunted, until its summit—a sharp-pointed pinnacle 2510 feet above the sea, and from whence it is said can be seen a distance of nearly a hundred miles—ended in bald sterility. Beneath it appeared the Atlantic and Clare Island. Before us was an open country teeming with large stones and bog, with here and there small brown or white cabins, from each of which in its peaceful solitude was to be seen meandering upwards into the fresh, pure morning air a small, short thread of white smoke. As we trotted along we passed a large, solid, new Protestant church, nearly finished.

"When was the building of that church commenced?" said I to a man seated at my back, whose face I had not yet seen. "Yere Arnh'r," replied a sharp, intelligent voice, "I'm a stranger here like yere-



self: I only druff two gintlemen into Wesport yesterday from Sligo — *that's* my country! — but the master's horses were all engaged this morning, and so he asked 'Would I take yere Arnh'r?' " Somehow or other I felt quite pleased at the intelligence that I was to have no assistance but my own eyes, for the day, as compared with its predecessor in office, was so lovely, and the prospect of entering the Connemara district so exhilarating, that I felt it mattered but little by what human names or nick-names the objects I was about to visit might be designated. "At all events," thought I, "I shall always meet somebody or other who will be able to tell me."

On my right, rushing down the side of a precipitous rock, was a slender stream of bog-water, nearly the colour of tawny port-wine, and shortly afterwards we passed a solitary cabin unroofed.

"What do you think," said I, leaning on my right elbow, as if disposed, in colloquial friendship, to meet my conductor half way, "What do you think of this system of eviction?"

"Yere Arnh'r," he replied, "it's just the ruin of the poor man. Before, every man had his four, five, eight, or even tin acres. He was rich, for his pitaturs kept him, his family, his horses, and his cows. He had arlways the pig to back him, and so at the half-year he could mate his landlord. Anybody might thin travel through the counthry with divil a halfpenny. They would be glad to have ye to converse with ye, give ye a good bed" (I thought of a certain bell-rope I had seen), "suppir, breakfist, and not seek of ye anything."

“ But,” said I, “ could they manage to subsist *entirely* on potatoes ? ”

“ Sure, yere Arnh'r,” he replied, “ with pitaturs they fed ” (with his whip he here enumerated the following animals on the fingers of his left hand) “ their pags,—toorkies,—gaise,—fools,—dooks,—hins,—and harses.”

“ Will sheep eat them ? ” I inquired.

“ Troth, yere Arnh'r,” he replied, “ they'll *root* 'um ! Them black crows steal pitaturs. Och ! ” he said, looking at me very archly as he shook his whip at one, “ they're the biggest villins, yere Arnh'r ! ”

“ That mare of yours is thorough-bred, isn't she ? ” I asked.

“ Yes, indeed, yere Arnh'r, she 's well got.”

“ Will donkeys,” said I—we were at the moment passing one that was grazing afar off—“ eat potatoes ? ”

“ Oh yes, yere Arnh'r, and our dogs will ate um too. Gintlemen's dogs ate um with milk ; but ours, troth ! they 'll ate um quite dry ! ”

We now passed a few patches of oats, as also some small fields of potatoes growing around a few stone-walled cabins, the thatched roofs of which, at intervals of about a foot, were covered with straw-ropes, at the end of each of which hung a stone, weighing about 20 lbs.

“ What is all that for ? ” I inquired.

“ To keep down the roof, yere Arnh'r, during the winds of winter,” he replied.

In the low hills six miles from Westport we now passed, close on our right, a large whitewashed building with sable wooden shutters that were closed. Above

the door I observed a black board, on which was written in white letters,

CARREKENEDY  
NATIONAL SCHOOL.

About a mile beyond this building—which, as I passed, I inwardly hailed as the best means, under Providence, of bringing together, in friendly communication, the Catholic and Protestant children of Ireland—in a spacious flat of heath and swamp, forming altogether a splendid grouse and snipe country, I observed, without spire, a white Catholic church, which, excepting one whitewashed cottage with a straw-roped roof, were the only habitations to be seen. Over the sides of the mountains on my right, as well as across the great level before me, magnificent shadows of clouds were slowly passing. On the top of a small bush, close to the solitary little white cabin, lay extended to sun and air the only emblem of animal life I could anywhere behold, a madder-red woollen petticoat.

After looking for a few seconds at the church, which, like the school-house we had just passed, ought to unite together in brotherly love the whole Christian family of Ireland,—“What do you pay your priests?” said I.

He replied, “For getting married the poorest pay from 25s. to 20s.; those that attend give from 2s. 6d. to 1s.; *thim* are the poorest. For baptizing a child they pay 2s. 6d., and the gossip’s name goes down after the child’s name, but the gossips pay nothing at all. At Christmas and Aister the poor people pay hum 1s.; the shopkeepers ’ll pay hum 1l.”



After trotting for a short distance along the banks of a small rapid river, of dark, rich, tawny-coloured water, here and there breaking white over large stones, among which were, I was afterwards told, a quantity of salmon,—

“What are those for?” said I, pointing to a little potato-field, full of tall, upright sticks, on the top of several of which was affixed a peat.

“To frighten away the crows, yere Arnh'r. They take a note arf um, that they may be a marn's hat.”

We now stopped for a few minutes to bait our horse at a small house close to the river and bridge of Errib. The kitchen I entered was, as usual, full of smoke; and yet I was much struck with the gentle, pleasing manner of its mistress as she lighted for the driver a large match of wood that flared as if it had been soaked in spermaceti oil.

“It's yere bog-wood,” said the driver to her, “isn't ut?”

“Tissur!” was her answer to him.

As we drove away, “God speed ye!” said her husband to us, slightly waving his hand to us in adieu.

We now continued our course along the bank of the river, that appeared to be rushing more violently than before. On each side of us were mountains. In a little green valley stood, mourning together over the loss they had severally sustained, the stone walls and sharp triangular gables of eight unroofed cabins. At a short distance from them appeared, as if it had just risen out of the ground, a bran-new good house.

Two little girls about fourteen years of age, with their plaids over their heads, lay together on the side

of the grassy valley, and without raising an eye towards our car, which passed close to them, they continued playing at the old-fashioned English school-game of throwing into the air small stones and catching them on the back of their right hands. Not a cabin was in sight.

“Very honest people in this country?” said I to the driver.

“Sure, yere Arnh'r might travel by yereself here a' night. Divil a word would any man say to ye.”

At fourteen miles from Westport we came to a beautiful narrow lake, at the head of which a number of workmen were busily erecting a large substantial stone Protestant church with Gothic windows.

“Thart's,” said the driver, as he pointed at it with his whip, “for what we ca' ‘joompers;’ but if the pitaturs would return, they'd a' come back. They would, indade, yere Arnh'r.”

Opposite to the church, embedded in trees, was a most beautiful retreat, called “Ashley Lodge,” belonging to the Hon. David Plunket (brother to the Bishop of Tuam), who has lately purchased from the Marquis of Sligo the whole range of mountains for three miles. Adjoining is a similar property of about 10,000 acres, purchased, I was informed, by Captain Houston a short time ago at the rate of  $2\frac{1}{2}d.$  an acre. I here passed on the road two or three groups of children, all, especially the girls, strikingly clean and neatly dressed. Following them at some distance was a tall, slight, intelligent gentleman, whose black clothes and white neckcloth clearly explained to me that he was a Protestant clergyman. I accordingly desired

the driver to pull up, and for a few moments conversed with the Rev. Weldon Ashe, who informed me that, although the church was not yet built, his congregation amounted to 102 persons. Just as I was leaving him, I made some observation on the pleasing appearance of his children. "We teach them cleanly habits," he replied.

"They were all baptized Catholics," said my driver to me, with great energy, the instant we were alone. "I'm as sure of ut, yere Arnh'r, as I am that I hould this whup. But, poor craters, whart could they do?"

My attention was now engrossed by a view, immediately before us, of what appeared to be a beautiful serpentine lake, but which, in fact, was an arm of the sea, ten miles long, called Killary Harbour, dividing the counties of Mayo and Galway.

As we trotted along the shore, its only habitations appeared to be eight unroofed cabins, surrounded by a few poplar-trees and whitethorns, a good-sized old post-house, a new rival one, and the clean white barrack of the constabulary. On arriving at the latter, I entered it, desiring the driver to go to the post-house.

The little force established on this sequestered spot consisted of one constable (a Catholic) and four sub-constables (two Protestants and two Catholics), who had been here from two to four years. All were in full uniform; the buttons of their coats and the brass plates of their waistbelts shone resplendently. The walls, which have been regularly lime-washed by themselves once a month, were as white as snow, and the staircase and floors of the rooms were literally as clean as an English dairy. The constable told me that the



new proprietors of the country in the neighbourhood had been unroofing the cabins since 1848.

“What has become of the evicted?” I inquired.

“Some,” he replied, “have gone to America, some to England, some into the poor-house, and some are dead.”

“Have you had any disturbances here?” I asked.

“There has,” he replied, “been no outrage or crime of any sort committed here for three months;” correcting himself, he added, “when Patrick M’Anus’s wife was baten we took the two that did it, and they have both been lodged in gaol.”

“How far is *your* Catholic church off?” He replied, “Five miles.”

To my great surprise he then told me, in answer to my inquiries on the subject, that he and his little party could obtain no provisions nearer than Westport, not even potatoes! “We tried,” he said, “the other day to get one stone of them, but nobody would sell them. They say they want what they have got, or think they are failing, and that they’ll have too little for themselves. We send,” he added, “two of our party, with a horse and cart, once a month to Westport, to buy meal, flour, potatoes, bacon, fresh beef, and we then corn it. Thro’out the year we live almost entirely on salt provisions. At Christmas we buy a sheep among ourselves.”

“Whose potatoes are *those*?” said I, pointing to a plot not three yards from me, without a fence of any sort.

“They belong,” he replied, “to the hotel-keeper.”

“Why, surely,” I observed, with an astonishment

I could scarcely conceal, "he would allow you a few?"

"Divil a stone, sir! For nearly three years we have not been able to buy a potato."

Before me on the hill were amicably grazing together several sheep and cows, and as I looked at them, and reflected that the next-door neighbour of the constabulary would not allow to them a single potato out of the lot that were literally growing almost beneath their feet, I could not help muttering to myself—

"Sic vos non vobis."

On arriving at the post-house I found playing very sweetly before it a piper, at whose feet, knitting socks, were sitting four women and three children, in old ragged red petticoats. I had never before heard the Irish bagpipe, which is played with bellows instead of by the breath, and I was particularly admiring its bass notes, when, all of a sudden, the women and girls jumped up, and, casting my eyes down the road, I saw, rocking, and reeling, and rapidly approaching me, one of Bianconi's three-horsed cars, accompanied on each side by a swarm of girls from twelve to eighteen, all in red petticoats, and all with extended hands offering to passengers, whose knees they could touch, scarlet and white socks.

As soon as the car reached the post-house, at which it was to change horses, the arms and stockings were, if possible, more earnestly extended than before.

The passengers, who on each side of the carriage appeared closely packed together, side by side, as if for sale or exhibition, were nearly all composed of English

wide-awake travellers, most of whom held in their hands a certain pea-green book. Among them, with kid gloves on her hands, with a parasol on her lap, and in a gown that modestly covered her shoes, sat a tall, lusty, finely-dressed lady, of about forty, who appeared to be the pattern of a good housewife. Every feature in her face demonstrated that she knew how to preserve, pickle, and otherwise superintend the various items that make the inside of a good home comfortable; but she was evidently bored to death by the group of vile, naked-legged, bare-footed Irish savages that were buzzing about her. Averting and slightly tossing her head, she had already said "LA!" once; and as that word comprehended all that could possibly be said on this subject, she very properly would neither answer them nor again even look at them. In a very few minutes the fresh horses were affixed, and away drove the car at a brisk trot, followed by its escort of red fluttering petticoats; and certainly nothing could be wilder than the picture of the whole group following the serpentine course of the bay, until passing a small promontory it at last totally disappeared from view. The constable, who had accompanied me from his barrack, told me that these children had joined the car at two or three miles from the post-house, and after its departure usually followed it for about the same distance.

At the post-house called Leenane there was no fresh horse; "but," said my driver to me, as he apprised me of the calamity, "sure, yere Arnh'r, and I'll not lave ye; so I'm baiting my harse to take yere Arnh'r on." And having thus a few



minutes to spare, as the readiest mode of disposing of them, I ascended the mountain-side, which was close to the road, to a small promontory. On turning round to look at the view, I beheld before me, on the opposite side of the beautiful serpentine salt-lake beneath, stupendous hills, heatherless, but covered with green, rank, sedgy grass, which faded at the summit into grey sterile rock. On the left was Mewlrea, the highest mountain (2688 feet) in the west of Ireland. While I was slowly ascending, I had more than once, suddenly and very peremptorily, exclaimed, "Be off with ye, you young vagabond!" to a boy of about twelve years of age, who, with a pair of bright-red socks in his hand, had, like a wolf, followed me from the road. At each angry exclamation, the boy, as I turned round upon him, stepped back, and, showing me a set of white teeth and a pair of laughing eyes, I felt I had the worst of it, until, by his pleasing manners and pretty face, he succeeded in terminating the war that had been waging between us.

"Have you any father?" I inquired.

"No," he answered; "he was taken up for fishing, and died in prison."

"Have you ever in the course of your life," said I, looking at his ten toes, "worn shoes?"

"Never, yere Arnh'r," he replied.

"What hurts your feet most?" said I, thinking at the moment of the sharp macadamised road beneath us.

"Snow!" he replied.

"Why?" I ignorantly asked.

"Snow is cauld, yere Arnh'r!" replied the boy.

"Rain is bad!" he added.

“ Why ? ” I asked.

“ You take cauld out of the rain,” he replied.

“ Is hot weather bad ? ”

“ No, if it wouldn't be too hot *entirely*.”

“ When it *is* too hot, what does it do ? ” I asked.

“ Take some of the skin arf 'em, Sir ! ” he replied.

“ Don't the stones cut your feet ? ”

“ Very seldom ! ” he replied, with a smile ; and yet, when I made him show me one of them, I was surprised to see that, excepting the heel and ball, which felt hard an dspringy, like India-rubber, the rest of his little foot was apparently almost as soft as if he had lived in shoes on a Brussels carpet.

As, however, I could now see that the car was ready, we descended to the post-house, and, on entering it for a moment, I found a small, nicely furnished bedroom and parlour, forming comfortable fishing quarters for any one of the numerous family of Isaac Walton who visit this neighbourhood.

As we quietly trotted along the road that, at about ten or twenty feet above it, obsequiously followed the lake, which, though here and there slightly awakened by a momentary breeze, was, generally speaking, enjoying a siesta, we were surrounded by highland scenery of magnificent description. One of the mountains, curiously scooped out, resembled the section of a volcanic crater. At its base, like a speck, was an unroofed cabin, surrounded by the ruins of little walls, apparently short hieroglyphic memoranda of its history. On taking leave of the lake, we went through a rocky pass, at the end of which there suddenly burst upon my view the distant “ Twelve Pins,” or “ Benna Beola,”

of Connemara, a group or family of wild, high, bleak, barren mountains, of very striking appearance. After crossing, by a bridge, a small stream, near which was a cascade, the road conducted us through a boggy space, about two miles long and one broad, of coarse grass, completely surrounded on every side by mountainous hills of all shapes. Excepting three wild ducks that, from a small lake, rose, and then, as if spell-bound, with extended necks, continued flying in circles above it, not a living being was to be seen, or a habitation of any sort.

At last we came to a few goats grazing near an unroofed cabin, of which only one frail gable remained.

The number of unroofed houses I passed was to me a subject not only of unceasing regret, but of astonishment.

The census return of 1851, as compared with that of 1841, shows a diminution of inhabited houses in Ireland of 21 per cent. ! or, in actual numbers, there were in the former year no less than 281,104 fewer inhabited houses than in the latter; and, accordingly, the same return shows a diminution in the number of families of 265,785. And these figures, which very accurately confirm each other, moreover show that the 15,314 remaining families must either have been crowded into the houses still remaining, or have taken shelter in the workhouses or towns, the latter having, it is well known, received large numbers of the rural poor, just as the former sheltered those who were wholly destitute.

It must not, however, be considered that the cabins and houses that have disappeared have *all* been levelled or unroofed by the process of eviction; for in a very



great many cases the occupiers were removed with their own consent, and, moreover, were assisted to emigrate. In many instances improving landlords have built better cottages for their tenants before throwing down the old ones.

Adjoining the ruined cabin that had so particularly attracted my attention was a small white Catholic chapel with slated roof; and by the road-side, as its guardian angel, sat by himself, bareheaded and bare-footed, a beautiful child of about two years of age.

A mile further, near the head of Kylmore Lake, which is nearly a mile long, we suddenly drove by a Protestant schoolhouse and six comfortable cottages in a line, all building for widows and children.

“Are all these hills in winter covered with snow?” said I to a large, coarse, strong, bony, useful young woman, as the car trotted by her.

“They do, Sir,” she replied.

A little further on, close to the water, I observed, surrounded by a high wall, a quadrangular line of cottages on a stony hill, constructed in 1848 for a workhouse, but now deserted.

At the head of the lake, on which there was at the moment gambolling a beautiful ripple, I observed a good hotel, and as we were trotting towards it along the road close to the water's edge, we met a well-attired gentleman, comfortably walking with a lady leaning on each of his arms,—both dressed in silk, and both with parasols in their hands. Excepting the inn and the deserted workhouse not a habitation was to be seen. The stones at the bottom of the lake, in which there is no mud, were, near its brier-covered banks, glittering in the sun.

At the extremity of the water we passed almost under impending rocks of great beauty, the clefts in which were teeming with heather and with brushwood, composed of beech, hazel, and strong briers.

Traversing a second defile of about 100 yards in length, we burst upon another smaller lake, the perpendicular right bank of which was covered, as before, with wood, among which I observed a quantity of holly-trees growing very luxuriantly. At 8 miles from Leenane we passed a substantial house with smoking chimneys, belonging to an Englishman, Mr. Eastwood, of Liverpool, the owner of upwards of 1000 acres bordering on the lake. Here we found fields of oats, and close to the road a herd of 30 cows and a magnificent bull, all busily grazing. In the midst of them, intently knitting, there sat on the ground, in a madder-red petticoat and chequered shawl, a fine-looking Connemara girl of about 18.

From this beautiful lake ran a strong stream, which, after we had crossed it by a bridge, continued for some time alongside of the road. Before us, at a considerable distance, was a large, lofty, solitary mountain. On our right and left were low, rocky hills.

Immediately under a lofty mountain, called Molless, we suddenly burst upon the magnificent salt-water harbour of Ballynakill; and on stopping at a small hotel beside it, a number of little girls in bright-red petticoats ran up to me.

“Take some di'monds, yere Arnh'r!” they all exclaimed, extending at once their slight arms and small hands, in which I saw glittering a few tiny bits of white crystal.

But my attention was engrossed by a very handsome, large, well-built Protestant church immediately before me, which only a few days ago was consecrated by the Bishop of Tuam.

Its site has been most happily chosen where the winding road from Clifden to the Killeries approaches the beautiful bay of Ballynakill, in the immediate vicinity of some of the most improved parts of that romantic district. The church, on the day of its consecration, was, I was informed, densely crowded, not only by the rich, poor, and poorest classes of the surrounding country, but by thirty clergymen of the Established Church, as also by several people from England. The ceremony, ornamented by the grand mountain scenery around, was, no doubt, calculated to make a deep and lasting impression on the minds of those who witnessed it. For some time, by the skill and energy of new settlers, the surrounding waste of brown bog and heather had been converted into corn-fields and pasture, and in the midst of this placid picture there now arose a solid building in which all might assemble to invoke together the blessing of the Almighty on all sorts and conditions of men.

Nearly opposite the church stood a very fine house, built and occupied by James Ellis, Esq. (a Quaker, brother to the late member for Leicester), who has also just constructed a large and commodious school, with a suitable residence for the master. He was, moreover, the possessor of a large crop of oats on ground that last year was a bog. The principal shop-keeper, and postmaster, is also an Englishman.

As usual, I walked for information to the con-



stabulary barrack, in which I found, in the same state of dress and discipline I have so continuously had occasion to describe, one constable (a Roman Catholic) and five sub-constables (four Roman Catholics and one Presbyterian). In the constable's room I observed 'The Works of Josephus,' 'Smith's Wealth of Nations,' 'Industrial Resources of Ireland,' 'Chalmers' Discourses,' 'Anecdotes of Napoleon,' 'Waterton's Wanderings,' 'Lamartine's History of the Girondists,' 'The Edinburgh Encyclopædia,' 'The Saturday Magazine,' with several other volumes.

On my asking him what were his principal duties, he readily replied, "Executing warrants generally, and especially for poor-laws; arresting those who have absconded from workhouses with the clothes thereof, besides often leaving their families behind; escorting prisoners by night and by day; patrolling from two to four miles from the station; going to fairs and 'patrons,' on the requirement of a magistrate, where disturbances are expected; attending quarter sessions, assizes, and at elections, if called upon."

On asking him whence he procured provisions? he told me that, as he and his men could obtain but little in the neighbourhood, excepting potatoes, they usually sent to Clifden for their meat and salted it.

On the side of the harbour, which, being land-locked, looks exactly like a beautiful lake, we passed a small, comfortable house built by Mr. Graham, an Englishman, and not far from it a small stone pier, at which were lying moored three boats. Further on was a large substantial residence, just completed by Captain Fletcher, of Dublin, around which were growing oats

and green crops. In the surrounding heather-covered hills, the summits of which had the soft, round appearance of those in Scotland, were to be seen here and there, lower down, patches of oats.

We now came to a house called Rockville, a property belonging to Mr. Butler (a Protestant), from Carlow. Here a beautiful English-looking village church, at the consecration of which 300 persons had lately attended, and school-house, had been newly built, and a residence for the clergyman, Mr. Lynch, is moreover in progress. In front of Mr. Butler's lawn and gardens was a small rocky eminence, on which from a slight flag-staff I saw revelling in pure air the British Union Jack, beneath which several children were gambling. The young plantations were thriving very luxuriantly.

After trotting by six unroofed cabins, victims to the progress of the civilization that was striding around them, the country reverted to grouse-shooting hills, which again gradually changed into a vast extent of coarse, rank, sedgy grass, in which, as the road wound its serpentine course, not a habitation was to be seen. Behind it stood the Twelve Pins, looking perfectly barren. A little further on was another beautiful salt lake, an inland branch of the sea, of which we had a distant glimpse.

We now passed a house of modern form, surrounded by crops and woods. At four miles from Clifden, towards which our tired horse was slowly trotting, the road began gradually to descend until we entered a region of heather and furze, in which the flowers of the purple loosestrife and yellow rag-weed were so blended

together that they appeared to spring from the same plant.

“That’s beautiful! isn’t it?” I observed to the driver, as we came rather suddenly in sight of a fine lake.

“Very handsome, indade, Sir!” he replied.

In a solitary potato-field a stout woman, in a red petticoat and with bare ankles and feet, was stooping down digging potatoes; as we passed close to her she raised her uncovered head, from which hung a quantity of black shaggy hair as wild as the mane of a Shetland pony. On the hill side above her I observed an animal grazing.

“Will mules,” said I to the driver, pointing towards it, “eat potatoes?”

“Oh yes!” he replied, with a grin: “they’ll poke ’um up with their fate.”

My friend’s mouth now began to pucker up, and around each eye there gradually appeared such innumerable wrinkles of fun, that I saw I had unintentionally touched a ticklish point.

“Oh yes, Sir,” he added, scarcely able to suppress laughter. “Oich! yere Arnh’r, they’re the bloodiest rogues you ever see in yere life! They’re mortal knowing, and you can niver depend on ’um. Gad! if ye mind ’um for twinty yares, they’ll some day or night all of a sudden turn on ye and give ye a kick!”

We now entered Clifden, the principal town of that western highland portion of Ireland comprehended under the local names of Jar Connaught, Connemara, and Joyce Country, the whole being usually called Connemara, a district about 34 miles long and 20 in



breadth, and comprehending upwards of 20 capacious harbours fit for the reception of vessels of any burden. The best land in Connemara is comprised in the neighbourhood around the town.

Leaving my carpet-bag at the hotel at which I had ordered dinner, for it was now past six o'clock, I walked to the union workhouse (an enormous manufacturing-looking building of two rows, one behind the other, each row having twenty windows in front), situated about two hundred yards from the termination of the main street, and, as I only wanted to see its inmates, I requested the master to assemble them, at once, in their respective yards. Their numbers were as follows:—

Able-bodied men, of whom only six were really fit for work, and boys above 15	159
Able-bodied females above 15 . . . . .	226
Infirm . . . . .	44
Boys below 15 . . . . .	108
Girls do. . . . .	227
Nurses } . . . . .	82
In hospital, &c. }	
Total . . . . .	846

At the entrance-gate I had observed two messenger-boys, fifteen and sixteen years of age, with unusually handsome countenances, and I was surprised to learn that “they could get no work.” The girls below fifteen, who were dressed in blue, without hats or shoes, appeared healthy, but very small; many of them had been in the house three or four years. The little boys below fifteen were—as I have before observed—fearfully diminutive. The women and girls above fifteen I

found all standing in the yards, in a row, with their backs against the wall. Almost every one had an honest countenance, was clean, but all were barefooted. The men and boys over fifteen, who generally speaking looked weak, were dressed in clothes so old that they appeared to be on the confines of turning into rags.

The aged and infirm, principally women, formed, of course, a sad scene; and, as my brief observations were concluded, I was not sorry to get once again into the free air.

On walking towards the inn I was surprised at the number of public buildings I could see. In front of me, inclining to the left, was Bridewell; not far from it a comfortable house on an eminence belonging to the parish priest; and on its right a Catholic chapel, the constabulary barrack, and, lastly, a court-house.

The town is composed of a principal street, straight, very broad, and about 120 yards in length, of houses of two and three stories high, and of another similar but curved street joining it at one end, at an angle of about 45 degrees. At the point of junction I found seated on the ground several groups of women and girls, all in red petticoats and white or striped shawls. Some wore caps, while the hair of the remainder hung loose on their shoulders, with nothing to keep it from dangling before their eyes but their ears, behind which a portion of it was more or less neatly packed or poked. Before each of them lay a quantity of fruit or dried fish in a flat basket, but, as there was not in sight a single purchaser, patiently and cheerily they sat chattering in Irish, and looking into each other's eyes, taking not the slightest notice of me, although for a few minutes I

stood among them noting their appearance in my book. Close to them, with a family of weights beneath it, was a large iron triangle, in charge of a sturdy man called a "craner," whose official duty—in consideration of a salary of 10*l.* a-year and a small payment for each article—consisted in weighing potatoes, corn, hay, straw, &c., for the whole community. Two of the constabulary, neatly dressed, were standing beside him. At their feet sat an extremely pretty, modest-looking young woman, in a ragged red petticoat mended by, or rather composed of, patches, no one of which was as big as my hand. From her head, twisted into beautiful folds, hung an old blanket in rags and tatters. Close to her was a tiny circle of little children of about two or three years old, cheaply amusing themselves with a heap of dust. Below the street, at the end of the town, and at a considerable depth, lay a beautiful narrow lake or arm of the sea, called Ardhear Bay, on the opposite side of which green crops and oats were growing among rocks in small enclosures, bounded by dilapidated stone walls; and about two miles distant appeared Clifden Castle, to which a quantity of landed property in the neighbourhood is attached.

On returning to the town I entered into conversation with an exceedingly intelligent English farmer, who had lately purchased land in Connemara. He told me that the strong, rank, sedgy grass, which from its luxuriance had much attracted my attention, was fit only for rough Irish cattle or brood mares; in fact, that neither sheep nor English bullocks would touch it. And on my asking him why throughout the country I had that day passed I had scarcely seen any live stock,



he explained to me that on much of the property in the neighbourhood, that had been lately purchased, there proved to be unexpected arrears of poor-rates, which the purchaser could not conveniently pay ; and, as he knew that if he stocked his land with cattle they would be seized, he allowed it, for the present, to remain without them.

The necessity for some means of facilitating the sale of encumbered estates had been apparent in Ireland for many years. The extravagant habits of the last century, the establishment of "middle-men" and of the cottier system, which converted the small tenant into a mere rent-producing animal, induced the formation of large family settlements, and thereby encouraged loans, for which estates, one after another, were mortgaged. In addition to all this, competition rents, the system of creating 40s. freeholders, of paying for land by labour, and the consequent result, namely, a state of barter and of low subsistence, produced altogether, early in the present century, a climax, the evil consequences of which the high prices of the war temporarily averted. At last, however, the hour of retribution arrived. Rents were necessarily diminished ; the cholera, the potato disease, and the famine consequent thereon, rendered the collection of these reduced rents impracticable ; and, first, the creation of the poor-law, and, secondly, its extension to out-door relief, produced the inevitable effects of completely breaking down not only the landlord but the system on which he had lived. Many who had long been striving to compound, or to effect a sale on fair terms, were suddenly compelled to go into the market on any terms, and no sooner were

they forced into this miserable emergency than they practically experienced, most keenly, the evils that in Ireland fettered the transfer of real property.

For instance, there were lands occupied on parliamentary titles, scarcely two hundred years old, so hampered in the intricate meshes of the law that they could not pass through those of the Court of Chancery. The system of registry established in 1715 had become nearly useless, and it was therefore evident to all concerned—to buyers as well as to sellers—that nothing short of the creation by Parliament of a new court, almost as arbitrary as that (the Court of Claims) which had originally given the titles, would suffice to remove the embarrassments in which all were involved.

The benefits conferred upon Ireland, and indeed upon English and Scotch purchasers, by the Encumbered Estates Act, have proved almost incalculable.

Seven hundred and seventy-two properties, or parts of properties, have already been sold to 2335 new proprietors, for no less than 7,215,000*l.* The greater part of these sales have been so small that only ten have exceeded 20,000*l.* each. Several of the purchasers had been the tenants of the very lands on which, under the old system, they were before starving, and which they had been struggling to cultivate. Others are persons who have realised, in trade and in professional labour, fortunes they were desirous to expend on land—some are mortgagees—several English or Scotch settlers. And thus, although all must regret to see old properties broken up, old families dispersed, and ancestral mansions deserted, it cannot be denied that the unavoidable

change that has been effected is highly advantageous, most especially as compared with the laws, habits, customs, and state of society it succeeded. In common justice to the unfortunate proprietors who, under the operation of the new Act, have been summarily obliged to sell, it should, however, be recollected that for the erroneous system of their forefathers—the results of circumstances rather than of guilt—they ought not to be held answerable; that this system they had no power to alter; and, lastly, that the blow which eventually felled them to the ground was an extraordinary dispensation of Providence—a simultaneous visitation on animal and vegetable life they could not have foreseen, and which it was utterly out of their power to avert.

The actual effect of the famine in Ireland, even merely as it regards population, it is not very easy to calculate. By the last census the population of Ireland amounted in that year to 8,175,124. Reckoning by its previous average advance, it had probably in 1845 increased to say 8,500,000 (but for this there can be only conjecture, and the computation above stated). In 1851 the population was found to have sunk to 6,515,794. In round numbers half of this diminution may, I have reason to believe, be set down to foreign emigration, 150,000 or 200,000 to immigration to England, and the remainder to a diminution of births, owing partly to the emigrants having been in the prime of life, and partly to the effects of the famine, which, although it did not actually prove fatal to as many as is usually supposed, not only forced and frightened many of those most likely to have children to emigrate (leaving behind the aged and infirm members of their families), but by poverty



diminished the marriages and fecundity of those who remained.

At half-past nine o'clock at night I walked to the barrack of the constabulary, composed of one sub-inspector (a Protestant), who having just returned from a long journey was in bed, one head-constable (a Protestant), two constables (Catholics), and sixteen sub-constables, of whom thirteen were Catholics and three Protestants.

From the head-constable I ascertained that, at a cost of 2300*l.*, there had just been constructed in the town a substantial Protestant church; and that for another, to be erected on the opposite side of the Bay, 600*l.* had already been collected. He informed me that "no crime of importance had been committed in the neighbourhood for the last twelve months."

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#### FOURTH DAY.

At seven o'clock in the morning I started edgeways—until I got tired I involuntarily, invariably, and unceasingly grumbled at this awkward attitude—from Clifden, with a new driver, and a long-stepping, nearly thorough-bred, bay horse, sound, six years old, and called, as the man at my back told me, "Ballinasloe," because he had been bought there—and I may add, as a fact of greater importance than his name—for eleven pounds.

On each side of us, as we trotted along, were low stony hills covered with a mixture of heather and sedgy grass, before us a range of higher ones, on the

summit of which soft white watery clouds were reposing. We now passed four substantial cabins unroofed, and I felt my flesh creep as I saw exuding from one of them a slight smoke, thus denoting, as I soon discovered, but too truly, that the lone sepulchre was still haunted by the living inmates who had been evicted from it. After traversing a splendid snipe-level we passed, at its extremity, another unroofed cabin, on the floor of which, as we drove by, I saw, in full bloom and luxuriance, the beautiful purple loosestrife. On our left, and apparently close to us, was that magnificent assemblage of mountains round which we had been travelling, namely, the Benna Beola, or Twelve Pins. In front were the Cashel Hills, on the right that of Erespeak. Close to us, on a small dark-coloured level, were four women, in bleached red petticoats and white shawls, arranging peat in heaps.

As we proceeded we came to two beautiful small placid lakes, from which there were rising such a quantity of rushes that the colour of the surface formed a series of gradual alternations from green to white water, and *vice versâ*. Around were heaps or tumuli of black peat.

As we were steadily trotting by the side of a small lake, called Darlie, there stood, close to its edge, a solitary melancholy-looking unroofed cabin.

“A great number of poor people,” said I to the driver, as, twisting my neck, I turned half way towards him, “appear to have been turned out of this country.”

“A good dale, Sir!” he replied, keeping his eye fixed steadily on his horse.

“Do you think the new system will answer?”

“ I *do*, yere Arnh'r! Until the last five or six years they niver had a grane (grain) crap in this county.”

“ Have you lived all your life in this neighbourhood?”

“ Indade I have, Sir. They are taking great pathron (pattern) from the gintlemen who are coming into this counthry. All the puple (people) wants is a little instruction.”

“ Of what description?” I inquired.

“ Yere Arnh'r! they didn't know how to reclaim their lands. When these English gintlemen came into the counthry, and they saw how *they* were draining their land and digging it up, they took pathron from them, and are now improving every other thimselves.”

“ How have you been living?” I inquired.

“ For eleven years in the hotil. In summer I drive the car to support four of us. In winter we have nothing to do. Divil a hap'orth can we gain.”

We here met a fine bareheaded boy riding behind two panniers full of peat on a horse with a straw crupper, and, in lieu of one of Wilkinson and Kid's double bridles, a straw halter.

“ The potatoes,” I observed to my driver as I pointed to the black-topped leaves of a small quantity growing by the road-side, “ seem to be failing a good deal.”

“ Yes, they did!” he replied.

After passing a few small patches of oats and potatoes we came to another great expanse of rough sedgy grass, on the left of which, towering close above us, at an average altitude of 2300 feet above the sea, were Bencullagh, Benhaun, Bencorr, and Benlettery, the finest portion of the Twelve Pins. A little boy had been



running close behind the car for upwards of a mile. When he commenced to do so, I shook my hand, and, looking very sternly at him, said, "No! no!" To get rid of him, however, I at last held out to him a penny, which I conceived to be the object that was uppermost in his mind—in fact, the locomotive engine that was propelling him. His little fingers grasped mine as he took it, but, instead of triumphantly relaxing, as I expected he would, into a walk, he continued running about ten feet from us for more than another mile; in short, he was sociably disposed, and, like most people, preferred travelling in company to journeying alone; indeed, from this social feeling, my car was often followed for miles by boys, and occasionally by little girls.

On our left I now saw a small house, surrounded by a tiny field of oats, the property of a man, Adams, who had been severely reduced by the famine. On the road-side, covered with a rude garment exactly of the colour of earth, sat a remarkably fine-looking woman of about forty, knitting and minding four cows. After passing her, we suddenly saw beneath us, sparkling in the sun, a most beautiful, large, long serpentine lake, called Ballynahinch, studded with small islands, on one of which were the picturesque ruins of an ancient castle.

"That's auld Dick Martin's!" said my driver, pointing towards it with his whip: "ut was the prison," he added, "where he confined pable that were cruel to animals."

"But whereabouts," I asked, "did old Dick Martin live himself?"

“I’ll show yere Arnh’r immadiately !” he replied ; and accordingly, in about one hundred yards, he pointed to *two* large residences, more than a mile from each other, both partly concealed from view by the wood that clothes the whole of the southern boundary of the water. Of these handsome-looking edifices, one was the house and the other the stables of the late Mr. Martin. The latter building, however, as is but too often the case, had ruined the former. The proprietor of both unfortunately became ruined, lost a property extending from his house to Oughterard, a distance of twenty-five miles ; and his daughter, a lady of considerable literary attainments, alas ! died on her passage to America.

The Lake of Ballynahinch communicates on the north with Loughs Inagh and Derryclare, the eastern boundary of the Benna Beola, or Twelve Pin Mountains ; and the surplus waters of all three flow from Ballynahinch through the deep and ample channel of the Owenmore River into Round-stone Harbour, and from it into the great Atlantic Ocean.

As we were trotting along the bank of the bright, lovely lake on our right, we overtook a car on which were three English tourists, forming altogether a pleasing picture of a happy family. On the left bench sat two young men in wide-awake hats and shooting jackets, one holding a landing-net, the other a rod in several lengths bound together by little straps. On the opposite bench was a very old, hale gentleman—apparently the father,—sitting erect, with his fishing-rod, longer than a Cossack’s lance, pointing to his zenith. Close by his side sat a useful, bareheaded, ragged little

boy, with red, naked feet and ankles dangling against the drab-coloured, gaiter-covered calves of his aged neighbour's long, lean legs. In the middle of the whole, bolt upright, sat the driver. I need hardly say they were on a fishing excursion, for which the neighbourhood of Ballynahinch has long been celebrated. The lake of that name, as we journeyed along its picturesque banks, appeared to be upwards of two miles in length by about a half or a quarter of a mile in breadth, and at its extremity we took leave of those twelve pins, around two sides of which, from north to south and then from west to east, we had so long been trotting. As we were proceeding alongside of a river on our right, we passed, on a lonely desolate road, an extremely beautiful bare-footed girl of about 17, whose hair, unrestrained even by her ears, was hanging in a state of perfect nature on her shoulders. On her back was a bundle, and in her right hand, which was vibrating easily by her side, there swung a very small bonnet. Altogether she was a fine specimen of the Connemara peasantry, considered to be the tallest and handsomest in Ireland. The river now introduced us to another long beautiful lake, full of little islands from 100 yards in length to a single black rock protruding from the water. Most of these romantic islands were covered with wood; and we had scarcely taken leave of them all, when we trotted by the side of another square lough called Garroman, or Glendalough, upwards of a mile in length by half a mile in breadth, in which were two rocky islands, ornamented with brushwood of various shades of green. In a very short distance we came to two other lakes, at the extremity of which was an unroofed cabin, the



only representative of a human habitation in sight. Near it stood, alone and all forlorn, a finger-post, on which was the name of a branch road.

“What is written on that?” I unkindly inquired of my driver, who had remained silent, I thought, rather too long.

“I don’t read, yere Arnh’r!” was his reply.

After ascending a slight acclivity,—the termination of the district of Connemara,—there suddenly appeared, lying prostrate before us, Lough Lindy, bounded at a distance by a wild group of magnificent-looking, high, conical mountains. We here met two barefooted, bareheaded boys, riding on a horse with a straw halter. On the left of this lake was a whitewashed building, which from its shape (for they have almost all been built on the same plan) I instantly recognised to be a constabulary barrack. Beyond it, at intervals, were three other whitewashed houses, the only habitations in sight.

On entering the barrack, the windows of which were wide open, the walls milk white, and the floors as clean as a kitchen dresser, I found one constable (a Protestant) and four sub-constables (Catholics), all as neat, as closely shaved, as tightly buttoned up, and with accoutrements as well appointed as if they had been on guard at St. James’s Palace.

The constable, an exceedingly fine, handsome, well-behaved, intelligent-looking young man, of about 29 years of age, who had been at the station two years and seven months, told me that he and his party could get no provisions from the surrounding country; and that, accordingly, they obtained their groceries from Galway,

36 miles off,\* and the rest from Clifden, distant in the opposite direction 14 miles (English).

“Can’t you get *potatoes* here?” I observed.

“No!” he replied; “we cannot get a ha’porth of anything else.” After a moment’s reflection he added, “Milk, and that’s very dear—that’s the only thing we can obtain. For our mate, butter, and fish, we send to Clifden. On Friday the men generally eat milk and butter.”

“But can’t you get fish out of the lake?” said I, pointing with my umbrella to the beautiful expanse of water before us.

“No, Sir!” he replied, very gravely; “we’re not allowed to fish. I wish,” he added, with a pleasing smile, “*I wish we were!*”

The words seemed to stab me like a sword. For many hours I had been almost solitarily gazing upon an expanse of water which, although beautifully subdivided in endless variety, appeared to form very nearly half of this desolate but magnificent portion of Connemara. By the beneficent arrangements of Providence this extensive aqueous district was, of course, more or less teeming with fish.

Now, it was easy to comprehend that it may be highly advisable that the constabulary of Ireland, whose discipline it is so necessary to maintain, should, especially in their remote stations, be discouraged, or, in strict military parlance, should be forbidden from cultivating gardens, killing game, or catching fish—amusements which would inevitably divert their time, and distract

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\* They could purchase them, he said, at Oughterard, but at exorbitant prices.

their attention from the vigilant, important, and unceasing duties they have to perform. And yet, when I listened to the words I have just repeated, and observed the truth, obedience, and self-command with which they were expressed, I own I felt a pang, which it required a few moments' reflection to convert into indescribable admiration of the man who had uttered them, and of the general discipline of the force of which he was a worthy representative.

"How's the climate here in winter?" I inquired of him.

"Very wet and very rough," he replied.

"Have you much frost?"

"No," said he; "there's very little frost or snow in Connemara; it is, I think, too near the sea."

"Is it healthy?"

"Very, Sir," he replied; "but," after a short pause, he added, very gravely, "there is no place of worship. I have not been in one for two years and a half. The other men have one within three miles."

On the table, at which I sat copying in my book his words as fast as he pronounced them, there was lying his Bible.

"You have got *that*," said I, "at all events; and with it, and a consciousness that you are performing your duty, you should try to rest satisfied;" and I then explained to him how many of our soldiers and sailors were occasionally similarly situated.

"What you say is very true, Sir!" he replied, with an aspiration amounting very nearly to a sigh.

Just before we had stopped at the barrack we had met a young, well-dressed Englishman, walking along



the road. Immediately opposite, on the other side of the lake, was his beautiful farm, with a residence surrounded by trees. At the end of the lake we passed close by a small slated house, with offices, environed by trees growing luxuriantly—the residence, I was informed, of Mr. Tiger (a Protestant), of Dublin.

“What is the price of provisions in this country?” I inquired of the driver, who readily replied as follows:—

“Chickuns are about 5*d.* a couple, dooks 10*d.* A couple of young gaise 10*d.*; when auld, not less than 1*s.* or 14*d.*”

“And turkeys?” I asked.

“I can’t say; we havn’t many of thim in the counthry, and I don’t want to tell yere Arnh’r a lie. Fish little or nothing. A large turbot, of 30 lbs. weight, for 3*s.* Lobsters, a dozen for 4*d.* Soles, 2*d.* or 3*d.* a-piece. T’other day I bought a turbot, of 15 lbs. weight, for a gintleman, and I paid 18*d.* for ut.”

We here met a boy with a book in his hand, and shortly afterwards two more, going to Mr. Tiger to school.

“Has yere Arnh’r ever sane an agle?” said my driver, pointing to a magnificent pair of brown eagles chained to a post close to a house we were now passing. “There was a pair,” he added, “of ’um on that island, that lived there one hundred years, till they gort quite grey. They grab fish in the middle of the lake, and, when too heavy, I’ve sane ’em put up a wing like a sail, and bring it ashore.”

“Have you *really* seen them do that?” I Pickwickianly inquired.

“ I *did*, Sir ! ” he replied ; “ and then they ate it.”

As he was speaking, a large heron, with white body and quaker-grey wings, majestically rose from the lake-shore, and, with its long neck pointing to its course, away it slowly flew.

“ Now take yereself away out o’ that ! ” exclaimed the driver, very sharply, to a pretty little girl of about 13 years of age that was running behind us.

The lake now branched into two more, separated from each other by a small, serpentine, silver thread of water, and the country then changed into a great expanse of flat, snipey ground, covered with rank, sedgy grass, intermingled more or less with heather ; in a short time we drove up to a solitary post-house, called Flyn’s Hotel, a low, irregular-shaped, white-washed building, surrounded by dilapidated stone walls, enclosing sometimes something of very little value, and sometimes nothing but loose stones. Altogether it was the wildest-looking spot I had seen for a long time ; indeed it much reminded me of a Gaucho’s hut in South America.

Behind it was the extensive grassy land we had just passed. Before it a beautiful lake, called Shindilla, studded with islands covered with wood. Immediately on the left was the termination of the Foyne mountains, the summits of which were so bald, barren, and bleak that it was evident at a glance that the whole range would not afford sustenance for a mouse. Beyond the lake were distant hills covered with heather.

Just as I was starting with a fresh horse, car, and driver, I heard a voice close before my knees say, “ I suspect yere Arnh’r wull not forget the arsler ? ”

“What?” I inquired. The driver explained to me it was the horsler.

The lovely lake Shindilla, and two others with which it is connected by isthmuses and bridges, are above three miles in length. We here came to a white house, the office of Mr. Robertson, a Scotchman, agent to the great London Insurance Company by whom almost the whole of the surrounding country has been lately purchased, and yet since we had left Clifden I had scarcely seen any stock.

As we were driving through an immense plain of rough grass and heather,

“Do you live in that place where we changed cars?” I inquired of my driver, who had the appearance of being rather a dull companion.

“I do, Sir,” he replied.

“Were you *born* there?”

“I was indade, yere Arnh’r!” he replied with a yawn. “I work at the shovel. I can mow, or rape, or anything.”

“Where do you go to church?”

“At ——” (I could not copy the sound, for it appeared to be composed merely of a common cough and bark in about equal proportions), “tin miles off iexactly.”

“How often?” I asked.

“Once a wake, sometimes once a fortnight.”

“How many people attend?”

“Oich!” he replied, “there’s a great dale.”

“But how *many*?” I asked.

“Oich! I couldn’t till, yere Arnh’r; there’d be a graight number.”



“ What do you live on ? ”

“ Pitaturs, milk, and butter. In summer I ate bread.”

“ Did you suffer much during the famine ? ”

“ And indade I did *not*, thank God ! ”

At five miles from Shandilla, from which we had started, we came to some patches of oats, growing by the side of a small lake ; and, after passing a solitary cabin, another beautiful lake, about a mile long, surrounded on all sides by grouse-shooting hills, gradually came in view. We here met a small boy and two little girls. “ God bless yere Arnh'r ! ” said the former as he ravenously picked up a penny I had thrown to him.

As the roan horse trotted steadily onwards, we passed on our right along a sedgy, snipey strip, composed sometimes of green and yellow grass, and sometimes of water. At seven miles from Shandilla we came to seven or eight cabins, surrounded by several patches of oats and potatoes, and shortly afterwards the narrow stream beside us ended in a lake half a mile long, terminating in a small village, which my driver told me was called “ Durrarglin.” I here found nearly finished a substantial stone, slated building, of four windows in front, a Protestant school, and shortly afterwards, trotting through a congregation of sixteen huts, called Glenrowlen, where our eyes were refreshed by the sight of about a dozen women in red petticoats, we emerged from the mountains into, comparatively speaking, a flat country of heather and coarse grass. In it, at some distance on the right, appeared two white buildings and slight machinery, in the immediate vicinity of some lead-mines, worked by about forty or fifty people.

The day was beautifully soft and cloudy, and as we drove through a dead snipe-flat about three-quarters of a mile long we met a horse and cart; and at nine and a half miles from Shandilla, after ascending a slight acclivity, we suddenly beheld an immense open country of poor land, bounded by that great inland sea Lough Corrib, which, by a river of the same name, is connected with the maritime town and harbour of Galway.

On the north, Lough Corrib has lately been made to communicate with the great Lough Mask; and as it will be evident to the reader that the three districts of Jar Connaught, Joyce's Country, and Connemara are singularly mixed up with, as well as bounded by, inland lakes of immense extent, a few observations on the subject may be deemed necessary.

In a climate so humid as Ireland drainage is an indispensable preliminary to agricultural improvement, but to render practicable that description of minor field drainage which is effected by straightening and deepening watercourses, &c., it is indispensable that proper outfalls should be provided; and here the geological structure of the country comes in the way. Ireland, as is well known, consists of a great limestone district extending over the whole centre of the island, the edges being almost everywhere upheaved by primary rocks. Many outlets are thus turned aside, and thus the central district, which occupies two-thirds of the country, lies stagnant for want of a discharge of its waters. The limestone in the interior is further distorted, and formed into basins, which in some cases discharge into or through each other, and in others have no discharge, but are either filled with extensive bog deposits, or, as in the

counties of Mayo and Galway, form absolute lakes, called turloughs\* (land-lakes), which occasionally, in very dry seasons, are emptied partially, and very irregularly, through subterranean channels in the cavernous limestone on which they rest.

To open these basins—to clear away obstructions in the rivers—and thus permit the free discharge of pent-up waters of the interior into the large rivers or into the sea—is therefore indispensable to the successful operation of the land improvement, and this the Government has undertaken, under authority of the Acts for arterial drainage.

A remarkable and very successful case has lately been the subject of public attention at Galway. A rain catchment-basin—*i. e.* the district bounded by the watershed line of the hills whose drainages run into it—contains the extensive lakes Mask and Corrib, which together are about thirty miles long by ten in breadth, being separated from each other only by a tongue of land three miles wide. Into this basin others open, the aggregate extent being 780,000 acres. Now, although all the waters of this enormous district were thus received into Loughs Mask and Corrib, and found their way into the sea at Galway, the connection between the two great lakes above named was by subterranean channels only. Moreover, while the discharge from Lough Corrib to the sea, distant about five miles, was for the greater part sluggish for *want* of a fall, the remainder was a rapid.

To effect the discharge of the waters of the upper into the lower lake, and of the accumulated waters of

\* From TIR, *land*; and LOUGH, *lake*.



both into the sea, was the main and first object; and yet, as if to complicate the problem, it was evidently necessary, for the purposes of navigation, to maintain sufficient water in the lakes and connecting rivers.

Now, it was found that the first object (drainage) would be sufficiently effected by keeping the lakes at the summer level the whole year round; but that below that limit the waters could not be reduced without destroying the navigation. The calculation and arrangements for simultaneously attaining both objects were the results of long and careful observations made by the Board of Works on the fall of rain and other circumstances, and, much to the credit of that important department, the requisite works are now nearly complete.

Lough Mask will now be made to communicate with the Lower Lake by a canal passing over cavernous limestone, which, being as porous as a sponge or coral, must be stanchd or made water-tight, that it may be always full for navigation. The surplus discharge for drainage will be secured by a side cut separate from the subterranean passage above described.

On the late visit of the Lord Lieutenant (the Earl of Eglinton) to Galway, the canal between Corrib and the sea was opened by the Viceroy in person.

Loans for the arterial drainage of Ireland, as above described, have been granted to the amount of about 2,000,000*l*.

This expenditure, which is on a larger scale than individuals could defray, is made in the first instance entirely by the Board of Works, for the evident reason that it affects the interests of numerous proprietors,

which could only be disinterestedly guarded by peculiar powers.

The advantages will be as follows:—

1. With respect to drainage, the upper and flooded lands of Ireland will be relieved, and the means of thorough drainage placed within the reach of the landed proprietors.
2. In regard to navigation, the greatest lakes will become accessible from the sea and from each other.
3. Mill-power will not only be scientifically regulated and be made more constant at all seasons, but will considerably be increased.
4. Fisheries will become more profitable to capitalists, and consequently productive of increased food for man.
5. Besides the direct benefits above enumerated, the expenditure of the loan must create an industrial school of skilled labourers, and the pauper will thus be trained to improved habits, to the use of improved instruments, and to improved modes of working.

The drainage loans are to be repaid by the proprietors, on the security of the lands improved; but when, as in the case of Lake Corrib, navigation and mill-power are combined with drainage, one-half of the cost of the project is made a free grant, and the other half charged to the county-rates.

Pointing to a hand-post we were passing, my driver said, "That, you see, is the road to Knock."

"And where did you learn to read?" I inquired.

"At home, at my own place," he replied.

Crossing the dark bog-coloured water of the River Fough, which runs into the adjoining Lough Corrib, we now entered the village or little town of Oughterard, at the commencement of which stands a small cottage, known as "Martin's Gate House," being the commencement of the immense property formerly held by the proprietor of that name. In driving along a street containing shops and a few two-storied houses, we passed a large handsome Catholic church with a tower and entrance like a cathedral, a stone court-house of five windows in front, and a very new capacious Protestant church, in the interesting state of being enlarged. There is also at a distance a long line of military barracks for 150 men, a bridewell, and lastly an inn and post-office kept by a Mr. O'Flaherty. I here ordered a fresh horse and car, and while they were getting ready I walked a short distance to the constabulary barrack : its force was composed of a sub-inspector (absent on duty), one head constable (Roman Catholic), one acting ditto (Protestant), one mounted constable (Catholic), eight sub-constables, of whom two were Protestants and six Catholics.

The head constable, who had been at the station for four years, informed me that little or no crime was committed in the neighbourhood ; "that the offences were trivial and very rare, and that during the last six months nothing of consequence had occurred." As a proof of the honesty of the people of the country he added that few houses in the neighbourhood had either bolt, bar, or shutters. "Before and during the elections," he observed, "there were some petty disturbances between the lower order of Catholics and Protestants,



and in the month of May last there was in the village a mission of both religions, and during *that* time, had it not been for constant vigilance by day and by night, there would probably have been serious disturbances. Windows were broken, but now these angry feelings have almost entirely subsided."

He also informed me that about four or five months ago a great many evictions had taken place in the neighbourhood, principally on the Martin property, 170,000 acres, lately purchased by a London Life Insurance Company; that he had to attend at all these evictions, but that "there was no resistance or trouble of any sort."

"What became of the people evicted?" I inquired.

"They went," he replied, "to the workhouse, to America, England, or wherever they could get employment."

"Did they commit any depredations during their distress?" I asked.

"They did not, *indeed*, Sir!" he replied.

"What do you pay for your tea and sugar here?" I inquired.

"Very dare, Sir," he replied. "We pay 5*s.* for tea, 5*d.* for brown sugar, and 8*d.* for white; that is, if we buy a single pound."

The whole constabulary establishment was in admirable order, the men's equipments were all shining, and the brass scales on the shoulders of the mounted constable literally shone like burnished gold.

What a moral example of cleanliness, order, and obedience, must the 1590 Constabulary Barracks offer to the people among whom they are everywhere

located! Indeed, as a pleasing proof how much this "*Force*" is respected, I may state that it is a common practice for poor persons to come to the head constable to settle any little pecuniary disagreements between them, instead of incurring the expense of going to law.

On a slight eminence outside the village, the head constable showed me, in a field, two buildings, as white as snow, one a national, and the other a Protestant school; he told me that about two miles off there had, moreover, been lately constructed another Protestant school.

In the market-place were a number of women, one in red tatters that completely defied description.

I also observed there several pigs in tandem form; that is to say, their owners were driving them in pairs, each couple being matrimonially tied together by a long straw band, but during certain paroxysms that occasionally occur in all descriptions of wedlock, which was leader, and which was wheeler, it was sometimes for a moment or two exceedingly difficult correctly to declare.

From the market I went to the workhouse, a very large, new building, hardly completed. In it were 795 poor, of whom there were very few men that could really be termed able-bodied. The general appearance of the various classes was very nearly what I have already repeatedly described. By the master I was informed that on the 1st of January last the number of inmates was 972, but that on the 29th of June he had, in consequence of evictions, no less than 1475, of whom 680 had since emigrated or managed to find employment. Of the amount of out-door relief administered by the

Board of Guardians of the Union the master could give me no information whatever.

Previous to the passing of the Poor Law Act in 1839, there was no legal provision for the poor in Ireland; and, indeed, that Act strictly confined relief to the walls of the workhouse in which the infirm, aged, and destitute were to be received. In consequence of the famine, out-door relief, which it was necessary to legalise by the extension Act of 1847, was administered, in the first instance, by a gigantic system of what were misnamed "Public Works."

At this labour, often nearly useless, the poor in winter suffered severely, and, as there was no food in many parts of the country, money-wages soon became comparatively useless. The system, therefore, was succeeded by one of direct relief, for the legalization of which there was passed a new Act that still continues, and which, in fact, forms the present Poor Law of Ireland, the expenditure and relief of which has, since 1840, been as follows:—

Year.	No. of Unions.	Expenditure.	No. of Paupers.
1840	4	£ 37, 057	10, 910
1841	37	110, 278	31, 108
1846	129	435, 001	243, 933
1847	130	803, 686	417, 139
1848	131	1, 835, 634	610, 463
1849	131	2, 177, 651	932, 284
1850	163	1, 430, 108	805, 702
1851	163	1, 110, 892	708, 450

The numbers relieved under the Poor Law system in 1848 and 1849 were 1,433,042 and 1,210,482. Through-



out the whole of Ireland there are now 163 Poor Law unions, comprehending 3439 electoral divisions.

I now returned to the inn, where I found waiting for me a car that had once been black, a new driver in a hat that appeared to have been severely crunched, and a little, lean, wiry, thoroughbred pony, wearing a straw collar, a bridle with only one winker, and a belly-band loose enough to have admitted a child's body. On assuming my seat, with my eyes as usual exactly at right angles to the line of draught, I was accosted by two or three beggars.—“Dis yere Arnh'r want a lobster,” exclaimed to me a very fine-looking woman of about thirty, “beautiful, jumping, and alive?”—and as there was nothing in their appearance or language that happened to strike my fancy, I said to the driver, “Now then, my man!” At the little horse's head I had observed a man standing, apparently as if to prevent his starting forward too hastily. I soon found, however, that it was diametrically for the opposite purpose, for as soon as the little creature received a slight touch with the whip, instead of taking me, as I desired, eastward, he began to back due west. Off jumped the driver, and, with his round, red face towards the occident, he pulled at the bridle with all his force, and, in an instant, the car was surrounded by men, women—lobster included—and children, all of whom had either something to exclaim, or something to prescribe. In the centre of the joyful group, for everybody looked delighted, I sat, like Patience on a monument, smiling, not so much at Grief as at the eager, earnest, prescribing faces that surrounded me. What happened to the wiry little horse I can hardly say, as so many folks,

all at the same time, were pinching, poking, or violently abusing him; however, all of a sudden the dose, whatever it was, became at last more than he could bear; accordingly he plunged forwards, and then, as if he wanted to run away, proceeded at such a pace that I feared the driver would let go the reins. He, however, managed to jump on the low seat at my back, and then, gradually slackening the little animal's impetuous career, we soon sobered down to a steady trot.

"He's a little tinder, yere Arn'r!" which I afterwards ascertained to mean that he had an exceedingly sore shoulder; however, when once he was off, his spirit was so great and so good, that he apparently cared nothing at all about it.

On our left was apparently the sea. It was, however, Lough Corrib, in length rather greater than the distance between Dover and Calais.

"There are 366 islands on ut, yere Arn'r!" said my driver, pointing at this noble expanse of water with a whip not worth three-halfpence. "There's an island over for ivery day in the year!"

In about a mile and a half we came to fine large fields of wheat, oats, barley, and of green crops, in the centre of which stood an extensive English-looking farm-yard and buildings, belonging to Mr. O'Flaherty—the whole enclosed by new substantial stone walls. On the left were the ruins of the Castle of Aghnanure, in feudal times the residence of the chief O'Flaherty, among which survives a yew-tree, said to be more than a thousand years old.

At this point the driver descended from the car, and, begging me to follow him, we left our impetuous little

horse on the road entirely by himself, and proceeded some distance on our left to a natural bridge, composed of a stratum of limestone, under which a considerable stream was rushing. On one side I observed a mass of rich-coloured bog-water rapidly but calmly approaching what appeared to be an impenetrable wall of solid rock; on the other side I beheld it escaping out of utter darkness, head over heels, frightened, apparently, almost into fits at the unusual, strange, and unaccountable catastrophe that had befallen it.

“Very honest pable here, yere Arn’r!” said my driver, as, on our return to the car, he pointed to my umbrella, carpet-bag, and blanket-poncho, all remaining in it exactly as we had left them. On resuming my seat, I own I expected once again, against my will, to migrate towards the Far West, but the sensible little horse knew that—between two mangers—he had better proceed, and so off he trotted.

“How many children are there at your school?” I inquired of a little girl, who, with a book in her hand, had for some time been running close to me.

“Och! there’s a large lot of ’um!” she replied.

“But how *many*?” I repeated.

“Sure! I couldn’t count ’um, yere Arn’r!” was the answer.

We now passed a woman in a red petticoat and plaid, heavily laden with a creel or basket of peat, lying diagonally along her back.

“The women are graight slaves in this counthry, yere Arn’r: they carry loads as would do for horses. They do well in *Ameriky*.”

“Do many of them go there?” I inquired.



“A grate dale!” he replied.

“Which do they like best?” I asked, “England or America?”

“Those,” he answered, “that havn’t got the manes must go to England to earn ’um.”

“Fine turf this,” I observed, pointing to a quantity piled in black heaps, about 100 yards off.

“Och!” he replied, with an arch smile, “there’s plenty o’ turf and water in Ireland. Ireland’s a fine counthry, but the warnt of pitaturs and the poor-rate are ruining ut. A marn with a long family can’t get on at a’; pitaturs are the things to support a counthry!”

At three miles and a half from Oughterard we came to a fine plantation of fir, oak, larch, and beech, enclosed with a stone wall cemented by lime, extending more than a mile and a half, with handsome iron entrance-gates, belonging to Mr. Martin, of Ross (a Protestant), whose park appeared quite equal to anything of the sort in England. Around it were fields of turnips, oats, barley, wheat, and here and there, as the memorial of a departed system, an unroofed cabin. On the right the vale was bounded by heather hills.

“That’s the latter ind of Mr. Martin of Ross’s istate, yere Arn’r,” said my driver, pointing to an angle in the high wall on our left; “and now here’s the commincent o’ the phroperty of Mr. Anthony O’Flaherty (a Roman Catholic) of Knockbane.”

At this point we met one of Biancōni’s (usually, in Ireland, called Biāncōny) jovial and well-appointed cars, on one side of which sat very comfortably together, like a couple of hooded crows on a rail, two fine, ruddy, powerful-looking priests; next to them were two English

tourist ladies; then, of course, two tourist young gentlemen; and, on the opposite bench, dos-à-dos to priests, ladies, and Co., half-a-dozen more of her Majesty's subjects, all evidently in search of the picturesque.

"What a pity it is," said I to my driver, thinking, as it were, aloud, "that Catholics and Protestants in Ireland can't pull together!"

"There should be no animosity 'atween 'um," said the clerk at my back in amen reply to the extempore sermon I had just preached to him; "ivery man ought to go his own way peaceably till the day of judgment."

At five miles from Oughterard we saw, on our left, the Lake of Ross, which appeared to be about two miles and a half long, and on our right a mixture of heather and stones.

"There's a fine lime-kiln, yere Arnh'r," said my driver, pointing to one before us, "for putting out lime on thim bogs."

In half a mile we came to the property of O'Flaherty (a Protestant), whose lofty lime-cemented park wall—in which there was a very handsome entrance gate—extended about two miles. Within it, among trees, I saw large spaces covered with waving corn, which a gang of reapers were busily cutting. On the right was a national school, from which, as we passed it, were exuding a number of healthy-looking children, dressed either in red petticoats or in corduroy jackets and trowsers. Several of them—principally little girls thirteen or fourteen years of age—began to run close to the tail of our car, and for more than a mile, scarcely panting, they continued, up hill and down hill, with merry faces and light tread,

to run over a hard road, on parts of which the sharp stones of Mr. M'Adam had been newly laid. As they were doing so I kept my eyes carefully on their countenances, and I can truly say that the jagged metal did not in the slightest degree affect the pleasing innocent smile that, unsullied even by a cloud of momentary pain, testified to the sport they were enjoying.

It is no use any longer trying to conceal the fact that during my short tour in Ireland my prejudices against bare ankles and naked feet were considerably softened; indeed, there can be no doubt that there is a freshness in this costume of Nature that cannot belong to a fine fashionable gown, which, from sweeping the ground, and from being tightly bandaged round the waist, forms a splendid unventilated palace, in which the architect has forgotten to insert either chimney, staircase, door, or window!

"Yere Arnh'r," said my driver to me, "ought to have been in Galway last week. The Lord Liftinant was there for three or four days."

"And how did he get on?" said I.

"There was grate rejoicemint," he replied. "Och! he's a simple-looking gintleman!"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"A plain marn, yere Arnh'r, and no afflictation. He'll be apt to do some sarvice to Ireland. He went out on the salt say and come up on the canal, and the roads were a' crowded, yere Arnh'r, with men, women, and chilhren."

We next came to the park of Mr. Kilkelly (a Catholic), of Drimcong, the wall of which for nearly a mile and a half bounded the road on one side, and



then to the park wall of Danesfield, the property of Mr. Burke (a Catholic), extending about two miles and a half, and shaded on both sides of the road by beautiful plantations.

We now entered Moycullen, a small village containing a large Roman Catholic chapel, blessed with a congregation, from all quarters, of about 200 persons; also a national school, two stories high, with five windows in front.

In the constabulary barracks are quartered one constable (a Catholic), and five sub-constables (three Catholics and two Protestants).

“Have these stairs been just planed?” I inquired of the constable.

“No, Sir; only cleaned,” he replied.

They, as well as the floor of the rooms and table, had been scrubbed till they were literally almost white. The constable wore his side-arms; his men, as usual, were dressed as for parade.

After seating myself at the table of his room, “What is the population of this village?” I inquired.

“Seventy,” he replied; “there are about fourteen or fifteen families.”

“Sit down, sergeant,” I said to him, pointing to a chair close to him.

“No, I thank ye, Sir, I’ll just stand,” was his reply, remaining perfectly erect.

“Whence do you get your provisions?”

“From Galway” ( $7\frac{1}{2}$  miles off), he answered; “we get from thence grocery, meat, everything except potatoes and turf. When we are buying beef we get it about three times a month, so as to have it half fresh and

half corned ; but beef is scarce, and we have therefore bought a fitch of bacon for the entire of this month."

"What is your principal duty here?" I asked.

He replied, "In escorting prisoners from Connemara and Oughterard districts to Galway county gaol."

"Has there been much crime here?" I inquired.

"Excepting a few cases of drunkenness, no offences for some time. Nothing can be more peaceable and tranquil than this neighbourhood."

As it appears from the above statement of the constable that drunkenness is one of the offences that has been occasionally brought before him, I feel it right to state that, up to the period of my arrival at Oughterard, I had not, in Ireland, excepting in the police-cell in Dublin, seen one drunken person, either male or female.

The following comparative return, however, will accurately show how much less spirits are drunk in Ireland than in Scotland, the morality of which country is proverbial.

	Population.	Gallons of Spirits.
Scotland, in the year 1850 .	2,870,784 .	consumed 6,935,003
Ireland,       ,,       ,, .	6,515,794 .	consumed 6,973,333

In the above the number of gallons of spirits charged with duty for home consumption is taken from the Parliamentary Returns of 1850 ; the population from the census of 1851.

Our game little pony now trotted us into a large expanse of stony country, partly cultivated, and in those places divided by loose stone walls into rather small fields, among which were several unroofed cabins. From thence we drove through a village, every habitation of which was unroofed, excepting one,

out of which tottered an old woman, who had no doubt heard the approach of our wheels. “Harve pity on a poor widiw!” she exclaimed, as we passed her. From the dead village we emerged into a large space of heather, bog, and water, at the end of which we came to a park limed wall, a mile long, and a fine handsome house, the property of Mr. Browne, of Moongare. By the side of the road, in a scarlet petticoat, and with no covering on her head or feet, I observed a fine-looking woman breaking stones so intently that her loose black locks, at every blow she gave, kept dangling before her eyes as we passed.

A little further on we came not only to several cabins, but to a large farm-house and buildings, all unroofed; indeed, in every direction, jagged triangular gables, of various heights, denoted that the hand of the destroyer had been at work. On our right was a limed wall about a mile long, enclosing rich grass and lofty trees, belonging to Mr. Comyn, of Woodstock (a Catholic). We here met eight women carrying heavy creels, each harnessed to her back by a rope of straw. After passing the park the country relapsed on our right into unroofed houses, surrounded by frail low stone walls; and on our left, by an expanse of snipe-ground — miserable crops of oats — desolation — cart-horses without blinkers — red petticoats — and pretty children. The tenants were apparently nearly all gone, and their lands (without metaphor) were mourning in weeds!

At two and a half miles from Galway we passed near a small village, called River-view, on the banks of Lake Corrib. On the left, in a beautiful park, lives Lady



French; on the right, opposite to a Catholic chapel, is Bushy Park, the residence of Mr. Robert Martin.

At the head of Lake Corrib there appeared a large milk-white building, of eighteen windows in front—a nunnery. Near it were three cabins.

The process of filling the nunneries that are growing up in Ireland is, I believe, very nearly as follows:—Young girls go first to nun-schools,—come home,—lose their appetites,—can't sleep,—grow pale,—get restless. The parents send for the doctor, and eventually for the priest, who advises the white veil, *merely* as an occupation, there being no necessity whatever to remain. The parents give the necessary bond, and the poor victims end by taking the *black* veil!

On reaching a slight eminence, a peep of the castle-towers and churches of Galway suddenly announced to me that I had at last nearly arrived at the end of a very rough journey.

The road, which now gradually descended, was still bounded by stone walls; and although I was about to enter an opulent town, of great commercial importance, both on my right and left I continued to be haunted by little miserable fields, low tottering walls, and here and there by unroofed cabins, which continued until I almost reached the suburbs. But from such objects my attention was now attracted by a series of magnificent public buildings, and of large irregular streets, swarming alive with a population apparently of all sorts, of all sizes, and of all colours: in short, of a mixture of wealth, intelligence, industry, and squalid rags, that it would be difficult to describe. Indeed, on the car suddenly stopping before the door

of an excellent-looking hotel, when I descended to the pavement from its bench I was so giddy and dizzy that I felt I could not describe my *own* feelings, much less the busy objects that were thronging around me. "Thank Heaven!" I said to myself as my car drove slowly away, "I have now done with jolting slowly through this world sideways!" An old woman stood between me and the door of my caravansarai. As the readiest way to drive her out of my way, I gave her the few halfpence remaining in my bag, for which she bellowed blessings after me as loudly as if I had at that instant robbed her of everything she had ever possessed.

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FIFTH DAY.

The seaport town of Galway, the capital of the West, and in point of population the sixth town in Ireland, from its peculiar position has always been a point of great commercial importance. Its bay, one of the finest in the world, is a magnificent funnel, intended by Nature for the reception of vessels from all quarters of the globe. By means of two short canals, already described, an inland water communication of great extent and value is on the point of being effected. Lastly, by the Midland and Great Western Railway, which as nearly as possible bisects Ireland, Galway and Dublin are inseparably joined together by a line of communication, which, besides being the nearest and speediest, is the shortest that could have been devised between the Irish Channel and the great Atlantic Ocean — Nature's thoroughfare between the United Kingdom and the two continents of America.

The connection which formerly existed between Galway and Spain is not only recorded in history—is not only to be traced in the architecture of Lynch's Castle, also in the wide entries, arched gateways, stone-mullioned windows, and outside stairs of several ancient mansions in the town, but the traveller, as he runs, can most legibly read it in the dark eyes, noble features, and high-bred demeanour, that in Galway in particular, and throughout Connemara in general, constantly remind him of the fact; indeed, I repeatedly met men and women whose countenances, to say nothing of their garb, would anywhere have induced me to address them in Spanish rather than in English.

The town is now a medley of streets and buildings of various dates, forming altogether a strange, incongruous, but very happy family of narrow crooked alleys, broad thoroughfares, docks, churches, dispensaries, chapels, banks, gaols, court-houses, nunneries, barracks, monasteries, storehouses, breweries, a union workhouse, distilleries, flour-mills, docks, bridges, a magnificent railway hotel just constructed, several ancient houses just falling, a number of hovels of the most wretched appearance, evidently destined to be replaced very shortly by mansions of wealth and luxury. There are several streets composed almost entirely of immense warehouses, from four to six stories high, each with a small pent-house-covered crane affixed to its upper stratum. These vast receptacles are now nearly all empty; and, on inquiring the reason, I was briefly informed that Galway, which used to import and bond corn in large quantities, now exports it.

Queen's College, just completed on the outside of



the town, is one of the chastest and handsomest public edifices I have ever seen. It is a pity, however, that the lowness of its position prevents it from contributing as much as it ought to the general beauty of the town. In its vicinity is a large poor-house, built eight years ago; and about 100 yards from it, on an elevated plot composed of emerald-green turf and beds of beautiful flowers, stands a school-house, resembling very much a modern villa; and yet, in their immediate neighbourhood are to be seen unroofed huts, miserable cabins, a confusion of tottering, crooked stone walls surrounding small enclosures, many of which are so full of rocks that they really resemble a rising crop of young tombstones, several, like children's second teeth, coming out all crooked.

As I was strolling through the suburbs I came to a potato-market, in which I found, squatted on the ground, a number of women, four or five of whom were suckling ravenous infants. Of the potatoes, which in heaps were before them, it was sad to observe many diseased, some quite rotten. The clothes of buyers, as well as sellers, were also, generally speaking, in the very last stage of consumption. The arms of the jacket of one old man beside me had each been replaced with a portion of a coarse grey worsted stocking, in holes; and his corduroy breeches, which had no buttons at the knees, had been mended with pieces of cloth of various hues. Several of the women's red petticoats had likewise been patched with old flannel and rags of so many colours that the garment resembled altogether a printed map of modern Europe, the scarlet bit being, of course, the papal dominions. In a mantilla of old blanket, fantas-

tically shrouded over her head, so as to show nothing of an aged face but an Arab nose, a pair of piercing eyes, and a very small portion of sallow complexion, there sat at my feet a regular Spanish beggar. Before me two fine little barefooted boys, of about five years old, stood for some minutes whapping each other on the head; at last one tried to pull the hair of t'other one, but, as his mother had happened to cut it almost to the quick, the little urchin could grasp nothing, until he bethought himself of catching hold of the yellow side-locks of his comrade, which in dead silence he steadily pulled with all his force. "And that's the way," said I to myself, "that the Protestants of Ireland are said to deal with their Catholic brethren!" In the middle of this group stood erect a stout man, in official charge of an iron triangle, from the apex of which hung scales for weighing potatoes, diseases and all. As I was looking at him, a pretty half-naked child of about two years old tottled up, and in high glee whipped my leg with a stick. "Och! ye blackguard," exclaimed an old woman sitting behind me on the ground with her legs sticking out, showing me, when I turned round, ten up-pointed toes and a pair of soles as hard as hide. In all directions was to be heard a deal of very rough female cackling, and occasionally laughter, but no quarrelling. In the midst of the whole stood here and there, with drooping head and motionless thin tail, a donkey, patiently bearing a pannier laden with turf, secured by straw ropes.

After proceeding some way I was gradually assailed by a very strong smell, and, summoning my eyes to the elucidation of this discovery of my nose, I perceived

hanging on some rails before me a quantity of salted congor-eels, split open ; in short, I found myself in a fish-market, with mackerel, "hake," and other beings fresh from the vasty deep, of such guttural names that, although they were over and over again pronounced to me, I felt the alphabet had not consonants enough to repeat them. A gentleman who happened to stand near me, pointing to a basket of young herrings about the size of sprats, observed to me, "It's a great shame they should be allowed to take them so young." I replied, "Why, there must be plenty of all ages in the sea!" "And sure," exclaimed an old fish-woman at our side, "the *say* is richer than the land!"

For a few moments I stood gazing at a roofless and almost floorless building, of Spanish architecture, on the curiously worked front of which was inscribed, in old style,

Martini Brown,

1627.

A woman passing at the moment gratuitously informed me it was the oldest house in the town.

As I was crossing the great esplanade in front of Kilroy's hotel, I suddenly heard the din of martial music, and soon saw approaching me, preceded by a crowd of ragged, barefooted boys, a regiment of soldiers, whose fine scarlet clothes and white crossed belts formed a striking contrast with the dingy, crooked, narrow street from which they had emerged.

After admiring for some time the dock, which appears to be most admirably constructed, I observed



close to it, quite apart from the town of Galway, a little city of cabins, entirely inhabited by fishermen and their families. It is called "The Claddagh;" and as I had heard much of their strange habits, prejudices, superstitions, and of their being governed almost exclusively by their own laws, with considerable curiosity I slowly dived into it. I must own, however, I was woefully disappointed; for although it certainly was strange to wander by oneself through winding narrow streets of huts, containing a population of nearly 1300 people, yet with this eccentricity there was mixed up so much filth and misery that the amalgam altogether was anything but attractive.

As might naturally be expected, the first thing I ran against in the city of The Claddagh was a tall dirty old woman, with a long fish dangling, as if it had grown there, from her right hand.

On each side of every street the doors of the cabins were wide open. On entering one of them I found, kneeling on the ground in the middle of her chamber, an old woman, with one tooth, preparing, in a wooden bowl, for two little pigs a quantity of potato-parings, which they were eyeing and she chopping very attentively. Around her were walking, and now and then interjectionally hopping, three hens. "After the disorder," said the aged creature to me, pointing with her bony dry chin to her two pigs, "they're very sick!"

In another cabin I found four women rapidly making nets, and a very old man, in rags, slowly combing his hair.

After passing through several streets of cabins, in which I usually saw, mixed up in different proportions,

half-naked children, pigs, fowls, women, and nets, I heard an astonishing cackling of female voices, and on arriving at the hovel from which it proceeded I was suddenly surrounded by ten or a dozen women, of various ages, who—*nem. con.*—appointed me high-judge and arbitrator in a dispute of apparently extraordinary importance. As, however, they all addressed me at once, in a confusion of tongues that must very closely have resembled that of Babel, I am unable to impart to the reader, simply because I don't know, what in the whole world it was all about. The only person in the group that said nothing was a poor woman, of about thirty, who, with eyes streaming with tears as she looked at me, and with a countenance of excruciating grief, was bitterly crying. "Her husbind has been just drowned!" observed to me one old wife. "That 'oman," exclaimed to me a stout girl, down whose flushed and violently-heated cheeks tears appeared to be almost hissing as one after another they rapidly fell on the ground—"that 'oman," yere Arn'r," said she, pointing to a female on her right, "horped I might be a cripple!"

"Oh, never mind," said I to her in a soothing tone; but as I only made her cry more violently, and as her sobs seemed about equally to excite the voices of plaintiffs as well as of defendants, I gave up the cause in despair; and accordingly, turning on my heels, and deferring judgment, I left the court, and in doing so nearly ran against a boy carrying a basket on a naked arm; his right leg was barely covered with blue rags, his left leg with brown cloth; and through both, as also through his jacket, sundry pieces of white skin were peeping at me.

As I wandered I hardly knew where, I entered a tarred-roofed cabin, in which I found hanging round a fire a quantity of drenched blue sailors' clothes, in rags; from the black rafters drooped, in form of a cone, a net which a sturdy woman was mending. While talking to her I heard something breathing apoplectically hard, and looking towards the sound I saw, on a little patch of straw, two very fat piebald pigs; close to them was a heap of muscle-shells, and a smoked wicker cradle containing a sleeping infant begrimed with dirt.

In the pea-green book, to which I have so often had occasion to refer, the English tourist is informed that the people of "The Claddagh will marry with no one but themselves." "I should like to know who'd marry *them!*" said I to myself, rather petulantly—principally because at the moment of the intemperate expression I felt something or another crawling on and occasionally biting my legs. In short, of all the dirty places in this world I have ever had occasion to visit, The Claddagh is the worst.

"They really," I said to myself, improperly irritated by the tingling in my legs, "should be swept off the surface of the globe, and the easiest and least painful mode of putting them to death," I added, as with my umbrella I slightly scratched my left ankle, "would be suddenly to wash them, which, like oil on a wasp, or a drop of prussic acid on the tongue of a dog, would inevitably in an instant render them inanimate."

On extricating myself from this extraordinary congregation I observed close on the adjoining dock, whose admirable construction had already attracted my atten-



tion, a fine hewn stone building, three stories high, surmounted by a large statue or figure of a fisherman with his hat on, leaning with his left hand on an anchor, and holding in his right hand a flag-staff.

“He’d a fine green flag in thart hand,” said to me with evident pride an old fisherman who had attentively been remarking what I was looking at, “the day the Lord Liftingunt was here !”

The building in question, on which was inscribed in large letters, “CLADDAGH NATIONAL PISCATORY SCHOOL, AN. MDCCCXLVI.,” at a cost of 1200*l.*, had been constructed for the children, male and female, of the fishermen of the Claddagh, on a site where a few years ago salmon could be caught.

On entering it I found, barefooted, but with clean faces and in decent attire, about 130 children in narrow rooms, in which the girls were instructed to sew, spin, read, and write ; and the boys, in addition, to make nets, &c. On the walls were several pictures, the most striking of which was a very large fish ; there were also maps, the model of a ship, &c. The improvement in their appearance was certainly very striking. A very respectable-looking priest, who was in attendance, earnestly solicited me to write my opinion of the school in a book which he presented to me for that purpose ; as, however, my object in my little tour in Ireland was to listen to opinions rather than impart them, as courteously as I could, I declined.

Moored to the wharf was a little black steamer with a small raised buff deck immediately abaft the black funnel, which was in midship.

On its stern was the word “O’CONNELL.” At its

prow, with wings extended, was a very large white fat bird with a pouting breast and a hooked bill.

“Is that an *eagle*?” said I dubiously to a small group of the Claddagh fishermen, who, in blue jackets and weather-worn trousers, were standing indolently beside it.

“I don’t know,” replied one. “Yere Arnh’r can judge better than we can!” “Ut’s *like* an agle!” said another. “I think ut’s a doove!” said a third, “or a goole!”

“Where does this little steamer go to?” I inquired.

“She’s been doing nothing, divil a hap’orth, for months. Last wake she took the Lord Liftinunt and his lady up thro’ the locks. They stood thegither alone on that deck. The ady-cumps were arl in front. Ivery soule cheered um. ’Twas a fine sight, yere Arn’r! Ut was, indade!”

From the dock I went to the constabulary barracks, the force of which in Galway consists of one sub-inspector, one head constable, five constables, two acting ditto, 38 sub-ditto.

The sub-inspector was on duty at the Court-house, but from the head constable I learned that the particular duties of the force consisted “in protecting property, the docks, and the quays, on which arrive a quantity of sea-weed and goods from the country; in attending to emigrant vessels, in keeping returns of emigration, &c.”

During my tour, wherever I went, I had observed that Irish dogs are infected with a wooden log tied round their necks, and which bruises their knees if they attempt to go faster than a trot. “It’s inflicted on um by the aristocriey of England!” said a man of whom I had mo-

destly inquired on the subject. I certainly inwardly laughed at the idea, but, on asking the constable why the dogs of Galway were all tackled in this extraordinary way, he produced to me, to my astonishment, an Act of Parliament, authorising "all dogs within 50 yards of any public road to be logged;" and, moreover, under a warrant from the Justice of the Petty Sessions district, any sub-inspector, head, or other constable to "seize or kill any such dog." It must, however, be recollected that this log is no doubt wisely intended by Parliament to balance the infliction upon English dogs of the income-tax; and as an English dog runs about unfettered, but *taxed*, and an Irish dog lives untaxed, but *logged*, it would admit of argument, if "the twa dogs" were to meet, which was the freest animal of the two.

I had now a few questions to put to the constable on a subject of very great importance, on which I was particularly desirous to obtain accurate official information.

From the morning on which I had visited the great model National School in Marlborough Street, Dublin, to the hour of my arrival at Galway, I had remarked in the Irish female countenance an innate or native modesty more clearly legible than it has ever been my fortune to read in journeying through any other country on the globe.

Of the pure and estimable character of Englishwomen, I believe no one is a more enthusiastic admirer than myself; nevertheless I must adhere to the truth of what I have above stated, and I do so without apology, because I am convinced that no man of ordinary ob-



servation can have travelled, or can now travel, through Ireland, without corroborating the fact.

But I have lived long enough to know that outward appearance cannot always be trusted, and accordingly, wherever I went, I made inquiries, the result of which was not only to confirm, but to over-confirm, my own observation ; indeed, from the Resident Commissioner of the Board of National Education in the metropolis, down to the governors of gaols and masters of the remotest workhouses, I received statements of the chastity of the Irishwomen so extraordinary, that I must confess I could not believe them ; in truth I was infinitely more puzzled by what I heard than by the simple evidence of my own eyes.

I resolved, therefore, that before I concluded my trifling tour, the sole object of which had been to inform myself as correctly as possible of the real character of the Irish people, I would, instead of generalities, come to particulars on the subject in question, and I accordingly put to the constable the following questions, the answers to which I wrote as he pronounced them :—

*Q.* “How long have you been on duty in Galway?”

*A.* “Above nine years.”

*Q.* “Have you much crime here?”

*A.* “Very little ; it principally consists of petty larcenies.”

*Q.* “Have there been here many illegitimate children?”

*A.* “Scarcely any. During the whole of the eight years I have been on duty here I have not known of an illegitimate child being reared up in any family in the town.”

*Q.* “What do you mean by being reared up?”

*A.* “I mean, that, being acquainted with every family in Galway, I have never known of a child of that description being born.”

*Q.* “Does that fact apply to the fishing village of ‘The Claddagh’?”

*A.* “Particularly so.”

Q. "Do you mean to say that, to your knowledge, there has never been an illegitimate child in the town of Galway?"

A. "I have *heard* that a servant-girl has had one, but at the present moment there is no such case in my mind. In the village of 'Claddagh' they get their children married very young."

The above statements appeared to me so extraordinary, that I begged the constable to be so good as to conduct me to his commanding officer (sub-inspector), a well-educated and highly intelligent gentleman, whom we found at the Court-house, seated on the bench with the magistrates. As soon as the business was over I went with him to his lodgings, and, after some conversation on the subject, I asked him the following questions:—

Q. "How long have you been on duty here?"

A. "Only six months."

Q. "During that time have you known of any instance of an illegitimate child being born in the village of the Claddagh?"

A. "Not only have I never known of such a case, but I have never heard any person attribute such a case to the fisherwomen of Claddagh. I was on duty in the three islands of Arran, inhabited almost exclusively by fishermen, who also farm potatoes, and I never heard of one of their women—who are remarkable for their beauty—having had an illegitimate child, nor did I ever hear it attributed to them; indeed, I have been informed by Mr. —, a magistrate who has lived in Galway for eight years, and has been on temporary duty in the island of Arran, that he also had never heard there of a case of that nature. These people, however, when required to pay poor-rates, having no native poor of their own in the workhouse, resisted the payment of what they considered a very unjust tax—in fact, they closed their doors, and the rate was only partially collected."

The officer, seeing that I took great interest in the subject on which I had been conversing with him, sent for some subordinates, who, he observed, had been longer in Galway than himself.

They arrived separately, and the information of the head constable (serjeant), in reply to the same questions I had put to the constable, were as follows:—

A. "I have been here better than two years, and during that time I have never known of any woman of Claddagh having had an illegitimate child—indeed, I have never even heard of it."

Q. "Have you ever known of any such case in Galway?"

A. "Oh, I think there have been some cases in *town*. Of my own knowledge I cannot say so, but I have *heard* of it."

The serjeant in charge of the Claddagh station now arrived, and gave his opinion as follows:—

Q. "How long have you been in charge of the Claddagh village?"

A. "I have been nine years here, for five years of which last March I have been in charge of Claddagh."

Q. "During that time has there been an illegitimate child born there?"

A. "No, I have never heard of it, and if it had happened I should have been sure to have heard of it, as they wouldn't have allowed her to stop in the village."

Q. "Have you ever heard of any that occurred *before* your arrival?"

A. "No, Sir."

Q. "During the nine years you have been in Galway, have you known of any cases that have occurred *there*?"

A. "Well, there were very few: only one that I know, of my own knowledge."

Q. "Are the Claddagh people always as slovenly in their persons as I have seen them to-day?"

A. "Oh, no! on Sundays the fishermen turn out clean and neat, in blue jackets and trowsers, and shoes. The women turn out with scarlet cloaks and white caps; the young women with their hair trimmed and bound up very tastily."

"And yet," said I to myself, "what ornament can these poor young people put on equal to that virtuous character which they wear wherever they go, and which, in spite of their poverty, it appears no human power can deprive them of!"

He added, "But they are very improvident; they make much money in summer. I have known them catch 260 pair of soles in one haul."

The officer here stated, and the last witness (the serjeant), who had been in charge of Claddagh for the last five years, subsequently of his own accord repeated



the assertion, that until lately "the crime of theft had been utterly unknown among the fishermen, and was almost so now; in fact," added the serjeant, "no theft has occurred in Claddagh during *my* time."

From the officers' quarters I hastened to The Claddagh, and, hiring a boat, I desired a couple of boys, who evidently looked upon me as the best fish they had caught for some time, to take me aboard an emigrant ship heavily laden with passengers (they had only yesterday taken leave of all their friends), and lying in the bay, about a mile and a half off.

There was a nice fresh side breeze, and after rolling about for a few minutes, while the youngsters were hauling up the sail, the 15-year-old pilot took the helm, and I and his comrade, aged 17, sat down close by him to windward.

Of course it was the interest and object of these lads to make the most of the haul they had got, and accordingly, said the youngest,

"The *lighthouse* is a very nice place. Would your Arn'r like to see ut?"

"*Art-fry*, there," said the other, pointing to a desolate-looking spot, more than 12 miles by road from Galway, "is the nicest place in a' the town. Will your Arn'r go to *ut*?"

"No, I thank you!" I replied, "I want only to go to that ship; do you know what sort of emigrants are on board of it?"

"They're all from this neighbourhood," he replied. After pausing for a few seconds, he added, "They're distroyed out of this land, and must go to Ameriky!"

“How long have you been a fisherman?” said I to the eldest of my crew.

“We’re been to *say*,” ejaculated the youngest, “yere Arn’r, since we were four years awake!” Pointing to the stone ballast in the centre and at the bottom of the boat, he added, “That’s our bed; we’re aften out a week wet through in these little boats; for winter we have big boats, of from twelve to fifteen tons; this little one is but four.”

“What do you subsist on while you are out?” I inquired.

“We ate bread, and cook mackerel with turf, and we arlways carry two kegs of warter with us.”

“But,” said I, “will the fish you catch for sale *keep* for five days?”

“Oh yes, yere Arn’r,” he replied; “we take the goots and liver out o’ um, and then they’ll keep a week.”

But by this time we had got close to the black vessel, a “bark,” over whose stern I observed hanging by the heels and gently vibrating twenty-five flaccid-looking cabbages, among which there appeared, written in large white letters,

#### THE ALBION OF ARBROATH.

Over the gunwale were ranged a line of rustic faces, male and female, all quietly looking at us. In a few seconds, however, we were alongside, and I had scarcely stepped among the crowd when, the interest of my arrival having completely ceased, no one took the slightest notice of me; however, on one of the crew passing me, I

begged he would tell the captain I would be glad to see him. In about five minutes he came up from below, told me he was very busy serving out provisions, but that I was quite welcome to go over the vessel, and he desired a sailor-boy to accompany me.

On the deck, besides a number of steerage passengers, were three or four women of superior garb, sitting rather indolently, reading. The boy told me the bark was registered at 302 tons; and he then led me down below between decks, which, as soon as I could see—for at first I fancied I was in almost utter darkness—appeared completely thronged with country people, very poorly but clean and decently dressed; in fact, it was evident they were all in their best clothes.

On each side throughout the whole length of the vessel, without any curtains or compartments to separate them, were, one above the other, two tiers of berths, each 4 feet 8 inches broad by 5 feet 10 inches in length. Each of these beds was nominally for two people.

“What do they pay for them?” I asked the boy.

“Those of full age pay 3*l.* 10*s.*, under age 3*l.*,” he replied.

“Whart *I* pay,” exclaimed a female voice from a berth on my right, “for myself and two chilthren, one three and the other five, is 8*l.* 5*s.* I have here, myself, my two chilthren, and another woman!”

Although I was thus loudly addressed, no one noticed me; in fact, they had not room to do so. In several of the berths I saw powerful-looking men lying indolently; the distance from their faces to the deck above them was 2 feet 7 inches.



After worming my way through a number of women, some of whom were erectly arranging their berths, others stooping to ferret into trunks, and others sitting placidly mending extremely old clothes, I came to the hold, down which a small gleam of sunshine from above was illuminating the red moist face of the captain, who, in a blue superfine jacket, blue foraging cap, and in a clean shirt, but without his stock, was very busily occupied in weighing out, and noting down in a book he held in his hand, meal for his passengers.

After saying but a few words—for I did not like to interrupt him—I proceeded onwards with the boy, who told me that in the several adjoining berths “cousins, friends, and families go together,” until I came to a crowd, which for a few seconds obstructed me. “Come along out o’ thart and let hum pass!” exclaimed the fine manly voice of an emigrant who had observed my predicament. Very shortly another poor fellow, fancying I belonged to the ship, came up to me and asked me something about meal. “This man,” replied the sailor-boy, “has nothing to do with *you!*” and my friend accordingly turned aside.

Affixed to one of the berths I observed a placard of printed regulations, which I own appeared to me to have been concocted by some one not very conversant with the various indescribable *désagrémens* of a gale of wind; for instance, it ordained—

“That all the passengers must be out of bed by seven o’clock A.M.; the children to be then washed and dressed: all to be in bed by ten P.M.

“That, when the emigrants victual and cook for themselves, the overseer will see that each family has its regular hour at the cooking place.

“That there be issued to each passenger three quarts of water, not less often than twice a-week. Bread, biscuit, flour, oatmeal, and rice—in all, seven pounds per week. One-half of the supply to consist of bread or biscuit;

and if potatoes be used, five pounds to be reckoned equal to one pound of bread-stuff.

“ That the washing-days be on Monday and Friday.

“ No smoking, gambling, swearing, or improper language to be allowed.

“ No sailor to be allowed between decks, except on duty,” &c. &c.

After reading these regulations, and gazing on both sides, and as far as between decks my eyes could reach, at the men, women, and children, who in numerous groups, active, passive, and neuter, were apparently blocking up the thoroughfare, I could not help feeling very keenly how little they were aware of the discomforts of being jumbled together during a sea voyage, and, above all, of the tragic catastrophes that have so often in one relentless gulf buried the cares, sorrows, hopes, and lives of shipload after shipload of poor Irish emigrants—such as were now around me and before me, nursing infants, unpacking and repacking boxes, making beds, and engaged in numberless other little domestic arrangements. On a curtainless berth beside me, in extreme lassitude, sat a slight, elegant-looking girl, of about seventeen, very poorly dressed; her elbows nearly touched each other—the backs of her hands rested on her lap, on which her eyes also listlessly reposed—her whole attitude appeared collapsed and unstrung. In fact, she was the personification of the word “**EVICTION!**”

“ Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,  
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;  
 But, alas! in a far-distant land I awaken,  
 And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.

“ Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood?  
 Sisters and sire! did ye weep for its fall?  
 Where is the mother that smiled on my childhood?  
 And where is *the bosom friend*, DEARER THAN ALL?”

The picture before me was on the whole so distress-

ing that I was glad to find myself again in my boat; and as the distance between it and the emigrant bark gradually increased, my mind became engrossed with one simple, single, and natural subject of inquiry—namely, WHY ARE THESE GOOD PEOPLE LEAVING THEIR NATIVE HOMES? “Why,” said I to myself, as I finally closed the note-book of my little tour—“why, for so long a period, have the inhabitants of Ireland been centrifugally ejected from their country, as if its lovely verdant surface were a land blasted by pestilence, or as if its virtuous and intelligent peasantry were malefactors who had been sentenced to transportation?”

From the year 1620, when the pilgrim fathers went out, up to the present time, not less than  $9\frac{1}{2}$  millions of Irish have emigrated from England, Ireland, and the Canadas to the United States of America.

From 1806 to 1851 not less than  $4\frac{1}{2}$  millions of the Irish people have emigrated from their country.

From 1841 to 1851 upwards of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  million have left Ireland.

In the single year 1851 Irish emigration amounted to no less than 257,372; and even from the Clyde, of 14,435 emigrants who in 1851 sailed to America, above one-third were Irish!

In London there are more Irish than in Dublin. In Manchester and Salford more Irish than in Cork. In Glasgow as many Irish and descendants of Irish as in Belfast. There are more Irish (born in Ireland) now living in Glasgow than there are living at Belfast Irish who have been born *there*. Of the Anglo-Saxon and Celtic races abroad, nearly one half of the whole are Irish.



Now, in the sacred names of Mercy and of Justice, who, I ask, are the guilty authors of this awful desolation? And, as the answer to this query is an easy one, I will at once proceed to its consideration.

END OF PART I.

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PART II.

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## PART II.

DEGRADED CONDITION OF THE IRISH  
PEOPLE.

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THE condition of the Irish people, and especially of the Irish poor, has for ages been a phenomenon which neither the statesman nor the philosopher has been able to explain. Indeed, Spenser, in his *VIEW OF THE STATE OF IRELAND, A. D. 1596*, thus quaintly expressed the opinion of his day, which, without the alteration of a word, is at the present moment that current throughout the civilised globe:—

*“Marry, so there have bin divers good plottes devised and wise counceles cast already about reformation of that realme; but they say, it is the fatal destiny of that land, that no purposes whatsoever which are meant for her good will prosper or take good effect, which, whether it proceed from the genius of the soyle, or influence of the starres, or that Almighty God hath not yet appointed the time of her reformation, or that He reserveth her in this unquiet state still for some secret scourge, which shall by her come unto England, it is hard to be knowne, but yet much to be feared.”*

The anomalous state of Ireland, above described, still continues, and certainly it is impossible to bring before the mind of any man a more extraordinary mass of conflicting evidence than is offered to a stranger by a brief inspection of the country. The rags, filth,

and apparent moral degradation of a large proportion of the lower classes, it is beyond the power of any pen to describe; indeed, I can truly say, that, although I have had an opportunity of visiting and of associating with several uncivilised tribes, I never, until I went to Ireland, saw human beings and animals living together in an atmosphere of stench and smoke such as I have described. But there exists throughout this lovely, verdant land a moral degradation of a deeper die, and which is the more appalling because to the passing stranger it is utterly invisible. Among savage tribes, when the hatchet of war is displayed, the cruelties, tortures, and scalping exercised upon enemies are proverbial, and yet among *themselves* the fraternal pipe of peace is never extinguished. In Ireland, however, agrarian combination, Whiteboyism, and what is only a phase of the same thing, Ribbonism, have long maintained, and still maintain, a Cain-and-Abel state of society, a bloody and barbarous civil warfare, such as exists within the limits of no country on the surface of the globe. Respecting this invisible system, through the meshes of which every stranger safely and imperceptibly glides without the slightest suspicion of its existence, many a poor man, when interrogated as to its objects, has replied, "Yere Honor, I know no more about its system than *you* do, except that to 'the local Ribbon parish master' I pay for my quarter's pass, to enable me to move through the country with security. Yere Honor, I'd be proud if it were put down *all-thegither!*"

What the poor man means by the little word "*it*," is a power which, though it often slumbers, awakens on the slightest commotion to supersede the laws of God and man.

“ Now on the beak,  
 Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin  
 I flamed amazement : sometimes I'd divide  
 And burn in many places ; on the topmast,  
 The yards, and bolt-sprit, would I flame distinctly,  
 Then meet, and join : Jove's lightnings, the precursors  
 O' the dreadful thunder-clap, more momentary  
 And sight-out-running were not.”

As long as the lower orders are satisfied, the organism is apparently extinct ; but whenever an estate gets disorganised, agrarian offences creep in, and with it Ribbonism and landlord-shooting rise to the ascendant. It is then vain for the law to pretend to punish, to intimidate, or even to try the authors of noon-day murders ; for even in the hallowed courts of justice the demon of Ribbonism—like a ghastly spectre—significantly stands with a loaded gun in one hand, and a black coffin in the other, both ready for any witness who shall dare to give evidence against the murderer, or for any juryman who shall presume to declare the blood-stained criminal at the bar to be “ *Guilty.*”

And as, in a description of this wicked, lawless system, it would be impossible to

“ Give ample room and verge enough,  
 The character of hell to trace,”

let us now proceed dispassionately to consider, *Who* are the authors of this vast calamity, which, in conjunction with others, every just mind must alike deprecate and deplore.

HAVE THE IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT AND BRITISH GOVERNMENT BEEN THE CAUSE OF THE MORAL DEGRADATION OF IRELAND ?

A few facts and figures will briefly reply to this



query. The following is a rough outline of the assistance which Great Britain, commonly called "England," has rendered to Ireland since the Union.

1. The royal harbours of Kingston, Howth, Dunmore, and Donaghadee have been all made with public grants. Half the expense of the Shannon navigation was a grant. The ordnance and boundary surveys have been wholly an imperial expenditure. Grants to the amount of 696,790*l.* have been made by the Board of Works, exclusive of the famine advances. The Queen's Colleges, and the addition to Maynooth College, the general prisons, penitentiaries, and asylums, have been wholly from imperial funds. Grants have been made to the Royal Canal and other inland navigations. In like manner the great roads in the western counties, and many others, have been constructed from grants. The above sums altogether amount to a total of not less than four millions.

(In the above estimate, the tithe million, which many would include, has been omitted, because it might, I feel, be said it was granted only to a class. In the same category stand the linen and other bounties.)

2. The famine expenditure granted from public funds amounted to about eight millions.

Besides which the two great subscriptions raised by the Queen's letter, and by the British Association, amounted to 460,320*l.* In addition to which, from private bounty, from Quakers, and others, there was paid not less than 500,000*l.*

3. Ireland pays no assessed taxes and no income-tax.

(But in 1842 the spirit duties were increased, and an addition was made to the stamp duties.)

4. The expense of the constabulary force, which, previous to 1846, was half paid by the respective counties, has since that period been defrayed *wholly* by the consolidated fund.

5. For public buildings and for county purposes, such as lunatic asylums, gaols, &c., and also for the creation of railways, there has been advanced to Ireland, as loans, the sum of not less than ten millions.

6. For the general improvement of the lands of Ireland, by draining, subsoiling, straightening fences, making farm-roads, farm buildings, small flax-mills, &c., there have been loaned by public grants to proprietors, and expended at their own discretion (subject to the inspection of the Board of Works, who must approve the project and details before the loan is made, and who then issue the money by instalments), the sum of 1,800,000*l.*, out of a public loan for the purpose, of two millions.

6. For the arterial drainage of Ireland, by straightening and deepening water-courses, and opening out-falls, there has been granted from public funds, to be expended by the Board of Works, who could alone carry into effect projects in which so many competing local interests are concerned, a loan of two millions.

I conceive that if the above figures and facts were to be submitted to a disinterested jury taken from the whole family of man, there would be given, in favour of the Imperial Parliament and British Government, the ordinary verdict of acquittal, "*Not Guilty.*"

HAS THE IRISH GOVERNMENT BEEN THE CAUSE OF  
THE MORAL DEGRADATION OF IRELAND ?

To discuss the political merits or demerits of the various individuals who have successively administered the government of Ireland, would be impracticable. I will therefore submit to the reader merely the names of those who in the present century have been the viceroys of Ireland.

1800. Marquis Cornwallis.	1833. The Marquis Wellesley (re-
1801. The Earl of Hardwicke.	appointed).
1806. The Duke of Bedford.	1834. The Earl of Haddington.
1807. The Duke of Richmond.	1835. The Marquis of Normanby.
1813. Earl Whitworth.	1839. Viscount Ebrington.
1817. Earl Talbot.	1841. Earl de Grey.
1821. The Marquis Wellesley.	1844. Baron Heytesbury.
1823. The Marquis of Anglesey.	1846. The Earl of Besborough.
1829. The Duke of Northumberland.	1847. The Earl of Clarendon.
1830. The Marquis of Anglesey (re-	1852. The Earl of Eglinton and
appointed).	Winton.

The above noblemen, whose united talents are undeniable, have been assisted by the following list of Chief Secretaries :—

1800. Viscount Castlereagh.	1828. Lord F. Gower.
1801. Charles Abbot (afterwards Lord Colchester).	1829. Sir Henry Hardinge.
1802. W. Wickham.	1830. Lord Stanley.
1804. Sir E. Nepean.	1833. E. J. Littleton (Lord Hather-
1805. N. Vansittart.	ton).
1806. Charles Long.	1834. { Sir J. C. Hobhouse.
1807. Sir Arthur Wellesley.	{ Sir H. Hardinge (reappointed).
1809. Hon. R. Dundas.	1835. Viscount Morpeth.
1810. Hon. W. W. Pole.	1841. Lord Elliot.
1813. Robert Peel.	1845. Sir Thomas Fremantle.
1819. Charles Grant.	1846. Earl of Lincoln.
1822. Henry Goulburn.	Henry Labouchere.
1827. William Lamb (Lord Mel-	1847. Sir W. Somerville.
bourne).	1852. Lord Naas.



It will appear from the above two lists that, besides the pecuniary assistance I have detailed, England has honestly doled out to the Government of Ireland not only a fair share of the talented men of the United Kingdom, but that, with scarcely an exception, the most vigorous portion of the lives of the most distinguished of our statesmen, including such men as the great Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Melbourne, and Lord Derby, have by this England been devoted to the important subordinate duty of "Chief Secretary."

As, therefore, the best talents which the United Kingdom can produce have been bestowed on the practical administration of Ireland, I conceive that the Irish Government is fairly entitled to the verdict already recorded of "*Not Guilty.*"

#### HAVE IRISH LANDLORDS BEEN THE CAUSE OF THE MORAL DEGRADATION OF IRELAND?

In order to deliberate upon this question it is necessary to inquire, Who *are* the Landlords of Ireland? or, in other words, To whom does old Ireland belong?

The answer to this *apparently* harmless question elicits two truths of very angry importance.

1. From the best data I could obtain, it appears that about two thirds of Ireland belongs, in fee, to Protestants, who hold in their own hands about one-half of their lands, the other half being leased or farmed by Roman Catholics.

2. That, of the *present* population of Ireland, about 5-12ths are Protestants and 7-12ths Roman Catholics.

As this division of the whole population seriously differs from that which it has been the interest of poli-

tical agitators to affirm, it may be well to submit the principal grounds or data on which the estimate has been formed.

The only enumeration ever officially made of the Protestants and Roman Catholics of Ireland (for in the Census Acts of 1841 and 1851 all questions touching religion were by special clause excluded) was in 1834, when the numbers were as follows:—

Protestants	{	Established Church . 852,064	}	1,516,228
		Presbyterians . . . 642,356		
		Protestant Dissenters 21,808		
Roman Catholics . . . . .				6,427,712

(the Protestants being *then* about one-fourth).

In the above estimate it was alleged by some parties at the time that the Protestants were under-rated; but as the subsequent increase by births was probably greatest among the Roman Catholics, the proportions which the above numbers give for 1834 may perhaps be safely assumed to be nearly correct in 1841, or in 1845, when the famine began.

But, in consequence of this calamity, combined with the failure of the potato crop, succeeded by fever and cholera, the population of Ireland, which

In 1841 was . . . . .	8,175,124,
And which ought to have increased in 1845 to, say	8,500,000,
In 1851 was ascertained to have fallen to . . .	6,515,794.

Now, as it is notorious, first, that the Roman Catholic poor subsist more entirely on potatoes than the Protestant poor; and, secondly, that the chief effect of the famine produced by the failure of the potato crop was to force all who most suffered from it to emigrate, leaving behind them the old and infirm; it is evident that, by death and emigration, the population of the

Roman Catholics of Ireland has been comparatively reduced more than that of the Protestants; and accordingly, as accurately as it is possible to enter into a calculation on the subject, the present relative numbers of Roman Catholics and of Protestants are, as I have stated, 7-12ths and 5-12ths.

Now, considering the lamentable effects on the lower classes of the violent political agitations which for so many centuries have afflicted Ireland, it is natural to suppose that wherever the landlord, Protestant or Catholic, could manage to escape from the troubled scene, and from the invisible reticulation of Ribbonism—which they (*i. e.* the political agitators) had mainly created, and by which, without the power of extrication, he found himself encompassed—he would be too happy to do so; and thus, just as Mother Carey's chickens predict a storm, or, as sailors say, are created by it, so out of the soil of Ireland there arose the class of middle-men, for whose acts the landlords are, no doubt, to a considerable degree responsible.

But besides the above, landlords are accused of having not only for the attainment of political power encouraged the subdivision of their properties, but, availing themselves of a competition which the poor improvidently waged one against another, of having accepted proffered rents higher than it was in the power of their lands to repay.

From the bare showing of the case it will however be admitted that Irish landlords have been quite as much the victims as the originators of the disorganization, and of the organized (Ribbon) system I have described. They have, no doubt, been greedy of poli-



tical influence, and, without considering any one's interest but their own, have often accepted what, without reflection, they considered the best offers they could obtain; but, as there exists no country on earth where political, selfish, and short-sighted views do not exist, I submit that, although a jury might deliberate on the subject for many hours, their verdict, even if they could not agree on an acquittal, would at least amount to the Scotch declaration of "*not proven.*"

ARE THE IRISH PEOPLE THE CAUSE OF THE MORAL DEGRADATION OF IRELAND?

That the people of Ireland are the victims of some secret malign influence which is driving them wholesale from their country, there exists not the smallest doubt; indeed, the very investigation we are making admits the fact that they are in a degraded state. And if it could be shown that an Irishman, when removed from this secret malign influence, whatever it may be, continues in the same degraded state, it would of course be philosophically undeniable that, besides being the degraded, he is the degrader of his country. But I shall have no difficulty in showing, not only that the Irish are intelligent and industrious in the innumerable foreign countries to which they migrate, but that in their own country, wherever they are properly encouraged, they display a character and conduct highly creditable to human nature.

1. It is a fact which is undeniable, that, as the great public works of the United States of America have mainly been paid for with English capital, so have they been constructed by the muscles and sinews of Ireland.

In short, it has been the Irish people who have principally delved the numberless canals and constructed the extensive railways of America. As settlers, they have in every region of the globe proved themselves to be equal to the natives of England and Scotland, and during the late rebellion in our North American colonies the Irish particularly distinguished themselves by their energy, loyalty, and courage. For instance, in a despatch laid before both Houses of Parliament from a Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, describing the outbreak to which I have alluded, it was stated,—

“Regiments of tired farmers and leg-wearied yeomen flocked in from all directions. On their arrival I of course went out and thanked them, and then told those who had no fowling-pieces that they should immediately receive muskets and ammunition.

“‘*If your honour will but give us ARMS,*’ exclaimed a voice from the ranks, in a broad Irish brogue, ‘*the rebels will find LEGS.*’”

In the army and navy the Irish, from the great Duke of Wellington downwards, have done their full share of duty, and during a long march in rain and through muddy roads, how often have the drooping spirits of our gallant troops been enlivened by some short, witty, merry observation from an Irishman!

“I’m afraid, my men, you are very *wet*,” observed an officer to his company.

“No, your Honour,” replied an Irish voice; “but we’re very DRY!”

2. But the most remarkable feature in the phenomenon we are discussing is that *in his own country*, wherever he is properly treated, the Irishman, Catholic or Protestant, instead of remaining in a degraded state, suddenly casts off what is supposed to be indigenous to his nature, and exhibits qualifications of the highest

order. For instance, in England it is a general opinion that Irishmen of the same creed, and especially of opposite creeds, can never meet without a fight. Now, I assert on the highest authority—namely, that of the Resident Commissioner of the Board of National Education in Ireland—that not only “among the Catholic and Protestant teachers there has been a total absence of any religious quarrels, but that among the 500 boys (Catholics and Protestants) there is never a fight, and scarcely ever a blow struck!”

In my sketch of the great model school I have shown—what is open to the inspection of any one—the facility with which Irish infants, as if instinctively, fall into ranks, follow each other like soldiers, and obey the orders of little chubby-faced monitors, scarcely old enough to pronounce the words of command they utter. Again, I have shown, and I most confidently repeat—what any traveller in Ireland may witness—that no sooner are Irishmen enlisted into the constabulary force, than they display native talents, energy, ability, cleanliness, trustworthiness, and an aptitude for discipline, such as are not to be witnessed, in combination, in any country in the world. Moreover, that in the most secluded spots, in cheerless situations, trying to human spirits and temper, Irish Catholics and Protestants live and serve together in perfect amity. In the Dublin police force, in the revenue police force, in the coast-guard service—all of which are open to public inspection—the same high qualifications are evinced, and the same friendly union between Catholics and Protestants maintained: in short, wherever the British Government parentally takes hold of an Irishman—as



if by magic—he casts off the mortal coil of his degradation; and, instead of being a disgrace and a burden, he at once becomes, without the smallest exaggeration, an honour to his country and to the name of man.

In virtue of the above facts, which are incontrovertible, I feel justified in asserting, that the Irish people are the victims of some secret malign influence, and that of the dissensions and demoralization which disgrace their country they are “NOT GUILTY.”

ARE THE PRIESTHOOD OF IRELAND THE CAUSE OF THE MORAL DEGRADATION OF IRELAND?

I reply, “THEY ARE!”

The affirmation of these two small monosyllables will of course excite the anger of those against whom they are directed; but, as it is in sorrow rather than in anger that I very deliberately make the assertion, I calmly defy all the talents, ability, sophistry, artifice, and indignation of the Irish priesthood to repel the evidence I am about to adduce, for the avowed object of degrading in the estimation of every Irishman, and most especially of every Irishwoman—to the proper level—a clergy who—*I will prove it*—have brought scandal on the sacred character of the Catholic Church, who have disgraced the cloth they wear, and who are culpably driving from a beloved soil hundreds of thousands of men, women, and little children, whom it was their especial duty spiritually and morally to befriend.

As far as I am individually concerned I have no interest whatever in the prosecution of those whom I have thus publicly arraigned. I am in no way con-

nected with them, with Ireland, with the Irish Government, with the Whig Government, or with Lord Derby's Government; but, like everybody, I owe a duty to my Sovereign and to my country, and, in performance thereof, I will at once proceed to substantiate what I have affirmed. All I ask of Ireland—in return for the service I am endeavouring to render to her—is an unprejudiced hearing, a cool judgment, and an honest decision.

WHAT IS THE AMOUNT OF POWER THAT CAN PRACTICALLY BE WIELDED BY AN IRISH ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIEST?

As in all cases of ordinary trial it is customary for the prosecutor to commence his case by informing the jury of the position in life of both plaintiff and defendant, so it is proper, and indeed absolutely necessary, that in undertaking to arraign before the judgment of mankind in general, and of the inhabitants of Ireland in particular, the Irish priesthood, I should by a very brief outline explain what are the powers it is their destiny to wield, in comparison with those of other authorities.

THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND, as the representative of the British Sovereign, is invested with power to bestow an amount of patronage which 'Thom's Irish Almanac and Official Directory' will specifically detail; but he has no power over either the law of the land, or over the property, the lives, or the persons of those he governs.

THE JUDGES OF IRELAND have power to administer the law, but they have no power to alter it. Moreover, however they may be convinced of his guilt, they have no power whatever to punish the well-known pepe-

trator of a noon-day murder, if the jury *in direct violation of evidence adduced* shall declare him to be "not guilty."

THE LANDLORDS OF IRELAND, be they Protestant or Catholic, have power to retain in their own hands the cultivation of their own land. They have power to lease it in gross to middlemen, or in detail to the honest deserving peasantry by whom they are surrounded. If these poor people either refuse or are unable to pay to their landlords the stipulated rent, each of these landlords, on application to the sheriff, and in presence of a constabulary force armed with loaded carbines, has power to unroof the cabins of his poor tenants, and thus to evict them from his land. But he has no power to inflict upon them a blow; and if, under a lease, they can pay to him the rent therein stipulated, he has no power whatever to walk, ride, or in any way trespass upon his own land.

THE PROTESTANT PARSON has power on stated days and at stated hours to read to his congregation the word of God—he has power to expound it to them in any way he may think fit; but he has not power either from the reading-desk or from the pulpit to assail the character of any individual present or absent. In his parish or out of it he has power to offer to any one that is willing to receive it admonition or advice, but he has no power to enforce either upon any one; in short, although he has power to marry, christen, bury, and administer the sacrament, yet, practically speaking, he has no powers spiritual or temporal over his parishioners beyond what, in their opinion, are due to his doctrines, his character, and his conduct.



Now, with a sincere and earnest desire to say nothing disrespectful of the Roman Catholic religion, and most especially nothing offensive to the religious feelings of the Irish people, whose unaffected devotion I have had so much pleasure in proclaiming, let us calmly and dispassionately weigh and consider, 1st, what are the assumed powers of the ultramontane head of the Irish Catholic Church; and, 2ndly, what is the amount of power which that ultramontane head has delegated to the Irish priesthood. Or, to state the problem, if possible, in still plainer terms, what are the powers with which the Irish Roman Catholic parish priest is invested.

I. In the Tenth Article of the Creed of Pope Pius the Fourth, the Church of Rome binds her members to believe as follows:—

“I acknowledge the holy, Catholic, Apostolic, Roman Church for the mother and mistress of all Churches; and I promise true obedience to the Bishop of Rome, successor to St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles, and Vicar of Jesus Christ.”

Now, it will appear, from the following extracts from the canon law of the Church of Rome, that the spiritual and temporal authority of the Pope is proclaimed to be paramount, in Great Britain and Ireland, not only to any law enacted by the British Parliament, but to the constitutional authority of the British Sovereign, in her Majesty's own dominions.

“The laws of kings have not pre-eminence over ecclesiastical laws, but are *subordinate* or *subservient* to them.

“The *statute law* of laymen does not extend to *churches*, or to *ecclesiastical persons*, or to their goods to their prejudice.

“Whatever decrees of princes are found injurious to the interests of the Church are declared to be *of no authority whatever*.

“While a sovereign remains excommunicated, his subjects *owe him no allegiance*; and if this state of things shall last for some time, and the sove-

reign being admonished do not submit himself to the Church, his subjects are *absolved from all fealty to him*.

“The See of Rome hath neither spot nor wrinkle in it, nor cannot err.

“The Bishop of Rome is not bound by any decrees, but he may compel, as well the clergy as *the laymen*, to receive his decrees and canon laws.

“The Bishop of Rome hath authority to judge *all men*, and specially to discern the articles of faith, and that without any councils; and may assoil (acquit) them that the Council hath damned; but no man hath authority to judge *him*, nor to meddle with anything that *he* hath judged, neither emperor, king, people, nor the clergy; and it is not lawful for any man to dispute of *his* power.

“The Bishop of Rome may excommunicate emperors and princes, depose them from their states, and assoil their subjects from their oath of obedience to them, and so *constrain them to rebellion*.

“The Bishop of Rome is judge in *temporal* things, and hath two swords, spiritual and *temporal*.

“The Bishop of Rome may give authority to arrest men, and imprison them in manacles and fetters.

“The Bishop of Rome may compel princes to receive his legates.

“It appertaineth to the Bishop of Rome to judge which oaths ought to be kept, and which not.

“Princes' laws, if they be against the canons and decrees of the Bishop of Rome, *be of no force nor strength*.

All kings, bishops, and nobles that allow or suffer the Bishop of Rome's decrees in anything to be violatè, *be accursed*.

“The Bishop of Rome may be judged of none but of God only; for although he neither regard his own salvation, nor no man's else, but draw down with himself innumerable people by heaps unto hell, yet may no mortal man in this world presume to reprehend *him*. Forasmuch as he is CALLED GOD he may be judged of no man, for GOD may be judged of no man.

“The Bishop of Rome may compel by an oath all rulers and other people to observe, and cause to be observed, whatsoever the See of Rome shall ordain concerning heresy, and the favourers thereof; and who will not obey, he may deprive them of their dignities.

“He that acknowledgeth not himself to be under the Bishop of Rome, and that the Bishop of Rome IS ORDAINED BY GOD to have primacy over all the world, is a *heretic*, and *cannot be saved*, nor is not of the flock of Christ.”

In virtue of the above powers, the authority assumed by the Church of Rome is sternly but very clearly proclaimed as follows.

By Canon 1, Sess. 7, of the Council of Trent, it is laconically declared,—

“Whoever shall affirm that the Sacraments of the New Law were not all

instituted by Jesus Christ our Lord, or that they are more or fewer than seven, namely, Baptism, Confirmation, Eucharist, Penance, Extreme Unction, Order, and Matrimony; or that any of these is not truly and properly a Sacrament, LET HIM BE ACCURSED."

And by Canon 8, Sess. 7, it is further decreed, with reference to these seven sacraments,—

"Whoever shall affirm that grace is not conferred by these Sacraments of the New Law, *by virtue of the act performed (ex opere operato)*, but that faith in the divine promise is all that is necessary to obtain grace, LET HIM BE ACCURSED."

Now, the supernatural powers invested by the Church of Rome in its priesthood, including of course the Irish priesthood, will clearly appear from an attentive consideration of the following sample of decrees:—

1st. As regards the power of transubstantiation to be performed *by the priest*.

By Canon 2 of the Council of Trent it is decreed,—

"If any shall say that in these words, 'Do this in remembrance of me,' Christ did not appoint the Apostles to be *priests*, or did not ordain that they and other *priests* should offer his body and blood, LET HIM BE ACCURSED."

Again, by Canon 4, Sess. 13, of the Council of Trent, it is decreed,—

"Whosoever shall affirm that the body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ are not present in the admirable Eucharist as soon as the consecration is performed, but only as it is used and received, and neither before nor after; and that the true body of our Lord does not remain in the hosts or consecrated morsels which are reserved or left after communion; LET HIM BE ACCURSED."

Again, in Sess. 22, Canon 3, it is decreed,—

"If any one shall say that the sacrifice of the Mass is only a sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, or a bare *commemoration* of the sacrifice made upon the Cross, and that it is not *propitiatory*, or that it profits only the receiver, and that it ought not to be offered for the *living* and the *dead* for their sins, punishments, satisfactions, and other necessities, LET HIM BE ACCURSED."

Of the "consecrated morsels" reserved or left after communion, it is affirmed by the Church of Rome, that in every particle of the bread, transubstantiated *by the*



*priest*, there exists “a whole and entire Christ;” and that in every globule of the wine, also transubstantiated *by the priest*, there exists “a whole and perfect Christ.”

Accordingly, by Canon 1, Sess. 13, of the Council of Trent, it is decreed—

“Whosoever shall deny that Christ *entire* is contained in the venerable Sacrament of the Eucharist, under each species, and under every part of each species when they are separated, LET HIM BE ACCURSED.”

Again—

“Whoever shall deny that in the most holy Sacrament of the Eucharist there are truly, really, and substantially, contained the body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, together with his soul and divinity, and, consequently, Christ *entire*; but shall affirm that he is present therein only in a sign or figure or by his power, LET HIM BE ACCURSED.”

The Roman Missal, in its directions *to priests* respecting their consecration of each species of the Sacrament, directs that—

“If, after the consecration, a gnat, a spider, or any such thing fall into the chalice, and if it produce nausea to *the priest*, let him draw it out, and wash it with the wine; and when Mass is concluded, let him burn it, and let him throw the ashes and the washings into a sacred place. But if there is no nausea and he fears none, let him swallow it with the blood.

“If any of the blood of Christ fall on the ground or table by negligence, it must be licked up with the tongue, the place must be thoroughly scraped, and the scrapings burned; but the ashes must be buried in holy ground.”

By Canon 6, Sess. 13, Cap. 5, of the Council of Trent, it will appear that *the priest* is authorised to carry in procession the elements he himself has transubstantiated, and that his parishioners are required to adore what *he* has just done.

“If any one shall say that this holy Sacrament should not be adored, nor solemnly carried about in procession, nor held up publicly to adore it, or that its worshippers are idolatrous, LET HIM BE ACCURSED.”

The Church of Rome declares that, in the sacrifice of the Mass, *the priest* has the power of retrospectively

benefiting the absent dead, as well as the living present at the ceremony, and accordingly—

By the 25th Sess. of the Council of Trent, it is decreed—

“That the souls delivered in purgatory are assisted by the suffrages of the faithful, but especially by the acceptable sacrifice of the Mass.”

2. The power which the Church of Rome invests in *a priest* to receive auricular confessions is sternly and clearly explained as follows:—

By Canon 6 of the Council of Trent it is decreed—

“Whosoever shall deny that sacramental confession was instituted by Divine command, or that it is necessary to salvation ; or shall affirm that the practice of secretly confessing to *a priest* alone, as it has been ever observed from the beginning by the Catholic Church, and is still observed, is foreign to the institution and command of Christ, and is a human invention ; LET HIM BE ACCURSED.”

Moreover, the following Canon ordains that *every mortal sin* must be confessed :—

“Whosoever shall affirm that, in order to obtain forgiveness of sins in the sacrament of penance, it is not by Divine command necessary to confess *every mortal sin* which occurs to the memory after due and diligent premeditation—including *secret offences*, and those which have been committed against the *two last precepts of the decalogue*, and those circumstances which change the species of sin ; but that such confession is only useful for the instruction and consolation of the penitent, and was formerly observed merely as a canonical satisfaction imposed upon him ; or shall affirm that those who labour to confess all their sins wish to leave nothing to be pardoned by the Divine mercy ; or finally, that it is not lawful to confess venial sins, &c. &c., LET HIM BE ACCURSED.”

And accordingly the Council of Lateran has required—

“That every man and woman, after they come to years of discretion, should privately confess their sins *to their own priest*, at least once a-year, and endeavour faithfully to perform the penance enjoined on them ; and after this they should come to the sacrament at least at Easter, unless *the priest*, for some reasonable cause, judge it fit for them *to abstain for a time* ; and whosoever does not perform this is to be excommunicated from the Church ; and if he die, he is *not to be allowed Christian burial*.”

On the subject of auricular confession, extraordinary powers—over-riding those given by any temporal power on earth—are granted by the Church of Rome to the parish priest.

For instance, in Dens' 'Theologia,' vol. vi., No. 159, 'De Segillo Confessionis,' will be found the following instructions, which are taught at the Irish College of Maynooth :—

“ Q. What is the seal of a sacramental confession ?

“ A. It is the obligation, or debt, to conceal those things which are known from sacramental confession.

“ Q. What therefore ought a confessor to answer, being asked concerning a truth which he has known by sacramental confession alone ?

“ A. He ought to answer that *he does not know it*, and, if necessary, CONFIRM THE SAME BY AN OATH.”

But the most important attribute which the Church of Rome invests in the parish priest is the power, however immoral may be his own conduct, of absolving his parishioners from *their* sins; and accordingly the Council of Trent, by their Canons 9 and 10, have sternly but most explicitly decreed that

“ Whoever shall affirm that priests living in mortal sin have not the power of binding or loosing, or that priests are not the only ministers of absolution, &c. &c., LET HIM BE ACCURSED.”

And to avoid the possibility of any doubt or pettifogging quibble as to whether or not the immorality of a priest disables him from forgiving in others the sins he is himself openly committing, it has been peremptorily enacted by the Council of Trent, c. 6, as follows :—

“ The Council further teaches, that *priests* who are living in mortal sin exercise the function of forgiving sins, as the ministers of Christ, by the power of the Holy Spirit conferred upon them in ordination; and that those who contend that *wicked priests* have not this power hold very erroneous sentiments.”



3. By the ninth article of the creed of Pope Pius IV., every parishioner is required by the Church of Rome to believe as follows :—

“I also affirm that the power of indulgences was left by Christ in the Church, and that the use of them is most wholesome to Christian people.”

On this subject the Council of Trent decreed as follows (Sess. 25, *De Indulg.*) :—

“Since the power of granting indulgences has been bestowed by Christ upon his Church, and she has exercised this power, divinely given, from the earliest antiquity, the holy Council teaches and enjoins that the use of indulgences, in the highest degree salutary to Christian people, and approved by the authority of venerable councils, is to be retained in the Church; and it condemns with anathema those who assert that they are useless, or deny that the power of granting them is in the Church.”

The enormous moral and spiritual extent of this power granted to the Roman Catholic priesthood may be briefly exemplified as follows.

In ‘Duffy’s Catholic Library, Part 9, On Examen of Conscience, Sorrow, &c., Confession, and the Penance enjoined by the Confessor, translated from the Italian of St. Alphonsus M. Liguori’ (Dublin, 1845), it is recited, p. 31,—

“First. He who hears Mass gains an indulgence of 3800 years. Secondly. He who wears the scapular of Mount Carmel, observes chastity, abstains from meat on Wednesday, and recites every day the Our Father, Hail Mary, and Glory be to the Father, &c., seven times, will be soon delivered from purgatory, as we read in the Office of the Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel. There are also many indulgences gained by wearing the scapulars of the Blessed Virgin in Sorrow, of the Conception, and *de Mercede*. Thirdly. He who says the *Angelus Domini*, when the bells ring for it, gains many indulgences. Fourthly. They who say, Blessed be the holy, immaculate, and most pure conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, gain an indulgence of a hundred years. To them who say the *Hail, Holy Queen*, is gained an indulgence of forty days. For pronouncing the names of Jesus and Mary, twenty-five days. They who say five *Paters and Aves*, in honour of the passion of Jesus Christ and the dolours of the Virgin Mary, gain an indulgence of 10,000 years.”

Again, by a rescript, dated at Rome, the 14th May, 1842, Pope Gregory XVI. graciously granted for ever the following Indulgences to the contributors to St. Joseph's Asylum :—

“A plenary Indulgence to such as shall approach the sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist on the feasts of the Patron St. Joseph—likewise a plenary indulgence in the hour of death, and once each month, on any day at their option.

“These indulgences may be applied by way of suffrage to the souls of the faithful departed.”

So recently as the year 1840 the Pope granted an Indulgence of one hundred years to every one who should recite the following prayer :—

“O Immaculate Queen of Heaven and of Angels ! I adore you. It is you who have delivered me from Hell. It is you from whom I look for all my salvation.”

4. The extraordinary power invested by the Church of Rome in her priesthood to mutilate a parishioner by what is commonly called “*excommunication*,” is fearfully exemplified by the following extract :—

“We excommunicate, damn, anathematise, and separate him from the threshold of the Church. Let his children be orphans ; let him be cursed in the city, cursed in the field, in the open field, in the wood, at home ; cursed in his barn, on his couch, in his bedchamber ; cursed in the court, on the road, in the city ; cursed in the camp, on the river ; cursed in the church, in the burial-ground, in the courts of justice ; cursed in the market-place, in war ; cursed in praying, in speaking, in holding his tongue, in eating, awake, in sleeping, drinking, touching, sitting, lying down, standing ; cursed when at leisure ; cursed always ; cursed in the whole of his body and soul, and in the five senses of his body ; cursed be the fruit of the womb, the fruit of his land ; cursed be all his goods ; cursed be his head, mouth, nostrils, nose, lips, jaws, teeth, eyes, pupils of the eye, brain, palate, tongue, throat, breast, heart, belly, liver, all his entrails ; cursed be his stomach, bladder ; cursed be his legs, thighs, feet, and toes ; cursed his neck, shoulders, back, arms, elbows ; cursed his hands and fingers ; cursed his finger and toe nails ; cursed his ribs, conception, knees, flesh, bones ; cursed be his blood ; cursed his skin ; cursed be the marrow of his bones, and whatever concerns him ; cursed be he in the passion of Christ, and with the shedding of Christ's blood, and with the milk of the Virgin Mary.

“Moreover, let the earth be cursed in which he is buried ; let him perish in future judgment ; let him not have any conversation with Christians, nor, when he is in the article of death, let him receive the Lord’s body ; let him be as the dust before the wind ; and as Lucifer was cast down from Heaven, and as Adam and Eve were cast out of Paradise, so let him be expelled from the light of every day.”

5. One of the greatest powers granted by the Church of Rome to a parish priest is that of suppressing from any one or more of his parishioners such passages in the Word of God as, in his judgment, he may deem proper to repudiate.

For instance, in the creed of Pope Pius IV., which every Roman Catholic is bound to acknowledge, the following formula is promulgated :—

“I also admit the Holy Scripture, *according to that sense* which our Holy Mother, the Church, has held and does hold, to which it belongs to judge of the true sense and interpretation of the Scriptures ; neither will I ever take and interpret them otherwise than according to the unanimous consent of the Fathers.”

And, accordingly, that there might be no mistake as to the “sense” or opinion of the Roman Catholic Church on the subject, ten rules were drawn up by the Fathers selected from the Synod of Trent, and approved of by Pope Pius IV. Of these rules or decrees the fourth is as follows :—

“Since it is manifested by experience, that if the sacred books, in the vulgar language, are circulated everywhere without discrimination, *more harm than good* arises on account of the rashness of men, let the judgment of the Bishop or Inquisitor be abided by in this particular.—So that, after consulting with *the parish priest or confessor*, they may grant permission to read translations of the Scriptures made by Catholic authors, to those whom they shall have understood to be able to receive no harm, but an increase of faith and piety, from such reading ; which *faculty* let him have in writing. But whosoever shall presume to read these Bibles, or have them in possession, without such faculty, shall not be *capable of receiving absolution of their sins*, unless they have first given up their Bibles to the ordinary. Booksellers, who shall sell, or in any other way furnish, Bibles in the vulgar tongue to any one not possessed of the aforesaid licence, shall forfeit the price of the books,



which is to be applied by the Bishop to pious uses, and shall be otherwise punished at the pleasure of the same Bishop, according to the degree of the OFFENCE.”

Again, in the Encyclical Letter of Pope Leo XII. to his ‘ Venerable brethren, the Patriarchs, Primate, Archbishops, and Bishops, of the Catholic Church,’ to which there is appended ‘ A Pastoral of the Irish Popish Archbishops and Bishops to the Clergy and Laity of their Communion throughout Ireland, recommending the same—*Dublin: Printed by Richard Coyne, Printer and Publisher to the Royal College of Maynooth,*’—there is contained the following Appeal:—

“ You are aware, venerable brethren, that a certain society, called the *Bible Society*, strolls with effrontery throughout the world; which society, contemning the traditions of the Holy Fathers, and contrary to the well-known decree of the Council of Trent, labours with all its might, and by every means, *to translate*—or rather to pervert—the Holy Scriptures *into the vulgar language* of every nation; from which proceeding it is greatly to be feared that what is ascertained to have happened as to some passages may also occur with regard to others; to wit, that by a perverse interpretation the Gospel of Christ be turned into a human Gospel, or, what is still worse, the Gospel of the Devil. [Here there is a vague reference to Jerome on the Epistle to the Galatians.]

“ To avert this plague, our predecessors published many ordinances; and in his latter days, Pius VII., of blessed memory, sent two briefs—one to Ignatius, Archbishop of Guesen; the other to Stanislaus, Archbishop of Mohilow—in which are many proofs, accurately and wisely collected from the Sacred Scriptures and from Tradition, to SHOW HOW NOXIOUS THIS MOST WICKED NOVELTY IS TO BOTH FAITH AND MORALS.

“ We also, venerable brethren, in conformity with our apostolic duty, exhort you to turn away your flock, by all means, *from these poisonous pastures*. Reprove, beseech, be instant in season and out of season, in all patience and doctrine, that the faithful intrusted to you (adhering strictly to the rules of the Congregation of the Index) be persuaded that, if the Sacred Scriptures be everywhere indiscriminately published, more evil than advantage will arise thence on account of the rashness of men,” &c. &c.—“ *Given at Rome, at St. Mary Majors, the 3rd day of May, 1824—the first year of our Pontificate.*”

This document was recommended by the Irish Romish Bishops and others as follows:—

“To all the faithful clergy and people committed to our care, we, the undersigned, Archbishops and Bishops in Ireland, send health and benediction.

“Very reverend, and reverend and dearly beloved brethren, we have just laid before you a copy of the ‘Encyclical Letter’ of our most holy father, Pope Leo XII., addressed by his Holiness to his venerable brethren, the Patriarchs, Primates, &c. &c. &c.

“On receiving this letter, *replete with truth and wisdom*, we at once recognised the voice of him for whom our Redeemer prayed ‘that his faith might not fail,’ and to his ardent charity he intrusted the care of his entire flock.

“Our holy father recommends to the observance of the faithful a Rule of the Congregation of the Index, which *prohibits the perusal of the Sacred Scriptures in the vulgar tongue*, without the sanction of the competent authorities. His Holiness wisely remarks that more evil than good is found to result from the indiscriminate perusal of them, on account of the malice or infirmity of men. In this sentiment of our head and chief *we fully concur*, &c. &c.

“Hence, dearest brethren, such books have been and ever will be *execrated* by the Catholic Church; and hence also those salutary laws and ordinances, whereby she has at all times prohibited her children to read or retain them; nay, why she has FREQUENTLY ORDERED THEM TO BE COMMITTED TO THE FLAMES.” . . . “And that these our instructions may come to the knowledge of all, we desire that portions of them be read at time of Mass by our clergy on successive Sundays, in the presence of the faithful.

“Given under our signs manual.”

Here follow the signatures of twenty-seven Romish Bishops, including Dr. Doyle and Dr. Murray.

6. In order to complete the power of the parish Priest over his parishioners, the Church of Rome has not only rigidly insisted on the celibacy of her clergy, for the purpose of restricting, confining, and concentrating upon the Church alone the whole of those affections, interests, and regards, which other men so readily bestow on worldly objects, but this object has been honestly explained by Sarpi, the historian of the Council of Trent, as follows:—

“It is plain,” he says, “that married *priests* would turn their affection and love to their wives and children, and by consequence to their home and *country*; so that the *strict dependence* of the clergy upon the Apostolic See should cease. Thus the granting of marriage to priests would destroy the ecclesiastical hierarchy, and leave the Pope bishop of Rome ONLY.”

On a calm perusal of the foregoing extracts, it must be evident to every man of sound judgment—be he Catholic or Protestant—that the Church of Rome has purposely imparted to a parish priest powers not only superhuman, but which invest him, in his little parish, with the character of Jesus Christ himself. And in order that there may exist not the smallest shadow of doubt on this most important point—in order that the divinity of the parish Priest may be clearly expounded to every parishioner, it is promulgated in the Catechism of the Council of Trent, page 260, that—

“In the minister of God, who sits in the tribunal of penance, *as his legitimate judge*, he (the penitent) *venerates the form and person of our Lord Jesus Christ*; for in the administration of this, as in that of the other sacraments, the PRIEST represents the character and discharges the functions of JESUS CHRIST.”

Now let any one for a single moment place in one scale of a balance the enormous amount of power imparted by the Church of Rome to an Irish parish priest, and in the other the strong innate sense of devotion which distinguishes and adorns the character of the Irish Roman Catholics, and he will at once, I feel confident, readily admit, that a poor, illiterate, honest Irishman, living with his pig and donkey in a chimneyless cabin, is completely in the hands and at the mercy of his spiritual master, whom—as I have shown—he is literally required to consider as one “representing the character and discharging the functions of Jesus Christ.”

I am aware that in the United Kingdom there exist many Protestants, so devotedly attached to their own religion, and unconsciously so intolerant to the religion of Rome, that a perusal of the evidence I have just



submitted will raise in *their* minds the cry of "No POPERY!" which at present it is my desire to allay rather than excite.

In justice, therefore, to the important inquiry I have undertaken, I deem it necessary to observe that, although I have undoubtedly shown that the power, temporal as well as spiritual, assumed by the Pope, and by His Sanctity and by the Roman Catholic Church delegated to the parish priests of Ireland, is—*theoretically speaking*—subversive of the power of Queen Victoria and of the power and authority of the Imperial Parliament, yet it by no means follows that these ultramontane powers, however great they may be, are to be exercised in Ireland simply because they exist.

For instance, every living creature has the *power* to desert its young, and yet how affectionately are they attended to! The British Sovereign, without consulting her people or her Parliament, has *power*, with reason or without it, to declare war with the inhabitants of any country on the surface of the globe, and yet it has been her pride, as it has been her noble policy, in many instances, to pardon aggressions she had power to avenge. But not only may temporal or spiritual power—like heat—be latent, but even in cases where a hostile attitude is *assumed* it is often followed by no serious results.

For instance, since the mission of Lord Castlemaine in the reign of James II., it has been, and still is, the rude aggressive policy of England to hold no public communication whatever with the Pope. According to those rules, or as they may truly be termed prescriptive laws, which give dignity to the transactions between the great nations of the civilised world, the withdrawal of an am-

bassador is intended to be considered as a frown, which, like the little cloud seen by the servant of Elijah, indicates an approaching storm. But although England for so long a period has insisted on keeping in the sky of Rome this vain blustering illiterate symbol of her wrath, yet has the exercise of this undoubted and undenied *power* been productive of no open rupture; indeed, on the contrary, in spite of it, and in direct opposition to it, the British Government, as if it were the policy of England

“ To do good by stealth,  
And blush to find it fame,”

for some years has been in the habit—as it were clandestinely—of communicating with the Court of Rome through the medium of an attaché of the Embassy of Florence, permanently residing at Rome in private lodgings; and although the reports from this Florentine attaché, who—strange to say—was lately a Roman Catholic, have invariably been addressed to the Foreign Secretary, yet so peremptorily has England exercised her “*power*” of refusing to hold any public communication with the head of the Roman Catholic Church, that the interviews between this “borrowed light” and the Pope have been secret and *sub rosâ*.

“*Hip*. Well shone, moon! Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.”

It does not, therefore, I repeat, necessarily follow, because the Pope of Rome has assumed for himself and has conferred upon the parish priests of Ireland powers incompatible with the constitutional government of the British empire in general, and of Ireland in particular, that those powers *must* be executed. If they be, there can be no doubt that they amount not to a declaration

of war, but to actual warfare. On the other hand, if they be *not* executed, but lie dormant in desuetude, they are as harmless as has been our own unnecessary and irrational conduct towards the Pope at Rome.

Without therefore raising any objection or taking any offence at the theoretical existence of the extraordinary powers which I have detailed, let us now calmly proceed to consider whether these powers have been exercised at all, and, even if they have, whether in their exercise there has been anything of which the Sovereign, the Parliament, and the people of Great Britain can—not captiously but—reasonably complain? and first, as regards the powers assumed by the Pope.

It would give me sincere pleasure to be enabled to affirm that the Church of Rome, in the exercise of its undoubted spiritual authority over Roman Catholics, in whatever region they may reside, had restricted itself within the bounds of reason and moderation. But without entering into tedious details, which, after all, would be unnecessary, I will simply refer to the well-known fact, that the Pope of Rome, not satisfied with the existence in Ireland of Roman Catholic bishops, by an act of unjustifiable aggression divided the territory of Protestant England into twelve districts, the inhabitants of which, without any exception being made, he summarily placed under Roman Catholic episcopal jurisdiction; and that, accordingly, a Papal proclamation, of which the following are extracts, was actually issued within the limits of her Majesty's Palace and both Houses of Parliament, by a priest ordained by the Pope to be the commander-in-chief of the whole.

“NICHOLAS, BY THE DIVINE MERCY, OF THE HOLY ROMAN



CHURCH, BY THE TITLE OF ST. PUDENTIANA, CARDINAL PRIEST, ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER, AND ADMINISTRATOR APOSTOLIC OF THE DIOCESE OF SOUTHWARK :

“ TO OUR DEARLY BELOVED IN CHRIST, THE CLERGY SECULAR AND REGULAR, AND THE FAITHFUL, OF THE SAID ARCHDIOCESE AND DIOCESE :

“ HEALTH AND BENEDICTION IN THE LORD.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ GIVEN AT LONDON, THIS 30TH DAY OF NOVEMBER, IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1850.

“ SIGNED, “ NICHOLAS, CARDINAL,

“ ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.

“ BY COMMAND OF HIS EMINENCE,

“ FRANCIS SEARLE, SECRETARY.”

As this daring invasion of the Queen's territory and authority has been indignantly and effectually repelled by her Majesty, by both Houses of Parliament, and by the people of England, by a law fresh in the recollection of every one, I will only draw from this aggression one undeniable inference, namely, that, if the Church of Rome in the nineteenth century has been bold enough, by so overt an act, to attempt to overrule the Queen's authority in Protestant *England*, it is reasonable to suppose that, for the same object, to the utmost of its power, it would simultaneously exert its visible as well as invisible dominion in *Ireland*, where the Catholic majority, who, as in duty bound, acknowledge spiritual allegiance to the Pope, have of late years been so rapidly declining. And, without further comment, I will now proceed to show, 1st, what for a long time has been the secret policy; and, 2ndly, what has lately been the open or aggressive conduct of the Irish priesthood.

I. WHAT, FOR A LONG TIME, HAS BEEN THE SECRET POLICY OF THE IRISH PRIESTHOOD?

The superhuman power possessed by an Irish priest, even beyond the limits of his own parish, will shortly be exemplified very clearly by a trial which is to take place at the next Sligo quarter sessions, for an offence, the extraordinary particulars of which appeared in *The Times* of the 10th of September last, as follows:—

“The *Evening Mail* supplies the annexed report of some rather curious proceedings which came before the magistrates at Collooney petty sessions on Monday last, and by which it will be seen that a Roman Catholic clergyman is to take his trial at the next quarter sessions for Sligo, on the old charge of a too generous use of the “horsewhip” on the shoulders of a young girl who had fallen under the displeasure of the rev. flagellator.

“Monday, Sept. 6.

“The magistrates in attendance were Messrs. Whelan and Knox, S.M., and Mr. Culbertson, J.P.

“The court was unusually crowded, and the greatest interest prevailed when the case of James Blair against the Rev. Andrew Quinn, C.C. of Sligo, was called on.

“Mr. Gethin, solicitor, appeared on behalf of the latter personage.

“Mary Anne Blair, a well-dressed, respectable young woman, and who gave her evidence with considerable firmness, was the first witness examined.—‘I was returning from Mr. Cooper’s school at Ballisodare in company with a girl named Jane Nearin, and, when near my residence at Ballydrihid, I was overtaken by a person on horseback, who asked me how far I was going, and where I lived? I said, Not far, Sir; and I live convenient. He put other questions to me, and to avoid him I went into a man’s house named Colleary. He got off his horse

and followed me in, and asked the woman of the house who I was? She replied, An honest man's daughter. He then went away, and in about five minutes returned, and with the butt end of his whip beat me on the shoulders. He left large welts upon me. He then caught Jane Nearin, and threw her on the ground. The woman of the house was going to strike him with a shovel, *but, when she saw he was a clergyman, SHE BEGGED HIS PARDON.* He then rode away in the direction of Sligo.' ”

Now, if an Irish priest has been invested by the Church of Rome with such magic influence over the minds of the illiterate, that a sturdy Irishwoman,—with uplifted arms, vigorously defending with a stout iron fire-shovel that which above everything she innately reveres and appreciates, namely, the virtue of “an honest man's daughter,”—almost falls down on her knees to ask forgiveness of the offender, *in flagrante delictu* before her eyes, the instant that under his disguise she discerns the holy habiliments of a priest, how beneficial *might* be the influence of the Irish priesthood, composed of four archbishops, 24 bishops, 2168 priests and curates, besides readers and alumni of all sorts, lay as well as clerical, who minister to and *instruct* the people. (There are, moreover, in Ireland, Roman Catholic colleges, missionaries, and other establishments, both male and female, with a large staff, all of whom are authorised to “visit the people.” For these establishments—which, ever since the numerous conversions to Protestantism have been rapidly extending—the Roman Catholic Church has lately purchased some of the very best houses in the country, and is building others on plans submitted to Rome and approved there. In short, the map at the



commencement of this volume, showing the distribution of the constabulary force, would not inaccurately delineate the ecclesiastical stations occupied by the Roman Catholic priesthood.) And yet, how comes it, I emphatically ask, that with all these positions, and with all this superhuman power, the poor, good, virtuous Irish people, who, in fervent devotion to their revered religion, will proverbially do anything that their priest bids them—how comes it, I ask, that, bound together only by Ribbonism, they are to be found almost everywhere, in squalid rags, living with their pigs and asses, and, without metaphor, existing—most fearfully—with nothing between them and the far west of America but the rind of a round root, which it has lately pleased the Almighty to fester and corrupt before it even comes to maturity?

Is it because the facility of cultivating that root, which supports dogs, sheep, fowls, pigs, *and children*, encourages early marriages; and that for every such early marriage the improvident couple is required to pay to a certain personage the exorbitant fee of 25*s.* *to begin with*, with a further demanded fee of 2*s.* 6*d.* for every child that it produces?

Are the receipts of those fees the *latent* reason why every well-organized system of emigrating from such a degraded state has been strenuously opposed by the Irish priesthood?

Is it to prevent the stimulating light of knowledge, which education would throw upon the Irish poor, that Archbishop M'Hale, and the majority of the Irish priesthood, have unceasingly opposed, and are still strenuously opposing, that national system of education,

the beneficial effects of which I have imperfectly described,—just as they have opposed that legal provision for the poor which prevents the parish priest from remaining their sole almoner? And while a stranger, in travelling through Ireland, cannot give a little child a halfpenny without receiving in return the indigenous words “God bless your Arnh’r,” why is it that the Catholic population of Ireland have been and are still taught to revile, as a bitter enemy, that generous benefactor, the British Parliament, which in the late period of their distress assisted them to the enormous extent of eight millions? In short, in plain terms, is it, or is it not, the interest and the object of the Irish priesthood to keep their flocks in their present state of degradation? For if it be neither their interest nor their object, why, I ask, have they neglected to teach those who have so implicitly confided in them to maintain clean dwellings, to wear decent clothing, and to adopt a species of cultivation which would prevent them, to a considerable degree, from falling victims to a vegetable disease?

Lastly,—I beg leave to ask, how comes it that the constabulary map at the commencement of this volume indisputably proves, to any one, *at a single glance*, that in the north of Ireland, where the poor are, generally speaking, under Protestant clergymen, as also on the western coast, where Protestantism has made great progress, there are infinitely less police stations—that is to say, there is infinitely less crime—than in the remaining portion of Ireland, where the poor are under the especial and almost exclusive care of the Irish priesthood?

In reply to my queries, will the archbishops, bishops, and Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland affirm that really they are not invested with power or influence enough to produce that moral change which Major-General Sir Duncan M'Grigor and Colonel Brown—as it were by word of command—effect upon every Irishman that enlists either into the constabulary or into the Dublin police?

In the face of the staring fact that Father Matthew—single-handed—prevailed upon millions of illiterate Protestant as well as Catholic Irishmen to drink cold water instead of warm whisky, will the archbishops, bishops, and Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland declare that the Church of Rome has gifted them with so little power, and such feeble influence over their flocks, that it would be utterly hopeless to advise them to break the wicked band of Ribbonism, which, as is well known, is composed *solely* of Irish Roman Catholics?

The only calm and reasonable solution that can be offered of the phenomenon of an intelligent people living in the state of moral degradation I have so often described and bewailed, is either that their priests, whose influence over them is undeniable, are not gifted by the Pope with sufficient power, or that these Irish priests have had worldly objects in view, which, to say the least, have distracted their attention from the temporal welfare of their flocks; and on the horns of this dilemma I leave Archbishop M'Hale.

Having, I submit, negatively replied to the first query, I will now by the production of positive evidence proceed to elucidate



2. WHAT HAS BEEN THE OPEN AGGRESSIVE CONDUCT OF THE IRISH PRIESTHOOD ?

If it depended on assertions of my own to convict so powerful and intellectual a body as the Irish priesthood, supported as they have been, are, and will be, by the Roman Catholic Church of Rome, I might naturally tremble at the difficulty of the task. I have, however, merely to produce two very unequal descriptions of evidence, namely,

1st. That which has been officially published and countersigned by the priesthood themselves.

2ndly. That which I collected myself.

## TACTICS OF THE IRISH PRIESTHOOD.

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IN justice to the priesthood of Ireland, as well as to myself, I have now to request that the reader will dispassionately listen to their own case as explained in their *own* speeches—in their *own* writings—and lastly, in their *own* press. As, however, it is absolutely necessary, before I throw before the reader this mass of evidence, that he should understand to what point or points it precisely refers, I will briefly afford this preliminary explanation, not in my own words, but in those of a few very brief extracts from the documents about to be perused.

1. At a monster meeting preparatory to the Meath election, the chairman, the very Rev. Dr. M'Evoy, P.P., thus clearly announced, on behalf of the priesthood, their views, objects, and intentions.

“ Oh, if the oldest, *the greatest*, the most incorruptible and sacred power in this island—I mean the influence of *the Priesthood* with the people—if that power be but properly exerted at the coming elections, to what glorious results may we not confidently look forward! (Hear, hear!) Yes; *if the priests but LEAD the people*, the people will c oquer. (Great cheering.)”—(p. 37.)

In advocating a proposed attack on the existing rights of Irish landlords, the reverend gentleman explained the opinions of the Priesthood as follows:—

“But what is tenant-right? What means that term that grates so harshly upon *landlords'* ears. I will tell you in a few and simple words. Tenant-right means fair and equitable rents fixed by impartial *arbitration*, dealing impartial justice to landlord and tenant, and enabling both to live. . . . Tenant-right is the only lever to lift our prostrate country—the only balsam to heal her bleeding wounds.”—(p. 34.)

The reverend gentleman proceeded further to announce the political tactics of the Priesthood as follows:—

“Gentlemen, to one, and one only, other subject shall I, in conclusion, briefly allude. If this country is to be saved, if she is ever again to become prosperous and free, an Irish party must be formed. [Hear!] Unless *that* be done at the coming elections, all *our* labour will be lost, and the regeneration of Ireland rendered hopeless. From the victories which twenty Irish members last year won, it is easy to see what an Irish party, animated with the like spirit, could achieve, if composed of fifty or sixty sterling men. [Loud cries of ‘Hear, hear!’] Why! in the balanced state of parties, they could *dictate* to any Minister what terms they pleased—they could make and unmake governments at will. [Hear, hear!] It is clear that the Irish people, by the return of such a party, have it in their power at the coming elections to secure their every right. Let them but send to Parliament fifty, or even forty, members pledged to oppose *any* and *every* Government that will not make *tenant-right* and *the abolition of the Church Establishment* Cabinet questions, and, as sure as to-morrow’s sun will rise, so sure will the *charter* of tenant-right be conceded, and the *monstrosity* of the Protestant Establishment disappear from the face of an outraged world. [Loud cheers.]”—(pp. 36, 37.)

2. At the conclusion of his speech the reverend gentleman introduced to the meeting the successful candidate, Mr. Lucas, “*as the tried and trusted advocate*



*of every principle dear to the hearts of the ENTIRE PRELACY and PRIESTHOOD of the land."*

Mr. Lucas, in that high capacity, expressed himself in a speech of great ability, of which the following are extracts:—

"I have come to ask you to do me the high honour of giving me your votes, and returning me, as your representative, to a *very nasty house*. [Laughter and cheers.] . . . . By the blessing of God in heaven, I will never rest or cease my exertions, as long as I am in a position to exercise any public functions whatever, until that *accursed* monopoly, *the Established Church*, be cut down by the root, and cease to blast the land with its unwholesome influence. . . . . I pledge myself here to oppose *every* Government that will not make something that is equal to Sharman Crawford's bill, in every one of its protecting provisions, a Cabinet question. [Hear, hear! and loud cheers.] . . . . I will have nothing to do with any Government, if you return me to Parliament—except, indeed, to oppose them, which I shall do very cordially—until they make the *concession* of justice to the tenant-farmers of Ireland part of their acknowledged policy. [Loud cheers.] I hope I have satisfied my reverend friend by the spirit of my answer? [Hear, hear!]"—(pp. 38, 39.)

"The CHAIRMAN, the Very Rev. Doctor M'Evoy: PERFECTLY SO. [Cheers.]"

The abolition of the Protestant Established Church, and the adjustment by *arbitration* of the property of all *Protestant* and Catholic landlords, having been thus publicly declared *by a priest* to be the avowed object of the Priesthood of Ireland, the *modus operandi*, in which they proposed that "the influence of *the priesthood* with the people should be properly exerted at "the coming elections," shall now be explained by themselves.

## PRIESTS' PUBLISHED SPEECHES.

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IN all hostile irruptions it is usual for an invading army, on entering the peaceful country it is their intention to devastate, to issue a Proclamation, laconically stating their object and demands; and accordingly the following "Manifesto" was promulgated throughout Ireland by a newspaper, the avowed organ, as will hereafter be shown, of the Irish priests:—

FROM 'THE TABLET,' MAY 8, 1852.

*“ General Election.—Manifesto from the Clergy of Emly.*

“ We, the undersigned clergymen of the diocese of Emly, and county of Limerick, seeing that the general elections are near at hand, when we shall be called upon to exert our influence in returning two members to represent this county in Parliament, and knowing that on the issue of these elections depend not only the liberties of our religion, but the happiness and the lives of millions—nay, the existence of the old Faith and the old Celtic race in Ireland—feel ourselves bound in duty to our country to place before the public our firm, deliberate resolve to support no candidate seeking the representation of this county at the next election who will not pledge himself in express and unequivocal terms—

“ First—To give his utmost support to Mr. Sharman Crawford's *Tenant Right Bill*, or, in its absence, to a measure embodying all its principles.

“Secondly—To advocate a repeal of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act of last session.

“Thirdly—To support a measure for *appropriating the revenues of the Established Church* in Ireland (saving existing rights) to useful national purposes.

“Fourthly—To give a strenuous *bonâ fide* opposition to *every ministry* that will not actively favour the passing of the above three vital measures.

“Fifthly—To *resign his seat in Parliament* when a majority of his constituents shall call on him to do so.

(Signed)

THOMAS CLANCY, P.P., Galbally.	THOMAS HICKEY, Adm., Cullen.
JOHN MAHER, P.P., Murroe.	THOMAS MEAGHER, C.C., Galbally
JOHN RYAN, P.P., Knockany.	PATRICK RYAN, C.C., ditto.
PAUL HENEY, P.P., Emly.	JAMES BURKE, C.C., Murroe.
JOHN MAGRATH, P.P., Knocklong	ROBERT SHORT, C.C., Knockany.
WM. BARRON, P.P., Hospital.	WM. LANIGAN, C.C., Kileummin.
JAMES RYAN, P.P., Caherconlish.	MICHAEL RYAN, C.C., Knocklong.
JOHN MADDEN, P.P., Kiltely.	THOS. COLLIER, C.C., Pallasgreen.
JOHN FOGARTY, P.P., Ballybricken	THOMAS GILHOOLY, C.C., Oola.
PATRICK RYAN, P.P., Cappamore.	M. CALLANAN, C.C., Ballybricken.
LAURENCE POWER, P.P., Kilbenny	MICH. CONWAY, C.C., Caherconlish.
THOMAS HEWIT, P.P., Oola.	RICHARD RAFTER, C.C., Hospital.
JAMES RYAN, P.P., Pallasgreen.	J. O'DWYER, C.C., Doon.”

N.B.—To English readers it may be necessary to state that in the above list P.P. means Parish Priest, and C.C. Catholic Curate.

On the 10th of July, 1852, *The Tablet*, by authority, promulgated the following general order:—

“The priest will have not only to exhort, and entreat, and *command* his people to vote for the popular candidates, but he must bring the voters together, and *go with them* to the polling-places, and *watch over them* at the tally-rooms like a sentinel . . . The priest must be the gutter agent.”

(A gutter agent is a *street* agent, as contradistinguished from the agent whose orders are to remain in the polling-booth. The duty of the gutter-agent is to rummage the streets for voters,—lay hold of them,—and bring them to the polling agent.)

Nine days afterwards, the following district order was circulated throughout Ireland:—



“ *County Waterford Election—Power and Esmonde.* ”

“ *Rev. dear Sir,*—The election committee respectfully request that you and independent Liberal electors do make the necessary arrangements for bringing the voters of your parish to their proper polling-places on Friday, the 23rd of July. *You* should appoint a time and place where the voters should assemble at an early hour on Friday morning, and proceed under *your* direction to the polling-place. Wherever a difficulty exists in procuring jaunting cars, the voters should be told to travel by their own horses; and some of the farmers should provide for the conveyance of such voters as have not horses by bringing their own common cars, for which they will be paid. The polling will commence at nine o'clock on the morning of Friday, and at eight o'clock on the morning of Saturday. *The Committee deem it expedient that you should attend in the booth while your parishioners are being polled.* The people should be cautious against rioting, as the sheriff would have the power of suspending the poll.

“ RICHARD MUSGRAVE, Chairman.

“ ROGER POWER, R. C. C., } Honorary  
“ JAMES DELAHUNTY, } Secretaries.

“ Committee Rooms, Mall, Waterford,  
“ 19th July, 1852.”

The foregoing well-organized arrangements having been duly completed, the part openly assumed by the priests in the late elections will appear from the following imperfect list :—

“ In the county of *Galway*, and also in the county of *Mayo*, Archbishop M'Hale himself boldly came forward and proposed the candidates.

“ In the borough of *Carlow* the Rev. Dr. Walsh, of Carlow College, nominated Mr. Sadleir.

“ In the borough of *Galway* the Rev. P. Daly, P.P., nominated Mr. O'Flaherty.

“ In the borough of *Clonmel* the Very Rev. Dr. Burke, P.P., nominated Mr. Lawless, and the Ven. Archdeacon Laffan spoke in his favour.

“ In the county of *Cork* Mr. Scully was seconded by the Rev. Mr. Corkran, P.P.

“ In *King's County* Mr. Bland was seconded by the Rev. Dr. O'Rafferty, P.P., and Mr. O'Brien by the Rev. W. O'Malley, P.P.

“ In *Tipperary* the Very Rev. Dr. Burke, P.P., and the Rev. J. Morris, P.P., proposed Mr. Scully; and the Rev. Mr. Laffan, P.P., seconded Mr. Sadleir.

“ In *Waterford* the Rev. Mr. Flynn, P.P., seconded Mr. Power.

“ In *Leitrim* the Very Rev. *Dean* Dawson, P.P., proposed Dr. Brady, and the Rev. P. Curran, P.P., proposed Mr. M'Mahon.

“ In *Carlow County* the Rev. Mr. Lawler, P.P., proposed Mr. Keogh.

“ In *Meath* four priests, the Rev. Mr. Kelly, P.P., the Rev. Mr. Power, P.P., the Rev. R. Ennis, P.P., and the Rev. Thomas Langan, united in recommending Messrs. Corbally and Lucas.

“ In *Queen's County* the Rev. Mr. Fitzpatrick, P.P., proposed Mr. Dunne.

“ In *Mayo* the Very Rev. *Dean* Burke and the Rev. Mr. Hardiman proposed Mr. Higgins.

“ In *Limerick* the Rev. Mr. Hickey, P.P., proposed Mr. Monsell, and Archdeacon Fitzgerald, P.P., spoke in his favour.

“ In *Westmeath* the Rev. Mr. Coghlan, P.P., proposed Mr. Urquhart, and the Rev. Mr. Dowling, P.P., spoke.

“ In *Wexford* the Rev. J. Redmond, P.P., proposed Mr. Morgan, and the Rev. P. Devereux Mr. M'Mahon.

“ In *Galway* the Rev. J. Macklin, P.P., proposed Sir Thomas Burke.

“ In *Clare* the Rev. Mr. Lynch, P.P., the Rev. Mr. Quaid, P.P., the Rev. J. M'Mahon, P.P., and the Rev. Mr. Bourke, united in the recommendation of Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Fitzgerald.

“ In *Monaghan* the Rev. P. Brennan, P.P., proposed Dr. Gray.

“ In *Kilkenny* the Rev. Mr. Aylward, P.P., recommended Serjeant Shee.

“ In *Limerick City* the Rev. J. Brahan, P.P., proposed Mr. O'Brien.

“ In *Clare County* the members were recommended, proposed, and seconded by the Rev. Wm. Lynch and Rev. Mr. M'Quaid.

“ In *Kilkenny County* by the Rev. Mr. Keeffe and the Rev. Mr. Aylward.

“ *Longford County*, Rev. E. M'Gaver.

“ *Sligo County*, Rev. D. Noone.

“ *Louth County*, Rev. Mr. Bannon, Rev. Mr. Loughran, Rev. Mr. Trainor.

“ *New Ross*, Rev. Pat Crane, Rev. Thomas Doyle, Rev. J. Crane.

“ *Athlone*, Rev. John Reilly.

“ *Dundalk*, Rev. Dr. Kieran.

“ *Kerry County*, Rev. Dr. M'Ennery.

“ *Cork City*, Rev. John Falvey.”

But, besides proposing and seconding those candidates whom they considered most likely to support their views, it will appear from the following documents, officially published *in their own newspapers*, that the Roman Catholic priests of Ireland in the name of the Almighty openly avowed sentiments religious, moral, and political, which shall now, without introductory comment, fairly speak for themselves.

At the *Galway* election Archbishop M'Hale spoke as follows :—

“ If you wish that your chapels should be wrecked, that your priests should be flung into prison, that THE GOD OF HEAVEN, under the form of bread and wine, should be exposed to blasphemous insult, as he was on a late occasion, you will support Lord Derby's Government.”



Again at a meeting at *Tralee* held for the purpose of promoting the return of Mr. Maurice O'Connell, the Rev. Mr. \* \* \*, P.P., proclaimed the threats of the Priesthood as follows:—

“ If there be a Catholic elector of this borough who will *dare* to go forward and register his vote for the English *enemy*, pass him by with scorn and contempt. Do not be seen to walk with him, to talk to, or associate with him. Let him *fester in his corruption*: be not you contaminated by any contact with *a wretch so base and degraded*. Despise him. If you meet him on the high road, pass over to the other side. Have no dealing with him. Make him understand that he cannot afford to brave the honest indignation of his fellow-countrymen. Electors of *Tralee*, you—the honest electors—who have always upheld the independence of your town, assemble in a body tomorrow, go to those unfortunate wretches, and make them acquainted with the consequences of their guilt. For my part, I'll confess to you what my feelings are with respect to those wretched and corrupt Catholics. Let me suppose one of those wretches prostrated by sickness. Suppose the hand of death heavy upon him, and that a messenger comes to me to attend him in his dying moments. If there were no other priest in the way, I would be bound to go. I dare not refuse to attend him. But I confess to you that I would be sorry from my heart to be called upon *to attend the death-bed of such a being*—(great sensation). I would go to attend such a *wretch* with a heavy heart, without much hope, because I would feel that I was going to administer sacraments to one *whose conscience was so smeared*, and whose heart was so rotten at the core, that I could not have much expectation of *effecting a conversion*. Overpowered with the impression that I was about to visit *a perjured wretch*, who, for a miserable bribe, had betrayed the dearest interests of his country and his religion, and borne down with the harrowing reflection that God, in His just anger, might leave such a wretch to die in his sins—(sensation)—I would fear that my mission would be fruitless—that I

could have no hope *of converting a heart* so hardened—so lost to every sense of duty and religion as to vote in support of those who would trample on the LORD OF HOSTS—(sensation)!”

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The views and objects of the Irish Priesthood were openly explained by themselves as follows:—

FROM 'THE TABLET,' APRIL 10, 1852.

“*The Approaching Election—Important Public Meeting in Tuam.*”

“[From the *Tuam Herald.*]

“On Tuesday last, pursuant to requisition, a most numerous and influential meeting of the electors of the baronies of Dunmore, Ballymoe, Tyaquin, Clare, and other districts of the county, was held in the Court-house of this town, for the purpose of securing, at the coming election, the return of gentlemen who will honestly represent the feelings of this great county.

[Amongst those present are published the names of no less than 26 priests.]

“*M. S. Kirwan*, Esq., D.L., J.P., Blindwell, was called to the chair.

“The Very Rev. P. Reynolds and W. Gannon, Esq., were nominated honorary secretaries.

“The *Chairman* addressed the meeting, and read a letter from Mr. Bodkin, of Kilclooney, in which he declined to be put in nomination as candidate for the county.

“The Rev. Mr. *Reynolds* having given some explanations relative to the proposal made to Mr. Bodkin,

“Mr. *W. Gannon*, T.C., came forward, and proposed the first resolution.

“The *Chairman*, having put the question, declared it carried unanimously.

“Rev. *P. M'Gauran*, P.P., Ahascragh, proposed the second resolution, and said—No candidate will merit the suffrages or support of the electors of Galway, if not

pledged to vote for a just, fair, and equitable adjustment of the relations between landlord and tenant—what is known as *tenant-right*—(hear, hear)—the removal of *that monster nuisance the Protestant Establishment*, that incubus which is the great social evil of the country, and the *badge of degradation* and religious inferiority on the Catholic people, who are the great majority. (Hear, and cheers.) Moreover, to obtain from the Government funds for free and Catholic education in Ireland, as the funds at present devoted to that purpose are spent in establishing educational instruction unsuited to the requirements, and hostile to the religious feelings and circumstances of the people of the country. (Hear, hear.) The reverend gentleman, after some further remarks, concluded amid loud cheers.”

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FROM 'THE TABLET,' MAY 22, 1852.

“ *Great Meeting at Navan.* ”

“ On Thursday a most numerous, respectable, and influential meeting of the independent electors of this great county was held at Navan for the purpose of receiving Mr. Lucas, on the occasion of his presenting himself to the constituency as a candidate for the representation of the county in the next parliament. Mr. Lucas, on his arrival in the town, was met by a respectable deputation of the local clergy and electors, and he was accompanied by them to the Parochial-house, where he was most cordially received by the clergy [consisting of 24 priests] assembled from different parts of the county.

“ The chair was taken by *Thomas Maher, Esq.*, of Roundstown.

“ The Rev. Messrs. Kelly and Tormey and Mr. Foley were requested to act as secretaries to the meeting.

“ The Rev. Mr. Kelly then read letters of apology from some gentlemen who were unable to attend the meeting.

“ The Rev. Mr. *Power*, President of Navan Seminary, then presented himself, and was received with loud and most hearty acclamations. He supposed that they were



already aware of the objects of that meeting. They knew that an election in this county might be expected in a very short time, and that the Liberal party ought to be prepared when the time arrived to have their men selected, who would be capable of expressing the feelings of the constituency, their wants and their wishes, in the British Parliament. Why was it that they were now again fighting for civil and religious liberty? They had supposed that that question was settled in 1829 by the great Liberator of Ireland—(loud cheers)—but the Catholics were forced again into the field of agitation by the aggression that had been made in the last session of parliament on their rights and liberties. (Hear, hear.) But they were now determined *to take the field* against the British Parliament, and to maintain their rights, civil and religious, as they had the power to do so in their own hands. (Loud cheers.)”

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FROM ‘THE TABLET,’ MAY 22, 1852.

“ *Representation of Westmeath—Meeting of the County Club at Mullingar.*

“ A numerous and influential meeting of the Independent Club of the county Westmeath was held in the Court-house, Mullingar, on Tuesday, which was crowded in every part by electors and others, in addition to the members of the clubs. The proceedings, which were of a very animated character, commenced shortly after one o’clock, and did not terminate till after six P.M.

“ Amongst the large number of gentry, clergy, and electors of the county present, there were

[Here follow the names of 13 priests.]

“ At half-past one o’clock the chair was taken, amid loud cheering, by Col. Fulke Greville.

“ The Rev. Mr. *Savage*, C.C., secretary, having read the minutes of the previous meeting of the club,

“ The Very Rev. Dr. *Kearney*, P.P., said that before the candidates were heard he wished to propose a resolution

declaring and defining the principles of the electors of the county Westmeath, and without a clear adhesion to which no candidate would be acceptable. (Hear, hear.) The first of these principles was the determination to use every effort for the *appropriation of the temporalities of the Protestant Church* for national uses. (Cheers.) The next was the repeal of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, though he would confess it was a matter of perfect indifference whether that was done or not, inasmuch as the Bishops had already repealed it themselves. (Cheers.) But both these questions faded into insignificance when compared with the third question—a question which, in his heart and soul, he believed to be one of life and death to the tenantry of Ireland—and that was, whether their representatives would to the utmost support *the principles of Sharman Crawford's bill*. (Loud cheers.) After a few more remarks, the reverend gentleman concluded by moving the meeting to declare that none of the addresses published by the various candidates came up to the requirement of the electors of the county, and that the meeting adjourn to another day, when they would take into consideration the propriety of looking for other candidates. (Hear.) He would, however, be glad to hear what explanations were to be given of these addresses, but if they were not satisfactory he would move the rejection of all the candidates, and that the club apply to the Tenant League to recommend candidates to the county. (Cheers.)

“The Rev. Mr. *Masterson*, C.C., Mullingar, seconded the resolution.

“The Rev. Mr. *Dowling*, P.P., Clonmellon, considered the motion premature.

“The Rev. Mr. *Savage* seconded the motion.

“Rev. Mr. *Kearney*.—All I will ask of the meeting to declare now is, that the addresses as they stand *do not come up to the requirements of the country*. (Cheers).”

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FROM THE 'WEEKLY TELEGRAPH,' JUNE 26, 1852.

“ *Great Meeting of the Liberal Electors of Tyrone.*

“ [ From our own Reporter. ]

“ One of the largest county meetings ever held in the North of Ireland assembled at Omagh, on Thursday, for the purpose of giving expression to the feelings of the Liberal electors on the subject of the representation of the county, and to denounce the attempts made by the Government to connect the Catholic priests and the Presbyterian clergymen who advocate the great principles of tenant-right, with Ribbonism and the commission of outrage.

“ The Rev. M. *O’Kane* rose to propose the first resolution.

“ The Rev. *Paul Bradley* proposed the next resolution, and addressed the meeting in a brief but very telling speech.

“ The Rev. *John Hamilton*, P.M., of Cross-roads, seconded the resolution. The reverend gentleman, at some length and with much eloquence, combated the arguments put forward by the opponents of *tenant-right*.

“ The Rev. Mr. *Mooney*, C.C., spoke in support of the second resolution.

“ The resolution was put from the chair, and carried with acclamation.

“ The Rev. *Peter Gordon*, P.P., proposed the third resolution.

“ The Rev. Mr. *Ferguson* seconded the resolution. The reverend gentleman, in the course of some very practical observations, called on the people to use every legitimate exertion to secure the return of the candidate pledged to *tenant-right*. (Hear, hear, and great cheering.)

“ The Rev. Mr. *O’Doherty* having been called to the second chair, the meeting, at six o’clock, separated, cheering for Captain *Higgins* and *tenant-right*.”



FROM 'THE TELEGRAPH,' JUNE 28, 1852.

“ *Monster Meeting in Athlone.—Great demonstration in favour of the Brigade.*

“ [From our own Reporter.]

“ Decidedly one of the greatest popular demonstrations that has been seen in Ireland for some years was that which commenced in the town of Athlone on Saturday night, and was brought to a close last evening. For some days it had been very generally known through the counties of Westmeath and Roscommon, and the King's County, that a meeting in favour of Civil and Religious Liberty and Tenant Right would be held in Athlone on *Sunday*.

“ On the motion of the Rev. Mr. Kilroe, P.P., seconded by acclamation, the chair was taken by the Rev. Dr. Kearney, P.P.

“ The *Chairman*.—I beg to express my gratitude, which I do most sincerely, for the high honour you have conferred on me in selecting me to fill the position of chairman of this assembly—of this enormous meeting. (Hear, hear.) . . .

“ The Very Rev. Archdeacon *O'Reilly*, who, on presenting himself, was received with vociferous cheers, waving of hats, &c., said—I rise to second the resolution proposed by the highly-gifted, talented, and patriotic member for Mayo. (Cheers.) It is notorious that the Whigs and Tories, who are now combining against him, would be happy and delighted to deprive him of his seat in Parliament; but with *the blessing of God* they never shall do that. (Cheers.) I would now remind you that you should not let your exertions rest with this day; but aid those other Irish members who have joined with Mr. Keogh in resisting the enemies of our creed and our country. (Loud applause.) The Very Rev. Archdeacon resumed his seat after having to frequently acknowledge the cheering which greeted him on all sides.”

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FROM 'THE TELEGRAPH,' JULY 5, 1852.

*“ Great Meeting in Carlow.*

“ [From our own Reporters.]

“ Yesterday there was held at Carlow a meeting which must be considered as one of the most important of the many interesting assemblages of the people that have taken place within the last few weeks.

“ The following were amongst those on the platform :— Very Rev. Dr. Lalor, V.G. and P.P.; Rev. James Maher, P.P.; Rev. Mr. Hume, P.P.; Rev. Mr. Murray, P.P.; Rev. Mr. Hickey, P.P.; Rev. Mr. Tyrrell, P.P.; Rev. Mr. Muldowney, P.P.; Rev. Mr. M'Carthy, Admr.; Rev. Mr. Dowling, C.C.; Rev. Mr. Conroy, C.C.; Rev. Mr. O'Connor, C.C.; Rev. Mr. Murray, C.C.; Rev. Mr. Dempsey, C.C.; Rev. Mr. M'Alroy, C.C.

“ At three o'clock, on the motion of the Very Rev. Dr. Lalor, V.G., P.P., seconded by the Rev. J. Maher, the excellent and esteemed parish priest of Carlow,

“ *John Hanlon*, Esq., of Grange, was called to the chair, amid vehement cheering.

“ *Mr. Robert Kenny*, amid loud and prolonged cheers, proposed the first resolution, which was in the following terms :—

“ “That in the present awful crisis, when the public exercise of the Catholic religion has been proclaimed—the lives and property of many of Her Majesty's Catholic subjects sacrificed—their houses of worship destroyed—the most sacred emblems of their faith trampled under foot, and some of the best and purest of their ministers assailed with brute bigot force—it is no longer possible for the Catholic and Liberal electors of the county Carlow to allow themselves to be misrepresented in the Imperial Parliament by men pledged to support an administration determinedly hostile to the principles of civil and religious liberty. That in pursuance of this our determination, we call upon *John Ball*, Esq., and *Matthew Higgins*, Esq., to become candidates for the representation of the county at

the ensuing election, and we pledge ourselves to use all the exertions in our power to secure their triumphant return.'

"The Very Rev. Dr. *Lalor*, V.G., P.P., seconded the first resolution, and said—It was most probable there were many present who might not be aware who he was, and he therefore wished to announce himself to that great and glorious meeting as the parish priest of Bagnalstown. (Loud cheers, and cries of 'We know you well—you're right welcome, Father Lalor.')

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FROM 'THE TELEGRAPH,' JULY 16, 1852.

*"Great Meeting at Westport.*

"[From our own Reporter.]

"The patriotic electors and non-electors of the barony of Murrisk, of the towns of Westport and Newport, of wild Croagh Patrick, and sublime Achill, of the extensive districts which surround Clew Bay, and the country from the sea to Castlebar and Ballinrobe, assembled in public meeting in the town of Westport, on Thursday last, to express their confidence in their late patriotic and zealous representatives, and their determination to drive the Stockport candidate to seek the gratification of his parliamentary ambition far away from their noble county.

"The meeting took place in front of the Catholic church, inside the railings, in front of which the platform had been erected.

"At twelve o'clock the Very Rev. Dean Burke, and many of the clergy and leading electors, in carriages, cars, and on horseback, accompanied by a concourse of the people on foot, proceeded along the Ballinrobe road to meet Mr. George Ouseley Higgins.

"The following placard was posted throughout the town and carried on a board:—



“ Massacre and Sacrilege at Stockport!  
*Irish Catholics murdered in their beds!!*  
 Twenty-four houses wrecked and plundered.  
 The priest's house burnt!  
 The Chapel sacked and pillaged!!  
 The TABERNACLE *broken open!!!*

And the HOLY OF HOLIES SPILT ON THE GROUND!!!

In consequence of LORD DERBY'S Proclamation.

Catholics of Ireland! whoever votes for a supporter of LORD DERBY'S  
 Government votes for the massacre of his countrymen!

The violation of the House of GOD; and

The pollution of the BODY AND BLOOD OF HIS REDEEMER!!!

Down with LORD DERBY and M'ALPINE!

“ Notwithstanding that heavy drenching showers poured down during Mr. Higgins's entry, and through the greater part of the meeting, the vast multitude firmly held their ground.

“ On the motion of Captain Fitzgerald Higgins, seconded by Francis Burke, Esq., M.D., the chair was taken by the Very Rev. the Dean of Tuam.

“ Amongst those present we observed:—

“ Very Rev. Dean Burke, P.P., Westport; George Ouseley Higgins, Esq., Glencorrib, Candidate for Mayo; Captain Fitzgerald Higgins, J.P., Trafalgar Park; Rev. P. Ward, P.P., Aughagower; Rev. P. Jennings, P.P., Lecanvy; Rev. Mr. Fitzgerald, P.P., Islandeady; Rev. Martin M'Hale, C.C., Louisburgh; Rev. P. O'Malley, C.C., Islandeady; Rev. Mr. Ryan, P.P., Kilmena; Rev. Mr. Curley, C.C., Castlebar; Rev. John M'Geogh, C.C., Kilmena; Rev. Geoffrey Burke, C.C., Aughagower; Rev. Bartholomew Cavanagh, C.C., Westport; Rev. Mr. M'Manus; Francis Garvey, Barrister-at-Law; Francis Burke, M.D., Westport; George Hildebrand, Cherry Cottage; John O'Beirne, Westport; P. Moore, Westport.

“ The Very Rev. *Dean Burke* then proceeded to address the meeting. The venerable and fearless patriot spoke as follows:—Electors of Murrisk, and non-electors of Murrisk, I beg to offer you my most unfeigned thanks for the honour you have conferred upon me, by calling on me to take the chair at this meeting and to preside over

the proceedings of this day. (Cheers.) I have, *both by word of mouth and by the exercise of my pen* amongst you, for nearly forty years, endeavoured to shake off the trammels and the chains by which you, and your fathers before you, were bound down. (Cheers.) I have been obliged to agitate by day and by night for many a year, and many a dreary journey have I taken, for the attainment of your rights before Catholic Emancipation was won for you. There are many interesting and pressing subjects on which it is probably necessary that I should address you; but the subject which is beyond all others of the greatest importance to you is that of *tenant right*, without which your oppressed country will never be able to raise its head. The revered and venerated patriot then resumed his seat amidst protracted and enthusiastic cheering.

“The Rev. *P. Ward*, P.P., Aughagower, rose to move the first resolution.

“The Very Rev. *Patrick M'Manus* rose to propose the second resolution, expressive of the indignation of the meeting at the audacious attempt made by the exterminators to force a nominee of the Derby Government on the county, and their determination to defeat him triumphantly.

“The Rev. Mr. *Curley*, C.C., proposed the third resolution, calling on the non-electors to join in the canvass. The reverend gentleman, in an able speech, implored of those present to consider that the time for *talking* was now passed, and that the period of *action* had arrived.

“The fourth resolution, affirming that ‘no elector, who valued the lives of his countrymen, the interests of Ireland, or *the freedom of religion*, could vote for M'Alpine; or, in other words, send him to sustain in Parliament a ministry treacherously hostile to *tenant right*, the authors of the recent proclamation, and, through it, the instigators of the Stockport massacre and bloodshed,’ was proposed by the Rev. *B. Cavanagh*, C.C.”

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FROM 'THE TELEGRAPH,' JULY 21, 1852.

“ *Mayo Election.—The Nomination.*

“ [From our own Reporter.]

“ The nomination of candidates for the representation of this great county took place yesterday.

“ Very great excitement exists in Mayo on the subject of the election, and the excitement has manifested itself in an unmistakable manner within the last few days. The evening before last a large number of the clergymen of the county had assembled in Castlebar; and the street in front of Armstrong's Hotel, in which are Messrs. Moore and Higgins's committee-rooms, was filled with people, who cheered heartily for the popular candidates.

“ The Very Rev. Dean Burke, the Very Rev. Dean Costelloe, the Very Rev. Mr. Curley, one of the respected curates of Castlebar; the Rev. Mr. Egan, P.P.; Captain F. Higgins, and some other gentlemen, subsequently addressed the electors from the window of the hotel, and called on them to be at their posts when the time for action would arrive.

“ His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Tuam, accompanied by Geo. Henry Moore, Mr. Keogh, M.P., Mr. Valentine O'Connor Blake, and several other gentlemen who occupied very elegant private carriages, entered Castlebar, escorted by a very large body of people, many of whom were mounted on horseback.

“ His Grace, the popular candidates, the Very Rev. Dean Burke, the Very Rev. Dean Costelloe, the Very Rev. Archdeacon M'Hale, the Very Rev. Archdeacon Coghlan, and a number of other clergymen and gentlemen proceeded at ten o'clock from the committee-rooms to the court-house.

“ The Lord Archbishop of *Tuam* rose to propose Mr. George Henry Moore. We regret that, owing to a great pressure of election intelligence on our space, we are obliged to considerably abridge our report of his Grace's splendid speech.

“ Nine counties (said his Grace) were met that day, and



would triumphantly echo such music as had never been personified by the Muses—it would be the music of freedom all over Ireland. (Vociferous applause.) . . .

“He could not trust himself to dilate on that topic at which he had just glanced—to the atrocities that had been committed on their countrymen and their co-religionists in another part of the empire. (Shouts of ‘Stockport’) He had not alluded to the desolation that was everywhere visible on their own land. (Hear, hear.) He had not spoken of the number of their children, of their brothers, of their sisters, whom destitution had forced to another land, and who were now with arms outstretched imploring of those at home to do their duty. (Tremendous cheering.) He would not in that court, which was consecrated to Justice, sully his lips with a relation of the doings in that town of some of the *lordly occupants* of the county. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) In conclusion, the Archbishop called upon the people to let their motto be, ‘Moore and Higgins.’ (Loud cheers.) He would illustrate his adherence to that motto by his vote. (Tremendous cheers.) If all the Liberal electors did the same—if they pulled for the two popular candidates, that would be the last time they would be engaged in a conflict like the present. The *enemy* would be deterred from encountering them again. This would be the sixth and last link in that electric chain which, after the additional electric power which this contest was sure to impart to it, would shock him who should even touch it. (Rapturous cheering.) The distinguished prelate concluded amid deafening applause, waving of hats, &c. &c., by formally proposing Mr. George Henry Moore.”

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FROM ‘THE FREEMAN’S JOURNAL,’ JUNE 16, 1852.

“*Representation of the County Cavan.*

“[From our own Reporter.]

“An aggregate meeting of the clergy, magistrates, electors, farmers, and other inhabitants of the barony of Tullygarvey and of the adjoining districts was held on Monday,

in the town of Cootehill, for the purpose of securing the return of two independent tenant-right members at the ensuing general election. Not less than six thousand persons assembled on the occasion, and the proceedings were characterised by the greatest possible enthusiasm.

“The Chairman having briefly explained the object of the meeting,

“The Rev. *Thomas Brady*, C.C., Drung, came forward to propose the first resolution, and was received with loud and enthusiastic cheers. He said—Electors of Cavan, I come here to ask you how you are determined to act at the approaching election; or are you resolved to wipe away that stain which unfortunately has been attached to the constituency of Cavan, that they are bound hand and foot, body and soul, to *the landlords*? It is a base calumny to say so, for I am convinced that the great body of the electors of this county are as free and independent as any other constituency in Ireland—‘They know their rights, and, knowing, *dare maintain them.*’ (Cheers.) The pastors of every creed are not out of place in affording their counsel and countenance to assist in the regeneration of their unfortunate country; for unless the roof-tree is firm the altar is not secure. As an humble shepherd of a poor and suffering flock, I come here this day to raise my voice against a system of oppression which can find no parallel in any part of the civilised world. The poor people are ground to powder by *cruel and heartless landlords*, and we are called Communists and Red Republicans if we seek a redress of their grievances in a legal and constitutional manner. But I care not what opprobrious epithet they may call me, I will stand by the people and proclaim their wrongs as long as God endows me with an understanding to know, a heart to feel, and a tongue to express my sentiments. (Cheers.) The momentous questions that are to be decided on the hustings throughout Ireland are *tenant-right* and free-trade. No other questions ought to be permitted to distract the attention of the Liberal electors from the solemn duty which the occasion imposes on them. The Earl of Derby is at the head of the present government. He is the stern opponent not only of those

measures, but of every measure calculated to improve the condition of the Irish people. From his hostility to the Irish people he was formerly designated 'Scorpion Stanley.' The sign of the Scorpion is again in the ascendant—not in its natural and appointed time, but by a dislocation in the Zodiac—

“ ‘Tibi brachia contrahit ardens,  
Scorpius, et cœli justa plus parte reliquit.’

(Loud cheers.) The great work of social and commercial reform, which the late Sir Robert Peel accomplished, the Earl of Derby will attempt to undo. Sir Robert rescued the labourer from poverty by bringing within his reach abundant employment, and gladdening his household with the presence of a full board; but Lord Derby will pass the poor man's loaf through the Custom-house before his children can eat of it, and place on food an impost in order that the owners of the land may indulge in luxury. And what points with keenest anguish the arrows directed against us is this, that we are told that Protection is for our good. Yes, it is designed for our good just in the same way that the ruthless slave-driver intends for the good of his victim the new knot he adds to his whip. Lord Derby may adopt the words of Rehoboam in sacred history—‘My little finger shall be thicker than my father's loins. And now, whereas my father did lade you with a heavy yoke, I will add to your yoke. My father hath chastised you with whips, and I will chastise you with scorpions.’ (Hear, and cheers.) Who is the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, the leader of the House of Commons? Benjamin Disraeli, a converted Jew, a gentleman whose ancestors were on visiting terms with Nebuchadonozor when his Majesty returned from grass. Electors of Cavan, will you vote for any man who will support such an administration? (Cries of No.) No; perish the thought! (Cheers.) The days of humbug are gone by, the people can now appreciate sound sense, they know what fair play means, and, while they are morally strong, they are physically omnipotent. (Cheers.) The period is passed when despotism could stifle the cry of misery, or



the intrigues of ministers sport with the wrongs of a nation. (Loud cheers.) The people are not to be gulled, and they will not repose confidence in assertions, particularly when they come from persons who have been cradled in the lap of bigotry, who have fed upon venality, and who feel that the ignorance of the human race is the most effectual pledge for the safety and continuance of their vile and pernicious system of exclusion and monopoly. (Loud cheers.) Before despots bound and tyrants scourged her, Ireland was the abode of harmony—the temple of science. Instead of being a blank in the world, she was its enlightener; instead of being a receptacle of crime and wretchedness, it was the land of sanctity and knowledge. (Cheers.) In seeking for *tenant-right* we claim justice for the landlord as well as the tenant. *Fiat justitia ruat cælum.* Are you in earnest, then, to vote for *tenant-right candidates*? If you are, prepare for the contest—an opportunity will be soon afforded you. Send men to the British senate who will vote for the *tenant-right*, and the storm may howl, and the billows may roll, but the triumphant swell of a nation's voice will waft her cause proudly buoyant over those shoals and quicksands where temerity and imbecility have foundered. (Cheers.) Some will be found, I fear, base enough to sell their country, but they cannot sell the liberties of her children; that is a title derived from Heaven, and the immutable heritage of myriads unborn. The suicide may put out his lamp, but he cannot extinguish the immortal spirit. (Hear, hear, and loud cheers.) Let you rally, then, for *tenant-right* and *free-trade*, and let your shout be heard within the walls of St. Stephen's too distinct to be mistaken, too loud to be despised. The slavish spirit may rest content with his condition, but the expanding soul of liberty will burst the last fetter that would bind it! (Cheers.) He who trusts his freedom to a *tyrant* from that moment becomes a slave. We seldom hear of a nation deriving liberty through the benignity of its rulers, or a people remaining long in bondage who are determined to be free. Shake off, then, the galling yoke which oppresses you; let your shout be for *tenant-right and liberty—liberty and tenant-right.*

“ ‘ And there’s a louder sound  
 Than earth asunder riven,  
 A voice that rises from the ground,  
 And will be heard in Heaven—  
 It is the death-shout of the free  
 Who dares and dies for liberty.’ ”

(Loud cheers.) The rev. gentleman concluded by proposing the resolution, which was expressive of the dissatisfaction of the electors with the conduct of the present members.

“ Mr. *James Prior* seconded the resolution. ”

“ The Rev. *D. Bell* (who, on presenting himself in obedience to the call of the meeting, was loudly cheered) spoke to it. He said that, although he had complained as much as any man in Ireland of the conduct of *landlords*, he should do them the justice of observing, that, as it was the instinct of every beast of prey to preserve its prey to itself (laughter), so they were not to blame for trying to continue the system of domination which they had so long pursued. For his part, he expected no favour or affection at their hands, and he told them to do their worst. (Hear and cheers.) . . . After some further observations the rev. gentleman concluded amidst loud and prolonged cheering.

“ The resolution was then put and carried. ”

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FROM ‘THE TABLET,’ APRIL 17, 1852.

“ *Kells District Tenant-Right Society, County Meath.* ”

“ This body held a meeting in the Town Hall of Kells, on Wednesday, the 14th of April, Rev. *P. Kelly*, P.P., in the chair.

“ There was an unusually large attendance, on account of the excitement occasioned by the approach of the general election. The substance of the proceedings is contained in the following resolution:—

“ ‘ That we consider the time is now come to commence the necessary preparation for the approaching election in this county—that, therefore, we highly approve of the proposal to hold a general meeting of the district societies

of Meath for that purpose at Navan at the earliest opportunity—that we pledge ourselves to attend same, and all adjournments of same, and that we respectfully call upon all the tenant-right electors of the county to abstain from promising their votes to any candidate for the present, in order that they may be ready for combined and decisive action at the fitting opportunity.’

“ This resolution was moved by *T. Finegan*, Esq., and seconded by the Rev. *W. Gibney*, P.P., and passed unanimously.

“ Another resolution was moved by the Very Rev. N. M'Evoy, and seconded by Thomas Briody, Esq., recommending Friday, the 23rd inst., as a convenient day for holding the meeting in Navan. On this head a communication was opened with the secretaries of the other district societies of the county, and the result will be publicly announced in due time.”

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“ *Meeting of the County Tipperary.*

“ On Monday last an important and influential county meeting was held in the court-house, Thurles, for the purpose of selecting candidates for the representation at the approaching general election.

“ Amongst those present were—The Ven. Archdeacon Laffan; Very Rev. Dr. Burke, P.P., V.G., Clonmel; Very Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Templemore; Rev. P. Laffan, P.P., Holycross; Rev. William Morris, P.P., Borrisoleigh; Rev. W. F. Mullally, P.P., Annacarthy; Rev. J. Ryan, P.P., Golden; Rev. W. Cantwell, P.P., Thurles; Very Rev. Dr. Leahy, D.D., Thurles; Rev. Martin Laffan, P.P., Killenaule; Rev. Mr. Maher, P.P.; Rev. Mr. Cleary, C.C.; Rev. M. Ryan, C.C.; Rev. J. O'Dwyer, C.C., Doon; Rev. Mr. Morris, C.C.; Rev. Mr. O'Carrroll; Rev. Mr. O'Connor, C.C.; Rev. W. Cahill, C.C., Mullinahone; Rev. J. Power, C.C.; J. Carden, J.P.; T. Scully, J.P.; F. O'Brien, J.P.; J. Lanigan, J.P.; L. Keating, J.P.; N. V. Maher, M.P.; F. Scully, M.P.; R. Keating, M.P.; C. Bianconi, &c. &c.

“ The *Chairman*, having addressed the meeting, urged



them to select candidates who would struggle for religious liberty, tenant-right, &c.

“The Very Rev. *P. Leahy*, D.D., came forward to propose the first resolution, amid loud cheers, and said—The boast of the present age is, that it is the age of progress. In many respects it is so. But while the other civilised nations of the world have been steadily advancing in religious toleration, England, instead of advancing, has gone back of late years. (Hear, hear.) For a proof I appeal to the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, which is a reversal of the liberal policy of the last twenty years. (Cheers.) In the year 1829 the Catholics of these countries were emancipated, and what, I ask, is our actual condition in 1852? Our Church is assailed at all points and by all manner of men, from the statesman with the power of Parliament at his back to the itinerant *Gospeller* who prowls about in Connemara or Dingle. (Cheers.) A legion of emissaries from Exeter Hall, each with *the Bible* in one hand and money in the other, is spread over the land, *polluting* and devouring like the locusts that plagued the land of Egypt. (Cries of ‘Hear.’) No doubt our position is one of considerable difficulty, requiring all the caution and determination we possess; nevertheless we need not fear. (Cheers.) If the two great parties of the empire are united, it is only in their hostility to us. (Hear.) In all or most things else they are just as much opposed one to the other; and, pretty equally matched as they are, it will be easy for us, in their struggles for power, to step in between the belligerents, not to give either the mastery over the other, but to defeat them one after the other, and to defeat them again and again, and by these repeated defeats to teach them that no party can reckon on the retention of power for twelve months without rendering full justice to the Catholics of this realm. (Cheers.) *These are our tactics.* They will, they must succeed, if we only follow them up with energy, with watchfulness, and, above all, with union of counsel and action. (Loud cheering.) Union, that was the watchword of the great Liberator who united the scattered elements of our strength, and rendered the Catholic body

formidable to ministers and even to kings—(cheers); and could his great spirit come back to tender us counsel in the present crisis, he would surely call upon us to stand together once more in defence of our altars; every hill and valley would echo his rallying cry for freedom—all Ireland, from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear, would rise as one man at the sound of his voice (hear, hear)—our strength, our united strength, would bear down all opposition—and the Tories would be driven from office, and after them the Whigs, and after them any and every party that refused to do full justice to the Catholics of these countries. (Vehement applause, amid which the eloquent and gifted divine, having moved the resolution, resumed his seat.)

“ *Charles Bianconi*, Esq., Longfield, briefly seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

“ Captain *D. Byrne* proposed the second resolution, and referred in terms of censure to the conduct of Viscount Chabot, Lord Hawarden, and *other landed proprietors* of the county.

“ The Rev. *W. Cahill*, C.C., Mullinahone, in seconding the resolution, delivered an eloquent and effective speech in support of the principles of the *Tenant League*. We regret that we have only room for a few sentences of his brilliant speech. He said—Electors of Tipperary, I am happy to perceive, by the determination and manly bearing exhibited by the magnificent meeting which I now behold, that Tipperary is not yet dead—that the old flint has not lost its Celtic fire—that when struck its sparks can still kindle an enthusiasm now as of old too strong to be restrained, and too impetuous to pause until it wins the goal. Men of Tipperary, the present meeting, in my humble opinion, is the most important and momentous ever held in this great county, for its aim and object are to establish a new Irish parliamentary policy, on the existence of which the salvation of this country depends, and thereby to create a new life and a new spirit under the skeleton ribs of this old but unhappy land. Political quacks, in seeking the representation of the various constituencies at the next general election, will offer sundry



nostrums to cure the maladies of Ireland, but I boldly assert there is but one cure to heal her bleeding wounds, and to tear up the roots of her radical diseases—that cure *is tenant-right*. (Cheers.) And to the candidate who should appear at the hustings without that cure the constituents should say Anathema, were he even an angel from heaven. The Irish people will soon have the power to free themselves from the organised system of *landlord* murder and *robbery*—for they will have it in their power to send over to Parliament fifty or sixty honest Irishmen pledged to oppose *every minister* who will not make Sharman Crawford's bill a cabinet measure; and with fifty or sixty members so pledged, as sure as to-morrow's sun will rise so sure would we win tenant-right, and every other right we would demand. (Loud cheers.) Facts are proof that cannot be contradicted, and the following questions involve facts which will prove as a demonstration that Irish landlords supported by landlord laws are the primary cause of Irish miseries. What has shrivelled the brow of youth into the wrinkled features of old age? What has sucked away the strength and muscle from the manhood of the country, and left our strong men as sapless skeletons, staggering with hunger like drunken men through our streets? What has converted into quagmires the graveyards of the island, oozing with the flooded rottenness of the uncoffined dead? What has made the Irish poor-houses swarm and fester like stagnant sinks with pauper vermin, who must nest in corruption? What has swept away over the stormy waves of the western ocean myriads of our peasantry, the bone and sinew of our native land? What has melted away, in a few short years, three millions of the Irish people, and left poor Ireland a howling wilderness? Why do I ask the question? The voice that cries in the wilderness of Irish desolation answers, and says it is *landlord despotism* and a want of *tenant-right* that have turned Ireland into a desert, and made the Eden of the west the Niobe of nations. (Prolonged applause.) The woes and miseries of Ireland are principally of landlord creation. Why was the failure of the potato attended with so trivial conse-



quences in every other country in Europe? *Because* in every other country the land is held on fair and equitable terms—the tenants enjoy the fruits of their labour and industry; if the potato fails they can eat bread; but in Ireland the land is rackrented—the *landlords* are not content with rackrents, but when a lease expires they step in and devour, without a farthing's compensation, the increased value added to the farm by the capital of the farmer—by his sweat and labour during many years. (Hear, hear.) Why, Irish *landlords*, by rackrents and robbery, had left nothing to the great body of the people but the wet potato, which a night's frost might destroy; and when the potato perished, what wonder was it that the people perished too? But the case is now much worse than ever; the rackrents, founded on war prices, protective duties, and the potato, are still exacted by many landlords, when protective duties and the potato are swept away. (Hear, hear.) Yes; and these rents are increased 19s. in the pound by poor-law taxes, to feed the beggars which *landlords* have created by hundreds of thousands in this unhappy country, and by the various other taxes incidental to land. Is it not monstrous to leave in the hands of any man the power to murder and to rob? They can exact still rents which were rackrents at the very best times, but which now, when prices have fallen, are oppressive and intolerable. Yes, they can exact them, or in default of payment exterminate God's creatures from the homes of their fathers, and hunt them out to perish without shelter or food. (Sensation.) Yes, *they can do what they like with their land*—they have one hundred laws in their favour, and all against the tenant; and from the battery of laws they have exercised their power to the very vengeance for the last five years—they have stormed the country, levelled 300,000 houses in the dust, and reduced poor Ireland to an island of skeletons and bones. (Sensation.) But will this barbarous state of things continue?—will they rob us of our industry without compensation? No, ten thousand times no; the Government must interfere to save the country—we must have the land at a fair value; we must have

compensation for improvements; we must have *tenant-right*, or we must perish. As, then, the tenant-right is the only hope for Ireland, I, from this spot, implore of the constituents of the county, and those of every county and borough in Ireland, as it concerns all alike—I implore of them by their suffering country to return no candidates at the next elections who will not unequivocally pledge themselves, in the words of my resolution, to support in Parliament *Sharman Crawford's bill*. I believe we will have some hot work at the next elections. I believe Tories will contest every county. I am sure they will tempt us with gold, they will blind us with sophisms, and coerce us with threats of wholesale extermination; but to their gold we will oppose our consciences—to their sophisms common sense—to their threats firm hearts, and the love, the rights, and liberties of our native land. (Loud cheers.) They cannot blind by sophistry, but can they coerce by intimidation? (Hear.) I freely admit that Irish landlords have tremendous power over the souls and bodies of their tenant serfs—they hold over their heads rents and arrears like a two-edged sword, ready every moment to cut and strike. I am sure the landlords of other counties, as those of Cork lately did, will endeavour to drive like cattle their tenants to the hustings: and I am convinced the only power to defeat them in this county or elsewhere is the same that defeated them in Cork, and that is the oldest, the greatest, the most incorruptible and sacred power in this island—the *power and influence of the priests with the people*. (Tremendous cheering.) *Yes, the priests will lead the people*, and the people will conquer. Ireland will send sixty fine men to plead her cause in Parliament, and then her woes are ended. Contemplating at a distance what THIS BRIGADE can do, I feel lifted above myself, and see as from an eminence things that are to come. I see our Church free, and the penal chains falling from the Catholic soul of Ireland—I see the feudal fetters of landlord framing falling from the soil, and its rich resources bursting forth on every river in cataracts of wealth and gold—and I see poor Erin, beaming with smiles and renovated in youth and beauty,



strike from her harp the melting numbers she loved to play in the olden time, ere despots scourged or tyrants bound her. (Enthusiastic cheering, amid which the gifted speaker resumed his seat.)

“The Very Rev. Dr. *Burke*, P.P., Clonmel, proposed the third resolution, on the subject of *the Established Church*, in a most able and eloquent address. . . . .  
Gentlemen, you may be inclined to give me credit for making out those edifying statistics of the Protestant Church in Ireland; but I disclaim any such merit. I am indebted for all this to the zeal, to the industry, and the ability of that honest, talented, and incorruptible patriot, my most dear and most esteemed friend, John O’Connell, late member for Limerick. I took them from an elaborate report made by him in the Repeal Association. Gentlemen, I have now placed before you a picture of the Established Church in Ireland, as to its temporalities. It is necessarily imperfect; but such as it is, does it not exhibit things so monstrous, so unjust, so iniquitous as not to have a parallel throughout the wide expanse of the civilised world? (Long-continued cheering.) And because we priests raise our humble but indignant voices against this atrocious injustice, this intolerable iniquity, we are proclaimed by the British press as ‘hooded incendiaries,’ as ‘political firebrands,’ as ‘restless and ambitious agitators.’ As for myself, their abuse and vilification has no other effect than to increase my hatred of the monstrous nuisance, and to determine me to proclaim my conviction to the world in the language of the resolution—‘that the Protestant Church Establishment, as it exists at present, is at the root of all the difficulties of the British Government in Ireland, and that these difficulties will never be removed, nor cordiality and good understanding exist between the two countries, until *its revenues are appropriated* in such manner as justice and the interests of the Irish people imperatively require.’ The Very Rev. gentleman sat down amid enthusiastic cheering.

“Mr. *Leonard Keating*, J.P., seconded the resolution, which was carried amid loud applause.



“Mr. *Lanigan*, J.P., proposed the next resolution, which was seconded by the Rev. *Wm. Morris*, P.P.

“Archdeacon *Laffan*, amid vehement applause, proposed the next resolution, expressing confidence in the county members.

“The meeting was then addressed in able and eloquent speeches by Mr. N. V. Maher, M.P., Mr. F. Scully, M.P., and the Very Rev. Dr. O'Connor, P.P., Templemore.

“Amid loud applause, thanks were voted to Mr. Lidwell, and the meeting separated.”

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The reader's *particular* attention is requested to the report of this meeting, as published beneath in the Priests' official newspaper.

FROM 'THE TABLET,' JUNE 12, 1852.

“*The Meath Election.—Great Meeting in Kells.*”

“On last Sunday a most numerous, influential, and splendid meeting of the electors and people of the county Meath was held in the town of Kells for the purpose of hearing Mr. Lucas [the Editor of the *Tablet*] explain his views in reference to tenant-right and other great questions. The meeting was held in front of the school-house, where a spacious platform was erected, and the numbers of persons from the town and the surrounding districts present was not less than *ten thousand*. Mr. Lucas was accompanied from Navan by the Rev. Dr. Power, the clergymen of that and the neighbouring parishes, and an immense number of people in cars and on foot, preceded by the excellent band of the town of Navan, and on their arrival were met outside Kells by a great multitude, who joined their acclamations with those of the procession that accompanied Mr. Lucas from Navan. On his arrival he was received by the Very Rev. Dr. M'Evoy, the Rev. Mr. Geoghegan, the Rev. Peter O'Reilly, and other clergymen and laymen from the town and neighbourhood, who conducted him to the platform.

“ About half-past two o'clock, on the motion of N. Landy, Esq., T.C., the chair was taken by the Very Rev. Dr. M'Evoy, P.P., and Chairman of the Town Commissioners.

“ Among those present we observed the following:— Very Rev. Mr. Dowling, P.P., Clonmellon; Rev. Mr. Duncan, C.C., Clonmellon; Rev. Mr. Daly, C.C., Bohermeen; Rev. Mr. Kelly, C.C., Navan; Rev. Mr. Fagan, Navan; Rev. Mr. Kelch, P.P., Oristown; Rev. Mr. Flynn, Navan; Rev. Mr. Ginty, P.P., Moynalty; Rev. Mr. M'Cullagh, P.P., Athboy; Rev. Mr. Dillon, Athboy; Rev. Mr. Gibney, Castletown; Very Rev. Richard Ennis, P.P., Enfield; Rev. Dr. Tormey, Navan; Rev. Mr. Sheridan, P.P., Carnacross; Rev. Mr. Kelly, P.P., Kilskyre; Rev. Dr. Power, President of Navan Academy; Rev. Mr. O'Farrell, Navan; Rev. Mr. O'Reilly, P.P., Bohermeen; Rev. Thomas Lynch, R.C.A., Blacklion; Rev. Mr. Langan, Ardeath; Rev. Mr. Dunne, C.C.; Rev. Mr. Sheridan, C.C., Moynalty; Rev. Mr. Daly, C.C., Bohermeen.

“ The *Chairman* (the Very Rev. Dr. M'Evoy, P.P.), on coming forward to address the meeting, was received with enthusiastic applause. He said:—Fellow-townsmen, inhabitants of the surrounding parishes, and patriotic electors of Meath, the inspiring demonstration before me affords gratifying evidence that in this great county a great soul still lives—(cheers)—and that in the coming battle for Ireland's freedom Meath is determined to maintain her wonted proud position, and to lead, and to victory too, the other counties of Ireland. The countless hands, and each with an honest heart to back it, which you have come here to-day to tender to the distinguished champion of *tenant-right*, bid fair for making Meath as immortal in the annals of *tenant-right* as is Clare in those of Catholic Emancipation. Yes, I think I may now safely pronounce that Meath is for Ireland, for Lucas, and for *tenant-right*. (Loud cheers.) As it now becomes my pleasing duty to introduce to you my respected friend Mr. Lucas, it may not be improper that I should, in the first instance, say a word or two of his personal merits, those high attributes that promise to render him a parliamentary representative of whom Meath, of whom Ireland



—regenerated Ireland—will at no distant day be proud—(renewed cheers)—and that I should in the second place explain to him your wants and wishes, that you may hear from his own eloquent lips his views in reference to your great and cherished principles. First, then, as to Mr. Lucas. He is, indeed, I should rather say he was, an Englishman and a Protestant born, but is now a stanch Catholic, ay, and I will add a true-hearted Irishman, and no mistake. (Loud cheers.) Mr. Lucas is a barrister. He has been called to the English bar. His commanding talents, industrious habits, numerous and respectable connections, all conspired to ensure him professional practice alike extensive and lucrative—(hear, hear)—and to exhibit before him, in near perspective too, all the honours of the judicial bench. Providence, however, luckily for Ireland and Catholicity, has had upon him other and better designs. (Hear hear.) Dazzled though well the young barrister might have been by the brilliancy of his prospects, corrupted though other virtue than his might have been by the immorality of that Babylonian metropolis, London, the learned young lawyer, rising superior to every obstacle, devotes his great mind to *the study of religion*, and, aided by the grace of God, ever in such cases the sure reward of sincerity, he embraces the Catholic faith, and gives to the world, in an able and celebrated pamphlet, the triumphant reasons of his conversion. (Vehement cheering.) After his reception into the Church, seeing the holy faith of his adoption—the faith, too, of Christendom—assailed on all sides by the lying press of bigoted England, in the warmth of his zeal, renouncing every professional prospect, he seizes his potent pen, and in the columns of the *TABLET*, *in the front of which he places the Virgin and Child*, and the success of which he glories in commending to the powerful prayers of the Omnipotent Queen of Heaven—in the columns of the *Tablet* he confounds and chastises, and that, too, in the very seat and centre of bigotry, the truculent slanderers of the Catholic creed, and triumphantly defends from misrepresentation and obloquy *the sacred character of the priesthood*. (Tremendous cheering.) But that is not all. With a keen, embittered appreciation of England's



misrule and oppression of Ireland, the honest Frederick Lucas, prompted by a love of justice strong as his hatred of oppression, hoisted in the proud metropolis of the dominant country the glorious standard of 'Repeal,'—first unfurled by the immortal O'Connell—may God rest his soul! (Deep sensation.) That is the epitome of Mr. Lucas's history ere his coming to reside in Ireland and rank himself among her most devoted sons. His career since he came amongst us has not been less honourable nor less brilliant. (Hear, hear.) Suffice it to say that the pre-eminently gifted and honest editor of the *Tablet* is now, as a journalist, *the tried and trusted advocate of every principle dear to the hearts of the entire Prelacy and priesthood of the land.* (Great cheering.) Electors and non-electors of Meath, you and I have now had a political acquaintance of some five-and-twenty years' standing—(hear, hear)—and whatever character for honest devotion to Ireland I may, during that long period, have earned at your hands, that character, I feel, runs no risk of forfeiture when I this day say to you, As you love the lovely land of your birth; as you would wish to see her 'great, glorious, and free;' as you yearn to behold the farmer no longer a serf, the altar no longer in chains; as you would heartily wish to see the holy faith you profess, and for which you, like your martyred forefathers, would cheerfully drain your Catholic veins; as you would wish to see that faith triumphantly vindicated in the imperial senate, and its assailants repulsed and covered with confusion; as you would exult to see the Spooners and the Newdegates and the Walpoles quail before the giant champion of Catholicity—(loud cheers)—and driven from the position of assailants to assume an attitude of defence, and to disprove, as best they can, the beastly impurities and revolting murders in which the so-called Reformation was begotten—if you wish all this, and more, send to parliament Frederick Lucas. (Tremendous cheering.) Yes, send Frederick Lucas to parliament, and you will send, in his person, the very ablest and most incorruptible champion of country and creed that Ireland has had since the days of the ever-to-be-remembered O'Connell. (Re-

newed applause.) Peace be with him! (Loud cries of 'Amen.')

Send, I say, Frederick Lucas to parliament, and you will send a man who can neither be bribed, nor bullied, nor cajoled, nor corrupted—(hear, hear)—a man who will be the terror, not only of your enemies, but whose presence cannot fail to operate as a salutary check upon those unworthy and faithless Irish members with whom fear of exposure may effect what neither principle nor patriotism could. Men of Meath, once again I say send Frederick Lucas to parliament, and you will have struck a glorious blow for *tenant-right*, *religious freedom*, and old Ireland. (Renewed cheers.)

Gentlemen, having said thus much of Mr. Lucas's personal merits and claims upon your suffrages, will you now allow me to explain briefly, on your part, to Mr. Lucas the great principles you require him to advocate in parliament, that he may thus be afforded an opportunity of speaking, and you of hearing his sentiments on these different topics? The first, then, in order as well as in, perhaps, importance, is *tenant-right*. ('Hear, hear,' and loud cheers.) But what is *tenant-right*? What means that term *that grates so harshly upon landlord ears*? I will tell you in few and simple words. *Tenant-right* means fair and equitable rents fixed by impartial *arbitration*, dealing impartial justice to landlord and tenant, and enabling both to live. (Hear, hear.) That is the first leading principle of *tenant-right*. Then, as regards improvements, *tenant-right* means that these improvements, as being made by the skill and capital of the farmer, should therefore be the farmer's property, equally sacred in the eye of the law as the property purchased by the landlord in the fee of the farm. That is the second great principle of *tenant-right*; and who will deny that upon these principles nature and nature's God have stamped their broadest seal of authenticity? (Hear, hear.) Men of Meath, need I ask are you for *tenant-right*? (Loud cries of 'Yes, yes.')

Yes, I see you are, and no mistake. *Tenant-right* is the only lever to lift our prostrate country—the only balsam to heal her bleeding wounds. (Cries of 'hear, hear.')

What has turned so many of our fertile fields into a barren waste? What has made the Eden of the West the Niobe of nations?



What has consigned the farmer to want and beggary—filled the poorhouses—accumulated rates—pauperised the customer—made the shopkeeper bankrupt—and ruined the artisan? What has driven beyond the wide waters of the western ocean myriads of our peasantry? What has melted away in a few short years three millions of our people? What has made the graveyards too narrow for the dead, and filled the graves with the coffinless corpses of the victims of famine and pestilence? I will tell you—a *parliament of landlords*, and the unlimited, irresponsible power of rackrenting and eviction, with which a hundred statutes passed by a *landlord* parliament have invested the landlords—a power which so many of that class have fearfully abused—expelling God's creatures from the home of their fathers, and turning them out to perish without shelter and without food. Do not facts undeniable speak trumpet-tongued to a horrified and indignant world? (Loud cheers.) Do not three hundred thousand houses levelled to the dust, the disappearance from the land of three millions of its hardy inhabitants, and poor Ireland reduced to an island of skeletons and bones, bear appalling attestation to the ruthless exercise of landlord power? ('Hear,' and great cheering.) Men of Meath, are you not determined that a power so barbarously exercised *shall be restricted*? Are you not resolved to put an end once and for ever to landlord oppression, to eviction and houselevelling, to rackrenting and extermination, and to *substitute in their stead* a tenant-right which will secure to the tenant a hearth and a home, and the fair fruits of his honest industry? (Cheers.) I feel I have trespassed too long. (No, no.) On other topics, therefore, I shall but touch. Here let me promise that to the religious belief of any of my fellow-townsmen I mean no offence, and in now speaking of the temporalities of the Protestant Establishment, to their own stern sense of right I appeal for the justice of my observations. (Hear, hear.) If Protestants wish to have Protestant clergymen, why, let them have as many as they please, and support them as they like in all comfort and splendour. With that we Catholics have neither reason nor inclination to quarrel. But when we



Catholics see the vast property left originally by members of the Catholic Church in Ireland for educational, charitable, and religious purposes; when we see that property clutched by the clergy of a miserable minority of the people, and applied by them exclusively to the maintenance of themselves and families in splendour and luxury, and when, besides this, we see Catholic capital and Catholic industry taxed to add to their comforts and luxuries—(cries of 'Hear')—but above all and before all, when we see those plethoric usurpers of the property of the poor incessantly employed in pouring their foul calumnies and filthy abuse upon the holy faith of the poor, whom they have robbed, as well as upon the pastors so beloved by those poor; when we see those clerical harpies exhaust every resource of pen and purse to *rob of their faith and souls* those whom they have robbed of the charity bequeathed them by Catholic piety; when we see all this and more, to the manly spirit of Protestantism itself, and to its sense of right and justice, I appeal, and ask, Would not we Catholics deserve to have slave and coward broadly branded on our brows were we tamely, without a struggle, and for ever, to submit to such assaults, and insults, and injustice, to an anomaly so monstrous, so unjust, so iniquitous as not to have a parallel throughout the wide expanse of the civilised world? (Loud and continued applause.) Gentlemen, to one and one only other subject shall I, in conclusion, briefly allude. If this country is to be saved, if she is ever again to become prosperous and free, *an Irish party must be formed.* (Hear.) Unless that be done at the coming elections, all our labour will be lost, and the regeneration of Ireland rendered hopeless. From the victories which twenty Irish members last year won, it is easy to see what an Irish party, animated with the like spirit, could achieve, if composed of fifty or sixty sterling men. (Loud cries of 'Hear, hear.') Why, in the balanced state of parties in the House of Commons they could dictate to any minister what terms they pleased—they could make and unmake governments at will. (Hear, hear.) It is clear then that the Irish people by the return of such a party have it in their power at the coming elections to win their every right. Let them but

send to parliament fifty, or even forty members pledged to oppose any and every government that will not make *tenant-right and the abolition of the Church Establishment* cabinet questions, and as sure as to-morrow's sun will rise, so sure will the charter of *tenant-right* be conceded, and *the monstrosity of the Protestant Establishment disappear from the face of an outraged world.* (Loud cheers.) Is this, men of Meath, your conviction? (It is, it is.) Well then, to form such a party—to make it powerful and respected—to even guide and lead it—you (turning to Mr. Lucas) have not, I believe in my soul, your superior among the public men of Ireland. ('Hear,' and cheers.) Oh! if the oldest, the greatest, the most incorruptible, and sacred power in this island—I mean *the influence of the priesthood with the people*—if that power be but properly exerted at the coming elections, to what glorious results may we not confidently look forward? (Hear, hear.) Yes, *if the priests but LEAD THE PEOPLE*, the people will conquer. (Great cheering.) The Very Rev. gentleman then introduced Mr. Lucas to the meeting, and resumed his seat amid renewed applause.

“ Mr. *Lucas* then presented himself to the meeting and was received with loud and protracted applause. The cheering having subsided, he said—Dear Father M'Evoy, my reverend friends, and you, the other electors and non-electors of the county of Meath—I think that if I had been born dumb, this day would have given me speech. (Loud cheers.) The glorious demonstration which I have been witness to the whole of this morning—the reception I had at Navan—the march from Navan up to this spot—the splendid procession of those well-known and well-tried patriots who have conducted me up to your beautiful town—the reception you have given me—and the kind and eloquent and most over-complimentary address of your *Very Reverend Chairman*,—these things, I think, if I had been born dumb, would this day have given me speech. (Cheers.) And yet, gentlemen, I have come—not in my own name, but at the honourable request which has been, I may say, pressed on me by so many kind friends in this county—to make here of you a very strange



solicitation. (Hear, hear.) I have come to ask you to do me the high honour of giving me your votes and returning me, as your representative, to *a very nasty house*. (Laughter, and cheers.)

“A Voice—And so we will, and no mistake. (Cheers.)

“Mr. *Lucas*—Gentlemen, you know *what* house I mean without my naming it, by the description I have given. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) It is a house which has starved your poor—(hear, hear;—and has made poor those who, by their honest industry and good conduct, had made themselves rich. It is a house which, by the bad laws which it enacts, and the worse administration of them which it sanctions, has made beggars of your rich and wealthy farmers, has made paupers of those who were less rich, has filled the graves and workhouses, and has covered the land with desolation. (Loud cheers.) It is a house which cannot, by the rule of parliament and the law of the land, proceed to business without, at its first meeting, as a necessary preliminary, obliging its members to march up to the table in platoons, and *blaspheme the holiest truths* of your religion. (Groans.) It is a parliament within the order of whose business it has been decided to be to pronounce, or, at least, to leave its members at perfect liberty to pronounce, the grossest and foulest insults on your clergy, on those who serve at your altars, on the venerable ladies who devote themselves in retirement to the education of your children, and the promotion of religion among all classes. (Groans and hisses.) It is a house within the order of whose business it has been decided to be, to cover them with the filthiest and most brutal calumnies. (Hear, hear.) It calls itself an assembly of gentlemen, but its conduct and language too often would disgrace *the lowest and most reprobate of the population*. . . . .

“In carrying out this policy I have been asked what my views are about opposing the government. I tell you at once, for I make no secret of my views. In regard to this question, I pledge myself here to oppose *every government* that will not make something that is at least equal to *Sharman Crawford's bill*, in every one of its protecting provisions, a cabinet question. (Hear, hear, and loud



cheers.) And if ever, by the course of events, I see reason to alter my opinions on that subject—and I am not likely to do so—I promise to come before you, and *lay at your feet* the trust you will have imposed on me. (Cheers.) In my opinion there is no good to be done except by the most decided, unrelenting, persevering, *troublesome opposition to every government* until they do justice to Ireland. (Hear, hear.) They have got in Westminster a constitutional system, of which a principle is that justice, almost what every man recognises to be justice, shall be done to the people of England. In that constitutional system Ireland is an anomaly, because what the people of this country know to be justice, the people of England are opposed to, and do not wish to have it conceded. (Cries of ‘Hear, hear.’) Now, if they insist on uniting the English and Irish parliament, which in my judgment and conscience I believe to be a foul wrong—if they insist on a parliamentary union between the two countries, my earnest conviction is that it is the *duty* of the *Irish* part of the representatives to act as a separate element in that legislature, *disordering, disorganising, and interfering with every business that may be transacted*, as far as it is prudent and possible to do so, and *tormenting* this unjust and anti-Irish *House of Commons*, until they find it their interest to do justice to us. (Protracted cheering.) And, therefore, tell your friends, that I will have nothing to do with any ministry—no matter of what party—I will have nothing to do with any government if you return me to parliament—except, indeed, to oppose them, which I shall do very cordially—(cheers)—until they make the concession of justice to the *tenant farmers of Ireland* part of their acknowledged policy. (Loud cheers.) I hope I have satisfied my Rev. friend by the spirit of my answer. (Hear, hear.)

“The *Chairman*, the Very Rev. Dr. *M’Evoy*, P.P.—  
PERFECTLY so. (Cheers.)

“Mr. *Lucas*—The next thing Father *M’Evoy* drew my attention to is the subject of *the Established Church*. (Cries of ‘Hear, hear.’) The question involved in it, embracing, as it does, the whole field of Ecclesiastical

polity, is much more important in many of its characteristics, but really in its results to the people is hardly more important than the question of *Tenant Right*. (Hear, hear.) Gentlemen, you have had experience of that Church now for three centuries, and I think it would not need a conjurer to tell what you think of it after the three centuries you have been witnesses of it, subject to it, tortured by it, robbed by it, murdered by it, injured by it in every way in which man can injure man; and knowing this, how can I answer the question in any other way than one? By the blessing of God in Heaven, I will *never rest* nor cease my exertions, as long as I am in any position to exercise any public functions whatever, *until that accursed monopoly, the Established Church, be cut down by the root, and cease to blast the land with its unwholesome influence*. (Tremendous cheers.) If Father M'Evoy wishes a stronger declaration I will make it. (Cries of 'No, no,' and laughter.)

"The *Chairman*, the Very Rev. Dr. *M'Evoy*, P.P.—Language could not be stronger nor more *satisfactory*. (Cheers.)

"The Rev. *Peter O'Reilly*, C.C., Kells, came forward to propose the first resolution, as follows:—

"Resolved—That this meeting, anxious to uphold the unanimity and determination which has hitherto characterised the meetings of the Liberal party in this county, do pledge itself to return triumphantly to parliament at the coming election the two candidates unanimously chosen by the tenant societies of Meath—Mr. Lucas and Mr. Corbally.'

"The Rev. Gentleman said—As a humble workman in the cause of tenant-right, and one who had contributed his poor mite to place it in the glorious position he was proud to say it occupied to-day in that great county, he had been selected, and for no other reason, to propose for their attentive consideration the first resolution. . . .

"They had heard Mr. Lucas say he would like to be in a position to demonstrate from facts drawn from this county that *tenant-right* was necessary for it. Now, he (Rev. Mr. O'Reilly) intended to give them a few facts to prove



his case in the House of Commons—(hear, hear)—and they would also help to show the *villany* of what was called the *Parliamentary Crime and Outrage Committee*. (Hear, hear.) They all knew that body was appointed for the ostensible purpose of discovering the cause and origin of certain agrarian murders which were perpetrated lately in the North of Ireland. That was not the object of it. (Cries of 'Hear, hear.')

It was appointed by the law officers for the purpose of concealing their real opinions, and fixing—by *the most atrocious calumnies*—by the *foulest and blackest lies*—on the Tenant League the cause and origin of these crimes. (Groans.) They all knew if the League was the cause and origin of them, as was stated: where it existed strongest, and was in most extensive operation, in that county for instance—(hear, hear)—there were no outrages committed. (Hear, hear.) Yes, there had been fearful murders and outrages, and by whom? By *the landlords*. (Cries of 'Hear, hear.')

Crimes and outrages, not against the law of the land—there was no such law to protect the poor man—but against the eternal and immortal laws of God, which said, 'You must not do an injustice; you shall not murder, even legally.' (Cheers.) Mr. Lucas spoke of requiring facts to be collected in order to demonstrate the necessity of Sharman Crawford's bill for Meath. He (Mr. O'Reilly) could furnish him with facts enough taken from that locality. In 1841 the population of the Kells union was 47,015; in 1851 it should have been, according to the usual rate of increase, considerably above 50,000, but in fact it had fallen to 31,143. (Shame, shame.) He held in his hand a list of the evictions that had taken place within the various townlands of this parish, brought down only to twelve months ago, and he found that at that late date there had been 292 houses levelled to the ground, and 1447 human beings turned out upon the world. He could show the names of the exterminators and of their victims to any gentleman, and would pledge himself to the correctness of them. The evictions were still proceeding, and several persons had been exterminated within the last month. Of course he would supply their future member,



Mr. Lucas—(cheers)—with all the facts of which this was a mere sample. In conclusion, he would call on them, in *the name of Heaven*, to rally round the *tenant-right* man, as the member of their choice, and return him to parliament, and if they did so, as sure as to-morrow's sun would rise they would not only obtain tenant-right, but *perfect equality* with all classes of their countrymen. (Loud and protracted cheering.)

“The Very Rev. Dr. *Power*, President of the Academy of Navan, proposed the next resolution as follows:—

“Resolved—That the Parliamentary Committee of the Defence Association, being composed almost exclusively of *landlords* and land agents, is utterly *unfit* to reflect the feelings, or wishes, or wants of the *Catholic* people of Ireland, and is unworthy of our confidence, and that we repudiate their interference in our election as an abortive attempt to create division amongst us, as altogether uncalled for, and as most oppressive to the electors of this county.

“The Very Rev. Gentleman then said—On coming to this meeting, I did not expect to be called on to speak to any resolution, as having already taken an active part in the first great meeting held in my own town. I would willingly leave to the true and independent men of Kells and its localities the pleasing duty of addressing you on this occasion; but a resolution has been placed in my hands which has a reference to an extraordinary document that has been placarded through your town, issued, I believe, by a junta of *landlords* and agents, sitting in a back parlour in Dublin, who profess to be the defenders of Catholic rights, both social and religious, and some of whom are the representatives of Liberal constituencies—some of whom also bear honoured names. But in issuing this document I have no hesitation in saying that they have shamefully abused the confidence hitherto placed in the association; that, whilst they profess to defend the rights of Catholics, they audaciously interfere with the rights of the electors of this great county, and presume to set aside Mr. Lucas—the unanimously chosen candidate for Meath, the only true friend of the *tenant farmer*, the

Cobden of tenant-right; the bold and honest advocate of the social and religious rights of the people; in fact, the only man capable of sustaining and supporting Sharman Crawford in the House of Commons, and of carrying out those measures which are of such pressing necessity for the very existence of the Irish people. (Great cheering.) . . . .

“You heard to-day from *the lips of the priest who ministers at your altar* of the wholesale evictions that have taken place in this union, and the consequent decrease of population; you have heard the harrowing description of individual cruelty and oppression that has taken place even within the last fortnight in this parish, and I am prompted to ask you are we living in a Christian land, or are we members of a well-constituted society, ruled by just laws, and wisely administered? Men of Meath, it is time that the social wrongs of our country should be redressed—that the inhuman and barbarous *laws* which affect the tenure of land should be *abrogated*, and a wise and *humane* code substituted in their place, which, whilst they would secure to the landlord a fair and equitable rent, would also protect the industrious *tenant* by giving him security for his outlay, permanence for his punctuality, and every encouragement for the employment of manual labour on the soil. Men of Meath, I believe the candidate before you is the man best qualified by talent, by persevering industry, and by a thorough knowledge of our social wants and grievances, to effect this wholesome legislation. (Great cheering.) There are many grievances affecting Ireland—the *Established Church*, that *national robbery*, that *incubus upon a nation's strength*, and the *badge of a nation's slavery*. This, I admit, is a monster grievance, and most galling and most bitter. . . . .

“Be true, then, to the great cause of Ireland. Be united and determined as one man. Let *Lucas and tenant-right* be the rallying cry; and by your example to the other constituencies of Ireland we may hope that a band of faithful representatives may be formed that will devote themselves with zeal and earnestness to sustain the fading interests of our neglected land. (Tremendous cheering.)



“Rev. *P. Kelly*, P.P., seconded the resolution.

“Considering their state and their sufferings, they did require in *that nasty house of parliament*, as it was described to them, an intelligent, enlightened, independent, and zealous man, who would speak the truth, and advocate the cause of those who sent him there. (Cheers.) This *gentleman* (Mr. Lucas) they had selected. He had addressed them already, and was able to speak for himself, and did not require his humble advocacy. (Hear, hear.) He had introduced himself to their notice, and had given them *a specimen* of his talent, his opinions, and determination; and believing, as he did, in his inmost soul, in the sincerity of his promises, and his ability to carry them out, he was firmly convinced he did not come to deceive, but to assist them, and to promote their interests. (‘Hear, hear,’ and loud cheers.) . . . .

“But it was also said that they had selected Mr. Lucas because he was a Catholic. (Hear, hear.) Was that a reproach to them? (No, no.) Yes, they would elect him because he was a Roman Catholic. They would elect him because he knew their Faith, and would defend it. (Loud cheers.) They elected him for the purpose of going into *that nasty House of Commons, the centre of intolerance and bigotry, where filthy and corrupt insinuations* were thrown out against them and their Church. (Cheers.) They would send him to parliament in that particular sense, and *also send him* because he was the poor man’s friend; because he was the unbending advocate of *tenant-right*; because he was the unyielding foe of the *oppressor’s* demands; and at that moment he had no doubt of their success—(hear, hear)—for although the *Times* gloated over the extinction of the Celtic race, blessed be Heaven they still formed a numerous group. (Prolonged cheering.) Though famine had thinned their people, though pestilence walked in its train, though oppression had drawn many from their native land, there were still enough of them to struggle for their country’s cause. (‘Hear,’ and renewed cheering.) It was, then, their duty and his, and he hoped they would fulfil it, to return Frederick Lucas on to-morrow or the next day.



In him they had a man of profound learning, of varied erudition, and extensive knowledge. (Loud cheers.) His talents had earned for him the applause of many, and his services in behalf of the Irish people, before he set foot on the soil of Ireland, entitled him to their gratitude. (Hear, hear.) Need he tell the honest farmers of Meath that he was *the tenant's* friend? Need he tell them that he was the vigorous and indefatigable champion of their rights—the generous foe of all ungenerous oppression, whose talented pen would silence the slanderous tongue and check the march of their exterminating enemy? (Tremendous cheering.) The resolution which he had the honour of seconding had been already explained. It was sent forward by the Parliamentary Committee of the Defence Association; and, as he said before, without referring to those men, it was ill-timed, ill-judged, and uncalled for; and again, without meaning any personal offence, it deserved, he must say, to be disregarded and contemned by the freeholders of that county. (Cries of ‘Hear, hear.’) He hoped they would not do what was required of them, but that they would return that honourable, talented, and enlightened man (Mr. Lucas) as a fit and worthy associate with their other representative. (Loud cheers.) He said it deliberately: he did not at that moment think the British empire contained a more intrepid, enlightened, *and virtuous man* than Mr. Lucas. (Enthusiastic cheering.) The Rev. gentleman concluded by seconding the resolution.

“Professor *Tormey* next came forward to address the meeting, and was received with enthusiastic applause.

“The marked thanks of the meeting were then voted to the Very Rev. Dr. M’Evoy for his dignified conduct in the chair.

“After the termination of the open air demonstration Mr. Lucas was conducted to the Town Hall, where he was entertained at a public dinner by his friends and supporters. About eighty gentlemen sat down to table, the chair being occupied by the Very Rev. Dr. M’Evoy. The greatest harmony and unanimity of feeling prevailed.”

At a large public meeting held at Armagh on the 3rd of February,

“The Rev. Mr. *Lennon*, P.P., of Crossmagien, in presenting himself to second the resolution was enthusiastically cheered. What, he would ask, was the cause of destitution in Ireland? (Cries of ‘Hear, hear.’) They would all answer him with one voice—*arbitrary, cruel, and rack-renting landlordism*. (Cheers.)”

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## PRIESTS' PUBLISHED LETTERS.

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It may fairly be urged that in speechifying it is the nature of Man, under the excitement of the moment, to ejaculate from that mischievous little hole, his mouth, more than he had intended to say; and although *a priesthood* most certainly ought not to take the lead in violent political meetings—and if they do take the lead, should, for the credit of their cloth, be exceedingly careful not to be seditious, yet, I admit, they may argue that the same excuses which are granted to the frailty of other men ought liberally to be extended to *them*. Be it so. But when a priest sits down in his lonely chamber to write a letter to be disseminated—not in his own little parish, but—throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, he and the gown he wears must be held responsible, not only for the principles he expounds, but for the language in which those principles have been promulgated.

FROM 'THE TABLET,' MAY 15, 1852.

“ *Mr. Corballis, Q. C., and the 'Standard.'*”

“ TO THE EDITOR OF 'THE TABLET.'”

“ Arklow, May 12, 1852.

“ DEAR SIR,—It would be a charity to administer some wholesome admonition to Mr. J. R. Corballis, whose letter to the *Standard* you term ‘pert and low,’ but which I



designate at once ignorant and impertinent. He boasts of his familiarity with the venerated deceased. I am sorry the intercourse has not left a deeper trace of knowledge, and of a more profound respect for the dignitaries of the religion which the gentleman professes.

“He has the audacity to call our Episcopal titles ‘empty,’ and to insinuate that some who bear them rest thereon their claims to respect instead of depending on their public and private virtues. . . .

“But Mr. Corballis is a great stickler for the inviolability of the law of the land, which he doubtless thinks should supersede the law of God as well as the law of the Church. If he lived in the days of Nero or Domitian he would, as a matter of course, have burnt incense on the altar of Jupiter Capitolinus to prove his loyalty; and if the British parliament took it into their wise heads (unlikelier things have come to pass) to render penal the observance of Catholic Fasts and Festivals, he would, I suppose, deem it a conscientious duty to eat flesh-meat on a Friday, and not to dare show his nose in a Catholic house of worship on a holiday. Let me *instruct* this gentleman a little, and tell him that any law at variance with the Divine law, or with the Ecclesiastical law in matters purely spiritual, *is no law at all, has no binding force in conscience*, is, like the body sweltering in the grave, void of soul and animating principle, and *should be evaded, and disobeyed, and got rid of* by the subject whenever and by whatever fair means he can. Such I hold the Titles Act to be, and I hold, moreover, that no Catholic in the kingdom can vote *without sin* for a candidate who he believes will maintain that law, or second any similar legislation. . . .

“The Catholic Clergy, Mr. Editor, are a loyal body. They most willingly acknowledge the supremacy of their Sovereign in temporal matters. But in their spiritual affairs they allow her no supremacy; *they owe her no allegiance, and will pay her none*, because they cannot do so without a violation of their conscience and their duty to God.—I remain, dear Sir, yours truly,

“JAMES REDMOND, P.P.”

FROM 'THE TELEGRAPH,' MAY 31, 1852.

“*Extract of a Letter from the Rev. T. Beechinor.*

“ ‘Newmarket, May 15, 1852.

“Let me tell you, Sir, there are no men in existence more anxious to avoid the *turmoil* and *family losses* of contested elections than PRIESTS; they are members of society, however, as well as others, and nothing but the heavy injustice of the oppressors of our creed and country could have dragged us from the quiet of the sanctuary; and it is only when *landlords*, agents, drivers, and the underlings managing properties, will cease their threats and persecutions, that the *Catholic* clergyman ought to be silent in his chapel; at all events it is only then that *I will*. Let Lord Derby give us the ‘ballot,’ when every honest voter will be independent of any influence, and we will then see how many Frewens will come to the hustings. Such, Sir, is my reply to your budget of charges. . . .

“I will make no apology for sending both your letter and my answer to the *Cork Examiner* for publication, particularly as you have courted public opinion by sending your thoughts on paper to the tenants on the estate.

I am, Sir, faithfully yours, &c.,

“J. BEECHINOR, P.P.

“W. R. Fitzmaurice, Esq., Everton, Carlow.”

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FROM 'THE TELEGRAPH,' JUNE 4, 1852.

“*To the Electors of Carlow.*

“ ‘Now is the day, now is the hour.’

“We are deeply steeped in misery. There is no use in attempting to describe it. It is seen by all. It is apparent in the rags and filth with which seven-eighths of the people are covered. It is apparent in the fleshless bones, the pallid lips, the sunken eyes of the population. It is there before us, it meets us at every turn, in broad, palpable, hideous characters. It has seized upon every class and section of the people. The farmers, the shopkeepers, the

trades, the professions; Protestants, Catholics, and Dissenters are all oppressed, impoverished and borne down. By whom? by what agency has this almost universal ruin been caused? What has left the shops of our country towns without business, the traders unemployed? What has forced the population in hundreds of thousands to quit the land of their fathers, or to take refuge in those monster emporiums of human wretchedness, the Irish workhouses? The cause is evident. The *people* are borne down by the *landlord* and the *law-maker*; by the enormous burden of rent, tithes, and taxes, placed on their shoulders, and by the want of a legal *tenant-right* to protect farming industry.

“Mr. Clayton Browne in his address puts forward, as a claim to our support, ‘his increasing anxiety to promote the welfare and improvement of the town.’

“I regret for his own sake, for I feel disposed to speak kindly of him, that he has not eschewed this topic. When and where, and after what fashion, I beg to ask his friends, has he attempted to improve the town or promote the welfare of its inhabitants? His increasing anxiety which, no doubt, he feels intensely, has never, to my knowledge, and I am rather an old inhabitant of the borough, developed itself in act. Has he, men of Carlow, ever contributed, even in the smallest amount, to one Catholic educational or benevolent institution in the town? The Catholics constitute the masses of the people. They have been oppressed, ground down, and plundered; they have had, out of their poverty, to erect their own schools, colleges, chapels, and cathedrals; for of these and the means of supporting them they have been robbed in favour of the State Church; and I have yet to learn to what extent we are indebted to the munificence of Mr. Browne in those our unparalleled difficulties.

“His sympathies have never been with the people, they seem to have been all reserved for those fanatical associations, those dens of bigotry, proselytism, and corruption, which have originated in and grown out of the hatred of the national religion, and of the classes whom the bigots seek to pervert and oppress.



“The worst, the most furious and besotted of these associations is, perhaps, that which takes the title of ‘The Priest Protection Society.’ What insolence and insult there is in the assumption of the name! They are disposed to protect priests, somewhat after the fashion in which the hungry wolf protects the lamb. Of this society Mr. Browne’s cousin, Lord Mayo, is one of the vice-patrons, and his representative, Colonel Bruen, is another. There are, besides these, four other members of Parliament, several lords and dignitaries of the Established Church in the list of patrons.

“Now what do these Protectionists—lay and clerical—say? I have the address of their committee to the Protestants of the empire lying before me. They tell us that Ireland has become a hissing and an abomination amongst the kingdoms of the earth, and the reason assigned is, that ‘the Parliament has endowed Maynooth, and incorporated idolatry.—Instead therefore, they say, of two hundred and fifty priests that have issued annually from her filthy walls, we are henceforward to have an annual crop of five hundred priests to issue, to pollute and to fester in the land. This College, Maynooth, is in future to be the headquarters of the Pope’s black militia.’

“A little after, these reverend and unreverend bigots, forgetting their character of priest-protectors, betray a little of the hatred which animates them in the expression of a hearty wish to meet us in battle array, and there, they say, ‘amid the flash of arms and roar of cannon, to contest for victory.’

“Catholics of Carlow, read attentively these passages, and ask Mr. Browne when he solicits your suffrage will he not himself, as an elector in the county, vote for Colonel Bruen, who thus assails *the priesthood* of Ireland?—Will he not support the policy of his cousin, Lord Mayo, and Lord Roden, the patron of the Priest Protection Society? Is it wonderful that our streets are filled with living skeletons; that we are all oppressed, ground down, and beggared, when patrons and approvers of rampant bigotry and furious fanaticism, without other qualification, are

selected and sent to Parliament to make laws for the nation? . . .

“If a Catholic elector choose to support Mr. Browne, let him do so; but with his eyes open. Let him, if so disposed, vote through Mr. Browne, as his representative, that the Catholic religion is damnable and idolatrous, and that its colleges ought to be suppressed—let this be done; but, then, the less the elector speaks of religion, principle, and conscience, the better. . . .

“Men of Carlow, it is necessary to state the truth openly and fearlessly, to throw aside the flimsy pretences, the affectation of principle and patriotism which has never been felt, with which men clothe their acts, seeking to deceive, and succeed only in deceiving themselves. It is necessary, I say, to lift the veil of hypocrisy, and exhibit in open day the bigotry, the distorted views, the heartless ambition, the all-devouring selfishness, and *hauteur* concealed beneath.

“Men of Carlow, you now see your position. *On, then, to the contest.* Your country requires your co-operation to rescue her from beggary and ruin, and to vindicate your creed from insult and chains.

“May Heaven defend the right!

“JAMES MAHER, P.P.

“Carlow Graigue, June 2, 1852.”

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FROM ‘THE FREEMAN,’ MAY 4, 1852.

“*His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam—The Representation of Sligo.*

“The following letter of his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam appeared in a second edition of Saturday’s ‘Tablet:’—

“‘St. Jarlath’s, Tuam, Feast of the Annunciation, 1852.

“‘REVEREND DEAR SIR—As our holy religion has been recently subjected to penal enactments at once injurious and insulting, *no person* should be permitted to aspire to

the representation of our counties or boroughs, but one who will be prepared strenuously and perseveringly *to vindicate our religion* from such hostile as well as impolitic legislation.

“ ‘Next to the duties of religion, there are those which we owe, in a particular manner, to our own country, and which, on account of the hostility and jealousy of England, as well as the recreancy of many of the children of Ireland, have been so neglected, that the condition of our people is a by-word among the nations of the earth.

“ ‘Since, then, the abject social condition of our people is owing to the strange and adverse influences that uniformly swayed the administration of our affairs, as if they were only of a nature subordinate to English interests, I deem it as a matter of vital and essential importance that it is among Irishmen, if they can be found to come up to the required standard, and among Irishmen alone, we are to look for candidates for the representation of our constituencies, on the same principle that Englishmen or Scotchmen would never dream of overlooking their own and seeking for representatives in Ireland. But in some places, as in Sligo, so long trodden under the hooves of an anti-Catholic ascendancy, it may be difficult or impossible to find such, and, therefore, rather than minister to the support of an unchristian establishment, the chief source of all our misery, we should gladly avail ourselves of the services of any gentleman who will aid us in protecting our religion from penalties, and our people from utter ruin. With these convictions of the necessity of a uniform selection of Irishmen in preference to any others, when Irishmen, not hostile or treacherous, can be found, it will be presumed that an English gentleman must have very Irish feelings, and strong addictions to our country, when I venture to recommend him to your choice on the coming occasion. This gentleman is Mr. Swift, the Catholic High-Sheriff of London, *ipsis Hibernis Hibernior*, whose career has been a distinguished one, the sincere admirer of the character of the illustrious Liberator, and who is as ready to advocate all Irish measures as if he were a native of



Ireland. Of promises profusely made and recklessly broken our country furnishes but too many examples. His stern attachment to his religion, and his edifying discharge of the duties of domestic and social life, afford the best pledge of his integrity, and his ample fortune places him above the temptations to which indigence has sometimes fallen a victim. Knowing that you will kindly excuse an obtrusion to which I have been prompted by those you revere, I remain yours very faithfully,

“ ‘✠ JOHN, Archbishop of Tuam.

“ ‘Rev. Thomas Phillips, Hon. Sec. of the  
County Sligo Liberal Club.’ ”

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FROM ‘THE TABLET,’ APRIL 24, 1852.

“ *The New Ross Election.*

“ The Venerable Catholic Archdeacon of Limerick writes :—

“ ‘Rathkeale, April 19, 1852.

“ ‘MY DEAR SIR,—I received your letter urging me to be present at the monthly meeting of the Council of the League on to-morrow, the 20th inst. I regret that I am quite unable to comply with your request. I spent most of the sunny days of Easter week on a sick bed, and, though I made an effort yesterday to discharge some portion of my usual Sunday duties, I remain still in a state of health that precludes all possibility of proceeding to Dublin on the present occasion.

“ ‘I regret that inability the more as I learn that one of the principal objects of the council to-morrow will be to promote the return of Mr. Duffy for the borough of New Ross. In that return I take the deepest interest, from feeling the deepest and most sincere conviction that no single return is likely to be made to parliament within the present year that possesses one-fortieth part of the vital importance to the tenant occupiers of Ireland that attaches to the return or the rejection of Mr. Duffy. . . .

“ ‘Mr. Duffy in the House of Commons may, perhaps,

be derided or coughed down, or his voice drowned amidst *those brutal or beldame* sounds we sometimes hear of; but Mr. Duffy is known to the empire. He is not quite unknown to any part of the civilised world; and his words spoken in his place in parliament will go forth to the world through the press as the faithful record of the true state of *landlord and tenant relations* in Ireland, and of the horrors, unparalleled in the history of mankind, to which the power of imposing impossible rent, and of inflicting the direst penalties on default, has given rise.

“ ‘ I am not myself very sanguine as to any great good to come from *British rule*, *British connection*, or *British parliaments*. Little good has ever come of them; but of pains, and penalties, and wrongs, full plenty. But if honest, earnest, untiring advocacy and vindication, urged by a man of undoubted ability, and no less undoubted sincerity, be an object to the tenant farmers of Ireland, I say that no election has occurred in the present parliament, or can occur in the next, in which the tenant occupiers of land have so deep and vital an interest as that about to take place at New Ross.

“ ‘ Can the land be said to be free in which hundreds of thousands hold all they possess in the world *at the will and pleasure of another man*, who can come at any moment, seize every pennyworth they have on earth, and turn them out houseless, and absolutely destitute, to shift for themselves as best they may? Yet such is the lot of nine out of ten of *the tenant farmers* of this parish, and, I believe, of every parish for twenty miles round. Can the man be free who can be commanded under such penalty as that just referred to, of extreme confiscation, to register a vote by perjury, to send his child to a proselytising school, to work on a holiday, &c. &c., all which things have been done in Ireland fifty times over? Can a land be called free in which two thousand acres are lying waste and uncultivated within a circle of five miles round this one small town—the inhabitants having been rooted out *like vermin* because they did not pay rents impossible to be paid? Such is the state of this country. My worthy brother, the Archdeacon of Cashel, tells me the

“ *Irish Brigade* are destined to save Ireland, and make her free.” I trust my patriotic and respected brother may prove a prophet ; and yet I fear there are some members of that corps who would be found very unwilling to diminish in the least the high feudal privileges of their order—yet these privileges constitute the *murderous and degrading yoke of Irish slavery*.

“ ‘ I am, dear Sir, your obedient servant,

“ ‘ MICHAEL FITZGERALD, P.P.’ ”

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“ *County Wicklow*.

“ The following letter was read from the Rev. James Redmond :—

“ ‘ Arklow, April 18, 1852.

“ ‘ DEAR SIR,—An arrear of the duties of this season will not permit me to attend the meeting on Tuesday.

“ ‘ I earnestly press on the council not to delay their applications to constituencies till the latter shall have passed their words to more early candidates. Limerick was lost in this way.

“ ‘ *I have written to nearly all the Parish Priests* in the county Wicklow to *combine* for the expulsion from the representation of the exterminating bigot, Lord Milton, whose father, Earl Fitzwilliam, outraged the Catholics of the United Kingdom, in and out of Parliament, last year, by his calumnies on their religious tenets, and by aiding the penal legislation against their Ecclesiastical liberties. The said noble earl has also repeatedly raised his rents, during the last six disastrous years, compelling his tenants to pay interest for their own money by an enhanced rent for their improvements. As Lord Milton has aided and abetted his father in all this tyranny and wrong, he must be made share in the punishment ; he must be made feel that he shall not with impunity insult and injure men as good as himself, and must account for his misdeeds at the bar of an enlightened public opinion. No Catholic can vote for the noble lord without dishonour and without incurring the sacrilegious guilt of co-operating with the persecutor and the plunderer of the Catholic Church by sending him to parliament to forge new chains for our bishops, to



inflict heavier fines for the exercise of essential spiritual functions, and to deprive the poor of Christ of their bread by an unholy legislative confiscation. No *tenant farmer* can vote for him without being a consenting party to the continued *robbery and vassalage of his class*, and without being a sharer in all the miseries and crimes resulting from *irresponsible landlordism*.

“ ‘I confidently trust *my beloved clerical brethren* of this county will take—as *they have always taken*—their stand in good time, and firmly, between their faithful people and their *oppressors*; that they will employ *their fair influence* to paralyse the arm of the prosecutor now uplifted to strike down our religious liberties; that they will combine to *deprive the landlord* of the power of confiscating his tenant's property by expelling him at the end of his tenure without full compensation for his improvements, or by making him pay an increased rent in respect of the same, or by binding him to contracts rendered flagrantly unjust or absolutely impossible by legislative depreciation of the markets or heavy supervening taxation. I am quite satisfied it will not be the fault of the worthy *Catholic clergy* of the county Wicklow if a man, not pledged to the defined and essentially just *principles of tenant-right*, and to the removal from the statute-book of all restrictive laws interfering with *religious liberty*, shall go into parliament for this county.

“ ‘I remain, dear Sir, yours truly,

“ ‘JAMES REDMOND, P.P.

“ ‘To the Secretary of the Irish Tenant League.’ ”

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FROM ‘THE TABLET,’ MAY 8, 1852.

“ *New Ross Election—Mr. Duffy.*

“ TO THE EDITOR OF ‘THE TABLET.’ ”

“ Burt, Derry, May 3, 1852.

“ MY DEAR SIR,—I have published that I shall call on *the people of my parish* on the 9th instant, requesting them to be prepared on that day to contribute their mite towards Mr. Duffy's expenses at the approaching election

of New Ross. My people are poor, but willing to do all in their power on this most pressing occasion. Our duty to our country is next to our duty to God. I hope Mr. Duffy's friends, who, I will say, are as numerous as there are lovers of country, will do their duty. Their general contribution throughout the kingdom will make the Castleman Redington tremble for his fate. This pouring in of money to free Mr. Duffy of all expenses will tell, more decidedly than language can command, the hatred of the people to him who helped *to puff the Castle bellows to forge chains* for our Bishops, and their approval of Duffy, the four-fold martyr and lover of his country. Nothing ever terrified oligarchy so much as the general contribution to the Catholic rent, and the thousands poured into the Repeal treasury.

“Ireland showed herself great and independent in '28 by sustaining in the Clare election the great O'Connell, and I trust she will consider New Ross a second Clare.

“Believe me, dear Lucas, yours faithfully,

“JAMES M'ALEER, P.P.”

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“*The People and their Pastors.—Letter of Archdeacon Fitzgerald.*

“Rathkeale, April 26, 1852.

“MY DEAR O'DWYER,—I thank you for your kindness in communicating to me the important fact that *the Clergy* of Emly have unanimously resolved to *demand* unequivocal pledges from the candidates for the representation of this county at the coming election. The resolve is in every way *worthy a body* so truly respectable and patriotic as I have always considered your manly and honest fellow-clergymen of Emly to be.

“I will take this opportunity to observe that there are many things in the present aspect of Irish affairs that sadly puzzle these old brains of mine; and as you are so much younger, and as I verily and sincerely believe so much sounder, I wish to Heaven you could be induced to help me a little to a right understanding. Thus, for instance, it appears to me not a little strange that clergymen should

see the houses inhabited by Catholics in their parishes diminished by one half—(as most certainly happened in this parish within five years, and in hundreds of parishes besides) — without giving themselves apparently the slightest concern on the subject, or making the least effort to save the remnant of their people. When the object was *to repeal the Union*, great efforts were made, and large sums were subscribed or collected *by clergymen*. Some *clergymen* in this diocese *insisted on every newly-baptized child being registered a Repealer, and duly qualified by his parents paying down the usual shilling entrance fee.*

“ But there is another sort of persecution, which I can well understand, where millions are shut up in workhouse graves, or workhouse prisons, or banished for ever to foreign climes. I can imagine that the religion of a country is in danger when a Church and a nation are in process of speedy extinction—when, under *pretence* of the *rights* of property, *a small class of men* exercise unbounded power over hundreds of thousands. Have those who are zealous for the faith considered that there is not a landlord in Ireland who, if he set about it in right earnest, could not make his Catholic tenants, in nine cases out of ten, apostates? He had only to say—You must pay rent to the day, and endure all the extremes of *landlord infliction*, unless you go to the church and send your children to my anti-popery school. Are not the worldly goods, the morals, the religion, the whole being of *the tenant-slave* in Ireland, utterly at the mercy of *his owner or his landlord*, whichever you please? And is this a state of things that ought to be *endured*?

“ I remain, my dear O'Dwyer,

“ Most truly yours,

“ MICHAEL FITZGERALD, P.P.”



PRINTED EXTRACTS  
FROM THE PRIESTS' PRESS.

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THE connection between the Roman Catholic priests of Ireland and that portion of the press which avowedly disseminates their temporal and political doctrines, has been publicly explained and advertised by themselves as follows :—

1. In *The Warder* newspaper of the 14th of August, 1852, the Archdeacon of Meath addressed a letter to Dr. Cantwell, titular bishop, in which he stated that at an election meeting held at Kells on the 6th of June, 1852, Mr. Lucas, editor of *The Tablet*, was, by the Very Rev. N. M'Evoy, P.P., introduced to the meeting (at which it was stated by *The Tablet* that upwards of ten thousand persons were present) "AS THE TRIED AND TRUSTED ADVOCATE OF EVERY PRINCIPLE DEAR TO THE HEARTS OF THE ENTIRE PRELACY AND PRIESTHOOD OF THE LAND."

Again, in another newspaper, it was publicly declared by Dr. M'Evoy, P.P., that Mr. Lucas, "*the trusted advocate of every principle dear to the hearts of the entire Prelacy and Priesthood of the land,*" "WAS THE DEFENDER OF THE SACRED CHARACTER OF THE PRIESTHOOD;" and that in token thereof he had stereotyped in front of the *Tablet* newspaper, of which he was the editor, the following picture of the Holy Virgin and Child.



2. In *The Tablet*, and in other Irish journals advocating “the principles of the entire prelacy and priesthood of the land,” there repeatedly appeared the following advertisement:—

TWO CHEAP CATHOLIC NEWSPAPERS.

**T H E T E L E G R A P H,**  
PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY,  
AND FRIDAY.

First Number to appear on Friday, January 2nd, 1852.

**T H E W E E K L Y T E L E G R A P H,**  
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

First Number to appear on Saturday, January 3rd, 1852.

BOTH PAPERS EDITED

By WILLIAM BERNARD MAC CABE, Esq.,  
Author of a ‘Catholic History of England.’

THE TELEGRAPH is called into existence with the authority, aid, and full approval of the leading Catholic Members of Parliament, who in the last session combined for the preservation of Catholic liberty, and with the most encouraging assurances of support from *the Catholic Clergy* and laity throughout the United Kingdom.

**T H E W E E K L Y T E L E G R A P H,**

A Catholic Newspaper, price Threepence.

In connection with the Three-Day Paper, the TELEGRAPH, is established a Threepenny Newspaper, the

**W E E K L Y T E L E G R A P H.**

Equal in the size of its sheet, and the quantity and quality of matter, to the Weekly Journals at present in circulation, it will be, by the Lowness of its Price, brought *within the reach of the humblest Catholic reader.*

7 AND 8, LOWER ABBEY STREET, DUBLIN.

3. In *The Nation* of the 10th of July, 1852, a long leading article on the approaching elections ended by the following brief admission of its own blind, abject subserviency to the Irish priesthood:—

“Would to God that we could make one word of ours—and it is all that we have to say on the subject—heard and heeded by every elector of Kilkenny in this contest! For GOD’S sake, and the sake of the cause, VOTE AS FATHER TOM O’SHEE BIDS YOU!”

The connection between the Roman Catholic priests of Ireland and the editors of their newspapers, and *vice versâ*, having been thus avowed by themselves, it becomes necessary to submit a sample of the doctrines they inculcate, or, to use their own terms, “bring within the reach of the humblest Catholic reader.”

Now, from the extracts and evidence I have submitted to the reader, it has hitherto appeared that the Irish priesthood have had only two wicked objects in view, namely, 1st, the attainment *for themselves* of the property of the Protestant Church; and, 2ndly, the attainment *for their Catholic flocks* of “tenant rights” over the whole of the landed property of Ireland, of which two-thirds belongs, in fee, to Protestants. The reader will, however, now perceive that “the *Irish Priests’ Press*,” in addition to advocating these two unholy breaches of the Eighth Commandment, which explicitly declares to them “THOU SHALT NOT STEAL,” not only openly preaches to the people of Ireland hostility to everything bearing the name of British, but sympathy and alliance with every offender against British laws, as well as with every tribe, civilized or uncivilized, at war with the British sovereign and people.



As the editor of *The Tablet* has already had a full opportunity of explaining to the reader his connection with the priesthood and the principles he avows, we will proceed to consider extracts from other portions of the priests' press.

In that newspaper, which obediently "*votes as Father Tom O'Shee bids it,*" there appeared, on the 10th of July, 1852, this respectable announcement:—

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FROM 'THE NATION,' JULY 10, 1852.

" *The Venerable John Binns.*

"The following affectionate and characteristic letter was received a few days since by Mr. Meagher, from the venerable John Binns, of Philadelphia, enclosing the address and resolutions of his friends:—

" 'Philadelphia, June 15, 1852.

" 'My dear and highly-esteemed Friend and Countryman—By this mail I send you an official letter, but I feel that that communication does not bring me so near to your affections as is my heart's desire. Allow me, then, for this purpose, to set forth some passages in my life:—

" 'In 1795 I was tried in England for sedition, and acquitted. In 1798 I was tried with James O'Coigley [*hanged on Penenden Heath*] and Arthur O'Connor [*transported*] for high treason. In 1799 I was imprisoned for treasonable practices, and kept there until 1801, when I came to the United States, where in 1806 I became a citizen, and, I trust, in peace and in war, have faithfully, ay, and zealously, discharged all the duties of a citizen. Such, in brief, are the *causes* for which I claim, in my own person, your affectionate regard. Do you acknowledge them?

" 'Faithfully, I am, dear Sir, your friend,

" 'JOHN BINNS.

" 'To T. F. Meagher, Esq.'"

FROM THE 'MUNSTER CITIZEN,' JULY 31, 1852.

*“ Demonstration in honour of Meagher in New Orleans.*

“ A great demonstration in honour of T. F. Meagher took place on Saturday, the 3rd inst., in the American Theatre, New Orleans. The arrangements, say the New Orleans papers, were highly creditable to the gentlemen who got up the affair. The theatre was densely crowded at an early hour by one of the most attentive and warm-hearted audiences ever seen. The Mayor of the city took the chair, and, after offering a few remarks, introduced to the meeting ex-Governor Johnson, who addressed the assembled multitude in a highly exciting oration, from which we take the following extract:—

“ ‘ If we will exercise patience and bide our time, we will get it (Ireland), said the Governor. Already we have taken much from Ireland—many of her noblest citizens. And now we have Meagher! And not long will England insult the spirit of the age! How long will she oppress Erin? How long will it be before Emmett’s epitaph shall be written, and Meagher, to quote his own language, shall raise his head and join in the hymn of liberty? Not long! not long! as sure as there is a God in Heaven.’ Then, after dwelling at some length further upon the character of the man, to honour whom was the special object of the convocation, the speaker concluded enthusiastically by tendering him a thousand welcomes to our shores.”

“ What do our down-stricken people at home think of these words from an American? There is no whining in these sentiments, no talk of ‘ returning members ’ and ‘ petitioning ’ to save the country. Verily the Eagle of the West would seem in reality about to become the avenger of the wrongs of Ireland.”

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FROM THE 'DUNDALK DEMOCRAT AND PEOPLE'S JOURNAL,  
AUGUST 14, 1852.

*“ The Caffir War.*

“The latest intelligence from the Cape left Sandilli, the ‘rebel chief,’ *as his foes call him*, still in armed hostility against the British forces. Sir Harry Smith was called home, as his masters imagined that he had not proceeded with sufficient vigour against the foe; but his successor, General Cathcart, it would seem, so far as the latest intelligence describes, has gained no new advantage over the enemy. Cattle kraals are still attacked and the beasts driven away; herdsmen, waggon-drivers, officers, and soldiers are shot down in detail; and ammunition waggons captured and carried into the strongholds of the enemy with the greatest impunity. Those semi-savage Caffirs *are brave fellows*. They know how to fight for and hold their own. A large number of ‘the bravest army in the world’ have been tugging at them for a considerable time, and they appear as fresh for the fight as they did on the first day they revolted against British authority.

“One of their latest achievements was *a very gallant affair*. On the 13th of June, Captain Moody and 31 Sappers and Miners were proceeding with five waggons of ammunition from Graham’s Town to Fort Beaufort, and some Hottentots posted themselves in the thiek bush of the Konap-hill, and fired a sudden volley at the convoy, *killing seven of them and wounding nine others*. Captain Moody and his men scampered off, and left thirty thousand cartridges in the hands of the ‘rebels,’ who, doubtless, will *use them against the original owners* on the first opportunity.

“Exasperated by the daring conduct of the Caffirs, and determined to make a bold stroke for the purpose of terminating this harassing war, General Cathcart has issued orders for a general onslaught on the territory of the Caffir Chief Kreli, who resides beyond the Kei, a river which separates his territory from British Caffraria.

“By this time, we have no doubt, the forces are at



work; Cathcart against Kreli, and Kreli against Cathcart. This Caffir war is an ugly affair, and has brought no renown to the 'bravest army in the world.' However, it has made one thing evident, namely, *the courage and bravery of the uncivilised tribes who fight with such gallantry and perseverance for their nationality.* It has demonstrated, too, if such were necessary, the inordinate love of domination in the English breast, which, in some quarter or other of the world, every day we rise, disturbs the peace of men, and sheds rivers of blood in its struggles for increased dominion. *England is the disturber of the peace of the world. Like a drunken bully she swaggers about, and no weak nation is safe from her insolence and brutality.* In Ireland she has weakened the national forces by creating jealousies and divisions, and twice a-year her garrison collects tribute from *the prostrate people.* In India her army gives no peace to the unfortunate people who groan beneath her sway; and scarcely a nation in Europe is free from her assaults in some shape or other. The consequence of all this is, that she is hated at home and abroad, and the day that shall witness her shorn of the means that enable her to scourge and oppress, will be hailed by rejoicings by every lover of rational freedom in the world."

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FROM 'THE NATION,' AUGUST 14, 1852.

*"How the Kaffirs were stirred up, and why the Kaffirs can't be put down.*

"A mail has arrived from the Cape, and the *gallant* REBELS not only hold their own, but improve it. It furnishes another long chapter of accidents to England; and we may reasonably hope that the end of the war and the *final triumph of the natives* is not far off. No one who understands the quarrel can honestly wish the victory to their enemy. They are fighting for their *natural rights* against unprovoked and unjustifiable aggression.

"The Kaffirs are a pastoral people—they live under a serene sky, among droves of oxen, which they rear with

skill and defend with intrepidity ; but if there be truth in the opinion of the ancients, such a race must be, emphatically, a mild and peaceful people. They live amid the calm scenes of pastoral simplicity, where they love to guard their quiet flocks—their gamboling children, frolicking youths, and patient *matrons* within sight.

“ Many native tribes had been exterminated before they took up arms. Nothing had been left, in many instances, to bear witness to the existence of a powerful horde except a few bones whitening in the waving herbage of the waste. Their men had been butchered by the bayonet—their women carried away by Boors—their cattle captured, and children massacred ; and their smoking village of bee-hive cottages, forgotten in the desolate valley, had mouldered into rubbish and ashes.

“ What had the Ficani done (asks an English traveller) when they were massacred in wholesale *by British soldiers*? The army was marched into the unknown territory to slaughter a tribe who were not even known to their assassins. The shrieking women *were cut to pieces* amid the stifling smoke of their blazing residences. Massacre in all its enormities raged amid the scene of blood. Atrocities without a name were perpetrated by men without a conscience. Sinless infancy and helpless age were promiscuously butchered, fire flamed high in the clouds, and blood poured deep into the earth. The murderers had never seen their victims until they plunged the bayonets *in their untutored breasts*. Nay, what was more revolting if possible than the brutal extirpation of a whole tribe, a *British Clergyman*—a Wesleyan Missioner—was base enough to defend this brutality in the newspapers, to extenuate the enormity—to justify the massacre of these defenceless people.

“ The outrages perpetrated by the arms of England were seconded with eagerness by a people *denominated* Boors.

“ The European continent has been *filled with admiration* in contemplating these uneducated warriors of Africa. If the world, however, knew the calamities they have endured, the wrongs they have been subjected to—

could the ample current of their melancholy annals be set in all its gloom before the European mind—pity for their sorrows would blend with admiration of their manliness. Meantime, no people on earth understand the character of Britain so profoundly. They know that they must beat her in battle or perish in her grasp—that no alternative exists beneath the sky but heroic victory or their own total destruction.

“Notwithstanding these manifold disadvantages, the Kaffirs are, perhaps, the only people on the face of the globe who have successfully coped with British generals. *Such is the reward of self-reliance.* They were guilty, it appears, of offences which the proud and tyrannical fastidiousness of England could not overlook. They refused to sell oxen for buttons. They refused to kennel with the hounds, and starve as wanderers upon the demesnes of their ancestors. They refused to be less than freemen. This was what the haughty arrogance of these overbearing masters could not suffer. They refused to sacrifice their lands, cattle, wives, and personal liberty, and the Europeans and colonists devoted them to extermination for presuming to assert that they were men. At that time the natives were numerous, and the colonists few and feeble. But when the colonists or Boors became powerful their covetousness became irresistible. They grudged the Kaffirs the possession of their ancestral districts. They crouched in the long grass with the firelock in their hand, and shot the natives to feed their hounds. They deprived them of 50,000 oxen in two years. On the 5th of December, 1823, Major Somerset is described as pouring at day-break into the village of Makomo at the head of his troops. ‘A few assegais were thrown; but the attack was so sudden that little resistance could be made.’ ‘As many Kaffirs having been destroyed as it was thought would evince our superiority and power, Major Somerset stopped the slaughter, and secured the cattle to the amount of 7000 head.’

“The injustice and cruelties perpetrated on the natives must be considered as the sole cause of the calamities which embarrass the Government. But when the seeds



of hate had been sown so deep that the art of man could not root them out—when the horrors perpetrated by the Spaniards in the West Indies had been surpassed by the ferocity of the Europeans of Cape Colony—when the enormities of the Boors threatened to bring all Africa in arms on the heads of the Colonial Government—when it was too late, the British interfered to arrest the murderous career of their sanguinary friends, and undertook the task of punishing the natives, under the pretext of protecting them, for refusing to be robbed. When plundering *commandoes* or exterminating expeditions had ravaged so frequently and cruelly the country of the Kaffirs that peace was no longer possible—when the wild justice of revenge had been so thoroughly excited that the blood of the invader could alone appease it—when the infuriated Kaffirs proved too strong to be routed, too cunning to be defrauded, the English Government undertook to ‘doctor’ them—that is, to divide them, to sow dissension among them, to make them beat one another with their own hands; but the Kaffirs have outwitted them.”

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The following is a specimen of the delusions practised on the Irish people by “the Priests’ Press.”

FROM THE ‘MUNSTER CITIZEN,’ JUNE 26, 1852.

“*Workhouse Barbarity.*”

“The woman-flogging of the Czar convulsed Europe with indignation some years ago. Here is a revelation of female degradation and torture which out-Herods the cruelty of the Russian monster. We think it possible for women and children to be kept alive in this land of plenty and of beauty without resorting to the beastly depletive which the subjoined extract describes. If Irish manhood yet possess rage, and Irish loyalty logic, this example of *the grinding tyranny of British institutions* ought to inflame the one and convince the other:—

“ ‘ To S. G. O.

“ ‘ We have, through you, heard of the many methods adopted to render the life of a poorhouse inmate as unendurable and of as short a duration as possible; but you have yet to learn, the British public has yet to learn, that at this day—in the nineteenth century—in this age of civilisation—human beings—*women*—old and feeble, young and helpless, sickly and infirm—*are yoked like oxen to a mill, and driven round with a whip, grinding corn, in a dark room in an Irish workhouse.* Yes, Sir, *women*, and I believe *women only*, perform this duty in the workhouse of the Bantry union! I have seen them—I have seen the heart-broken widow, with the furrows of three-score years on her face—the child of fifteen—the “widowed wife,” whose face was furrowed also, not by time, but by affliction—I have seen them driven round there—I *have seen their tears course down their cheeks*, as did my own tears mine, while I surveyed the ignominious spectacle. I know not how the Poor Law Commissioners were induced to overlook such a proceeding—for, to their honour be it spoken, they have uniformly objected to the employment of females at such laborious work. I know not whether their resident representative here represented the matter in its true light; perhaps they were led to believe that none but able-bodied women would be employed; but this I know, and assert, that old women as well as young—feeble, emaciated, and helpless—*are in gangs of thirty and forty driven round that axle*; and I am informed that instances have occurred where they have *dropped from exhaustion and been trampled on in the revolution of the wheel!* Good God—who, worthy the name of man, can contemplate the debasing spectacle presented in that grim cell of toil? Let him watch the weary step and faint eye of the toilers as they tread their “weary round”—let him *see the crack of the whip*—(he cannot *hear* it with the din of machinery)—and let him imagine if he can that he is not in the salt-mines of the Czar; or in some sugar manufactory in Louisiana, only with the difference that the slaves are white. Or he will ask—“What convict

department is this? what kind of beings are these—what heinous crime have they committed that they are condemned to such hard punishment?” “Alas!” would be the answer—“this is the Bantry union, these are *Irish mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters*—and their only crime is **POVERTY.**” ’ ’ ’

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FROM THE ‘MUNSTER CITIZEN,’ JULY 31, 1852.

“*The Fallacy of a Reliance on Parliament.*”

“The battle of the Constitution must be first *fought* in the forge and afterwards in the fields and streets.—JOHN MITCHELL [transported].

“SIR—Faith, hope, and reliance in political and social amelioration from the British Parliament is a palpable abnegation of Ireland’s individuality and of that holy spirit of independence which God has implanted in the heart of man. As to the ‘Titles Bill,’ ‘Orange Juries,’ and other grievances, *good Catholic*, believe me that these matters can only be settled to your liking and wish, which in truth are not very exorbitant, by your *armed union against the English interest*—both at home and in Great Britain. He who tells you to rely on Brigades, prayers, or petitions is your worst enemy. Discard for ever from the rules of your friendly societies *the disgusting oath of allegiance to Queen Victoria*, and substitute the sacred and sensible one of Common Cause.

“I am, Sir, yours very truly,

“JOHN C. LYNCH.”

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“*A few Words to Irish DEMOCRATS, particularly those Resident in England and Scotland.*”

“Barnsley, July 25th, 1852.

“You, Brothers, who adhere to the Godlike creed of real Irish Nationality;—you who care not a fig for the humbug of ’82, nor the Repeal sham of ’43; but who cherish in your souls the noble creed that inspired our fathers to face *the hated foe* on many a bloody field—that creed for which Tone and Emmett died, and our



own brave Mitchell is languishing in exile;—you who repudiate the anti-religious lessons of *British royalty* and expediency, and who feel no more desire to mumble prayers for *kings, queens, and royal families*, than for *gipsies, brigands, or blacklegs*;—you who worship at the shrine of truth, and believe that peace and concord amongst royal conspirators called Christian kings and princes is slavery, starvation, and death to that portion of God's people, the useful and productive classes of society;—you who believe in the true and holy teaching of our Prophet, 'That nothing good can come from *the English Parliament or English Government*,' and that Ireland can only assert her nationality BY FORCE OF ARMS, and who look on the new-fledged Irish M.P.s *who swear allegiance to the English Queen*, to be TRAITORS to the *Celtic people*, and downright sworn enemies to their country;—you are the men of the Future, and on you devolves the imperative duty of rescuing our deluded countrymen from the poisonous influence of mercenary traitors and hypocritical or blind apostles. When England was exclusively Catholic, King, Nobles, and Plebeians, did they not show Ireland about as much mercy as the she-wolf Elizabeth did when she ordered Raleigh to exterminate the natives of Munster, and establish English colonies in their stead? Did they not make the penalty of *killing a mere Irishman* just thirteen shillings and four-pence fine? And did not Catholic Mary, in her short reign, butcher the people of Leinster, and convert the name of Leix and Offally into the King and Queen's County? Recent events prove that the same undying spirit of hatred and extermination towards the Irish is as rampant to-day as it was seven centuries ago. It is said that the Roman Nobility in Rome's degenerate days used to amuse themselves in their arenas by witnessing the devouring of their Gallic slaves by wild beasts. But in these enlightened days, and in the land of enlightened humanity, 'the ferocious inhabitants of the forest' are substituted by the Stockport and Wigan savages. A private letter informs me that the Wigan cannibals broke into thirty houses belonging to Irishmen, and spared neither age nor sex, while the Mayor

and Magistrates *enjoyed a hearty laugh* at the expense of Irish blood and Irish money, for the poor Irish were robbed into the bargain, and made prisoners, by their persecutors. It is therefore pretty clear that there is to be no protection whatever for the lives and property of Irishmen resident in England. Let us then prepare to protect ourselves. At all events, let us be prepared, in those districts where attacks are made, *to sell our lives as dearly as possible*. The first thing requisite for this end is, an ARMED organization. Let Manchester, Glasgow, Leeds, London, and Liverpool *make a beginning*, and any simple plan will do for a commencement. This would suffice till a number of towns were partly organized, and then a conference could be held, say in Manchester, to propound a real plan of organization, and take steps *for spreading it in Ireland*. The organization should have but one great object in view, viz. *the Irish REPUBLIC*.

“*To work* then, comrades, *to work* like men in earnest. And while we register a vow of *holy* hatred and abhorrence of the English system and English Oligarchy, we can still afford to clasp hands, not with the Whigs or Tories, nor the Radicals, nor Chartists, for they are degenerate, but with the few brave English *republicans*, whose feelings are identical with our own. Is it not time for us to begin ?

“Yours in the cause of the Irish Republic,

“MICHAEL SEGRAVE.”

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FROM THE ‘WEEKLY TELEGRAPH,’ AUGUST 14, 1852.

“*The Murder-Ball at Stockport*.”

“Some of our contemporaries seem to be very much shocked at the truly English no-Popery notion of having a ball at Stockport for the benefit of ‘the English prisoners’ charged with such crimes as ‘sacrilege,’ ‘arson,’ and ‘homicide.’ To us the thing appears perfectly appropriate. The persecutors of the Catholics profess to be profoundly learned in Scripture lore. They are all, they assure us, great Bible-readers, and if they do participate in ‘a housebreaker’s hornpipe,’ a ‘plunderer’s polka,’



The Devil and Medusa dancing the Cachuca.

or ‘a murderer’s mazurka,’ why, they can, like their great unavowed champion, ‘quote Scripture’ for what they do. It was by means of a *pas seul* that St. John the Baptist was martyred, and no doubt those who got up a dance at Stockport for the benefit of the murderers of Moran and the desecrators of the Ciborium, were prepared to justify themselves by the words of St. Matthew:—

“ ‘ On Herod’s birthday, the daughter of Herodias danced before them, and pleased Herod.

“ ‘ Whereupon he promised, with an oath, to give her whatsoever she would ask of him.

“ ‘ But she, being instructed before by her mother, said, Give me in a dish the head of John the Baptist.’ ”



The following article, containing an anecdote of Governor Johnson and his lean, long-backed, inquisitive little boy, gives an amusing picture of the meddling, incurable vulgarity of democracy in the United States of America.

FROM 'THE NATION,' JULY 24, 1852.

“*New Orleans Tribute.*”

“Here also a passionate desire to honour the Irish exile, and exhibit practical sympathy for his cause, animates the bosoms of native Americans, as well as Irish-born men. A few weeks ago there was a most influential and enthusiastic meeting held in New Orleans, presided over by Governor Johnson, for this specific purpose. The following is but a meagre sketch of this memorable proceeding:—

“The Chair, before appointing the committee, requested that a letter from General Walker should be laid before the meeting, and it was read amid tremendous cheering by Secretary Walton.

“The committee having retired, the calls for Governor Johnson were renewed, and as he made his appearance the house fairly shook with plaudits.

“Governor Johnson related an anecdote *which eli ci thunders of applause.* ‘It is but a few days since,’ he remarked, ‘that a boy of mine, who has Irish blood in his veins, asked me what a fillibuster meant? I described to him a fillibuster as a tolerable respectable sort of a person, and when I had given the description the little fellow asked me, “Well, Pa, why don’t we take Ireland from England?” (Cheers for several minutes. A voice in the crowd, “He’ll make *a man.*”) I found some difficulty in answering the question, but told him that we had already taken a pretty good share of British subjects from Ireland, and will soon have them all, perhaps.’ (Renewed and continued cheering.)

“Governor Johnson expressed his highest admiration of the *character* and abilities of Mr. Meagher, and asked how long before the British government would be brought

to account for her cruel persecution of such men? how long before the epitaph of Emmett could be written? how long before Meagher could return to his native land a free man? Governor Johnson closed with a fervently expressed hope that the day was not far off when these things might be done.

“Governor Johnson having closed his speech, Mr. Burke, from the Committee on Resolutions, submitted the following, which were adopted by acclamation and with great enthusiasm:—

“ ‘Whereas Thomas Francis Meagher, a “*felon*” by British law, for his love of liberty, and his desire to extend its inestimable blessings to his native land, has escaped from the English penal settlement of Van Diemen’s Land, and is now reposing in safety and security beneath the flag of these United States, in the city of New York; the citizens of New Orleans, in public meeting assembled, without distinction of creed or country, condition or calling, do resolve as follows:—

“ ‘Resolved, That the congratulations of the citizens of New Orleans be tendered to Thomas Francis Meagher on his honourable escape from the convict settlement of Van Diemen’s Land, whither he had been consigned by *British tyranny* to expiate the only crime of which he had been guilty, namely, an ardent thirst for liberty, and an undying attachment to his native land.

“ ‘Resolved, That the Irish patriots of ’48 deserve well of Old Ireland, in whose cause they perilled limb, liberty, and life, and of every true Republican; for the annals of no nation afford better evidences of sincerity good faith, and loyalty to the people than is recorded of Mitchell, O’Brien, Martin, Meagher, and their *faithful associates* of the Irish confederation, in preparing the hearts of their countrymen for war against *the tyrants* that oppress them, up to the moment of their untoward failure.

“ ‘Resolved, That in tendering the honours of a public reception to Thomas Francis Meagher, the civic authorities of New York, not inappropriately called the “*Empire City*,” did honour to themselves and the great city

whose government is intrusted to their administration, and by their conduct have nobly vindicated *the illustrious "felons"* still held in cruel bondage, [see *Uncle Tom's Cabin*] as well as those happily escaped from *British vengeance*, and have thereby entitled themselves to the gratitude of every lover of freedom.'

"Mr. Joseph Brenan next came forward, in response to a unanimous call, and delivered a *beautiful* and brilliant oration, chiefly devoted to the vindication of the Irish patriots of '48 from the imputations of socialism and communism, and to an argument showing that the fires of republicanism are still unquenched in France, in Italy, in Hungary, in Germany, and in Ireland."

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The following leading article and treasonable letter but too clearly show the seditious language of the Irish priests' press:—

FROM THE 'MUNSTER CITIZEN,' JUNE 26, 1852.

*"England's Clerical Garrison."*

"Mr. Segrave, whose letter we publish in another part of the paper, is very careful to confine to himself the responsibility of the sentiments he advances. Although we appreciate the generosity of Mr. Segrave's motives in thus endeavouring to protect us from the consequences of publishing the truths which he enunciates with so much boldness and vigour, we must protest against the injustice he does us if he means to imply that an inordinate terror of consequences would induce us to violate the principles which our prospectus propounded, and every number of our Journal reiterated. We have repeatedly declared that, whenever the performance of our duty brought us into collision with power, we would not shrink from the trials which honesty and consistency might incur. We, therefore, *adopt Mr. Segrave's letter* without sitting down to balance its operation on our private interests. We publish it because we know it to be *truth*—and because we know



that *truth* is the greatest want of Irish politics, and the greatest instrument of Irish redemption. A Catholic is bound *by his religion* to sacrifice his comfort, limbs, or life to the maintenance of principle. What Catholic or *Christian* principle is maintained by supporting *British connexion*? Do they not know that it entails upon Irishmen the necessity of plundering and murdering their fellow slaves in all parts of the world, at the bidding of their country's tyrants—of acting as the accursed and despised tools of a rapacious and criminal foreign oligarchy—and of aiding in the propagation and eternization of the organized vice and villany that robs, starves, and vitiates?"

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The following is Mr. Segrave's letter "adopted" by the Editor of the 'Munster Citizen':—

*" Moral Suicide.*

" TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'MUNSTER CITIZEN.'

" Barnsley, June 19, 1852.

" Sir,—We are a wretched race of liars, both at home and abroad—of mean, selfish, hypocritical liars; and this is what England made us by infusing into our souls her own damnable spirit by which we propound the devil's lies and blaspheme the GOD of Heaven. All the legalised robberies and atrocious massacres perpetrated by tyrants, from the slaughter at Mullaghmast to the Skibbereen tragedy, have all been attributed to God by sham religionists in order to cloak aristocratic ruffianism and royal villany. The Chinese are poisoned with opium and God is glorified. The native Indians are robbed and slaughtered, and the Caffres' crops destroyed for defending their native mountains, just the same as Elizabeth burned the crops in Ireland. And it was God, they say, that aided the blood-stained flag of England in its piratical crusade. . . . . But will the aristocracy of England practise religion? They will, when Hell becomes a Paradise, and pandemonium converted into a choir of Angels. Will they resign their voluptuous habits, their mistresses and

concubines, and consent to live in *decent* houses instead of fairy palaces? Will they allow their parks, lawns, and racing-grounds to be converted into comfortable farms for the use of a happy peasantry, or will they consent to resign *their robber right* to the land which God created for the use of *his people*, that it may be proclaimed *national property* and applied to its legitimate purposes? Will they dispense with the twenty-eight million pounds raised annually for interest of what is called a National Debt, which was contracted (not by the present generation) for the purpose of suppressing European liberty—and is, to all intents and purposes, and in all its bearings, a great national swindle? Will they abolish their State-endowed Church, resign its exorbitant livings, and betake themselves to some honest and honourable occupation? Will they lessen the calendar of crime, by removing its causes, that we may have unemployed partizan judges, and unemployed corrupt barristers? Or will they relinquish their hold on the colonies, that their cousins and nephews in the army may turn their swords into ploughshares, and earn a livelihood by honest industry? I venture to assert that they will do none of these things—nor would they tolerate religion further than that the cant and superstition attached to it by agents of the Devil is made subservient to the maintenance of their rotten system and their tyrannical sway. Will the lords of the long chimneys and manufacturers *restore to the weavers* and factory operatives the immense wealth which they accumulated *from their sweat and blood*? Will they discontinue their systematic robbery, and allow the workman his fair share of the profits, as the workman's labour is at all times as necessary as the employer's capital, for without labour the raw material would be valueless to the capitalist? Will they discontinue their slow process of murder, by sending myriads to premature graves, and other tens of thousands to their Malthusian workhouses, where the divine law of marriage is rejected by the separation of man from his wife, and children from both? Or will they stop the abominable traffic of their accursed myrmidons, who purchase female virtue for leave to toil? Will the bankers,

stockbrokers, and all kinds of usurers, renounce their unholy practices that are prohibited by the law of the land, and denounced by the *canon law of the Church* as a crime hateful alike to God and man? Will the shopkeepers cease to sell as genuine adulterated articles, and abandon *their immodest behaviour* generally practised towards their female servants; or will the traders and dealers of every description do what is utterly impossible under the present system, live without cheating and telling lies? Will the myriads of thieves, and hundreds of thousands of prostitutes in such places as London and Manchester become honest and virtuous? No—they are compelled to eat the bread of prostitution or starve.

“ *Respect* for your paper and *its readers* alone prevents me from disclosing deeds of English brutalisation even a hundredfold darker than I have already described—deeds that would not be perpetrated by savages without the burning blush of shame reddening their cheek—deeds that would be considered incredible were it not that sometimes cases are detected and placed on the calendar of crime. Let no one say that in making these statements I have outstepped the truth, as I can find, not only Irishmen here, but also Englishmen, to vouch for their accuracy—men who, like myself, pant for an opportunity to rid their country of an infernal system that degrades, demoralises, and brutalises society.

“ How dare the Rev. Dr. Cahill or The O’Gorman Mahon, or any other slavish priest or base lickspittle in the English Parliament, assert, that in case of invasion there is not an Irishman to be found that would not fight *for the Queen of England*? As an Irishman I *protest* against this foul imputation with as much contempt as The O’Gorman Mahon had the impudence to utter it, and say what I have already said in a private letter to a friend,—and I venture to assert that I speak the feelings of a majority of my countrymen,—*that were Anti-Christ to land with an army of devils and 666 visible on his forehead, I would say, Bravo, son of his Satanic Majesty! go on with your hoofy legion, and down, down with the bloody old British Empire.* I have just read the Queen of Eng-



land's proclamation relative to Catholic processions, and the statement of *The Telegraph*, 'that it will not diminish the loyalty of her Irish subjects.' What can hounds expect but the customary treatment of dogs, to be whipped into their kennel? I desire to be alone responsible for the contents of this letter, and believe me, dear Sir, to be  
A REBEL *to the backbone,*

“MICHAEL SEGRAVE.

“Mr. Joseph O'Grady.”

---

It appears from the following extract from 'THE NATION,' which "*votes as Father Tom O'Shee bids it,*" that the priesthood of Ireland are equally opposed both to Whigs and Tories.

JUNE 26, 1852.

“*Down with the Whigs! Down with the Tories!*

“A general election in Ireland has come to signify something essentially different from what the people understood by it half-a-dozen years ago.

“Formerly the constituencies of Ireland were marshalled *for* one English faction *against* another. The Whigs were the people's favourites; the Tories the people's enemies. The Whig banner had emblazoned on its folds the attractive legends 'Civil and Religious Liberty,' 'Reform,' and 'Justice to Ireland.' The Tories displayed the watch-words of 'Protestant Ascendancy,' 'Aristocratic Privilege,' and 'Coercion.'

“Down with the Whigs! Down with the Tories! *Priests and people,* down with both!

“Down with them in the name of the Union, the Famine, the Convict-Ship, and the Penal Code.

“From the hut where the trembling tenant starves; from the poorhouse, where the broken industry of Ireland rots; *from the altar,* where your religion wears the slaves' dress; from the penal colony, where your exiled patriots suffer; from America, where your banished friends con-

spire—comes a mighty adjuration, calling on you to vote *against* England and *for* Ireland.

“Down with the Whigs! Down with the Tories! Hurrah for Ireland!”

---

FROM ‘THE TABLET,’ JULY 31, 1852.

The following confession was published beneath Mr. Lucas’s engraving of “the Holy Virgin and Child:”—

“No doubt the power of the priesthood in Ireland—a power for which we heartily thank God—fills our enemies with rage, grief, and dismay. It is a power *quite unknown* to the ‘*British Constitution*’—a power which British statesmen have not found a way to corrupt, or overmaster, or manage, or cajole—a power totally distinct from the sordid powers of purse and patronage, with which *they* are familiar—a power exercised *for* country and *conscience*, and against low-minded and servile influences. Therefore they hate it, and thirst to have the power to destroy the possessors of it at one blow.

“*We admit, of course, the great political influence of the priesthood in Ireland. We would as soon deny the existence of the sun blazing at high noon. We admit it; and again we say, from our whole hearts, WE THANK GOD FOR IT.*”

---

## II.

## EVIDENCE COLLECTED BY MYSELF.

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A PARISH priest, named Mullen, lately addressed to the Irish people in the columns of *The Freeman* the following appeal:—

“ Is there to be no voice raised, no hope held out, that will keep the people at home, and thus save millions from spiritual destruction? I say *millions!* Here are my facts:—

“ The present population of the United States is about 15,000,000, and of these the Catholic Church claims only 1,980,000. From the year 1825 to 1844, 1,250,000 left Ireland, 1,000,000 of whom came to America; the proportion of Catholics amongst them may be fairly estimated at 800,000. Since that period to the present the numbers who emigrated here from Ireland at the lowest calculation were 1,500,000; and, taking the Catholics as above, we will have in nine years 1,200,000. A large number (say half a million) came from Germany, some from Italy, France, Belgium, and other countries, during the last ten years, half of whom were Catholics, say 250,000. Twelve years ago America had a population (according to Dr. England, Bishop of Charleston) of 1,200,000. Calculating the increase of this number by births at the very small number of 500,000, and adding, for converts in the larger cities and towns, 20,000, we will have the following total:—



“ Catholic emigrants from the year 1825 to 1844 . . . . .	800,000
Catholic emigrants from 1844 to 1852	1,200,000
Catholic emigrants from other countries	250,000
American Catholic population twelve years ago . . . . .	1,200,000
Increase by births since . . . . .	500,000
Number of converts . . . . .	20,000
	<hr/>
Number who ought to be Catholics .	3,970,000
Number who are Catholics . . . . .	1,980,000
	<hr/>
NUMBER LOST TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH . . . . .	1,990,000

SAY, IN ROUND NUMBERS, TWO MILLIONS !”

In corroboration of the above statement, in the ‘Annals of the Catholic Faith,’ a Roman Catholic publication of great celebrity, it has been authentically stated that of the population of Ireland “MILLIONS HAVE LOST THEIR SOULS.”

After the last tour made by the Bishop (Protestant) of Tuam through the united dioceses of Tuam, Killala, and Achonry, in a printed report the following statement was officially announced :—

“The general total of the result of the whole tour, comprising all the three heads, is as follows :—

“In all, 1294 persons were confirmed, being 454 original Protestants, and 840 converts.

“These converts, added to the numbers previously confirmed upon the two occasions within the last three years, make 2414 converts confirmed.

“Three new churches have been consecrated, and one enlarged. Five new churches are in process of completion. The first stones were laid of three more, and two more were contracted for, making in all fourteen new churches, which will afford sittings for 5210 persons.

“ Six new licensed houses for Divine worship have been provided, accommodating 2300 worshippers, which, added to the former numbers, will afford accommodation for 7510 persons.

“ Besides this accommodation, afforded in twenty localities where none existed before, there are five other places, in West Galway, not included in the above tour, in which there is a schoolroom where Divine service is performed on the Lord’s-day, and in which accommodation is provided for 1350 worshippers. This number, added to the 7510 already stated, makes a total of 8860 sittings now newly provided.

“ *By order of the Bishop of Tuam,*

“ B. J. CLARKE,

“ *Secretary and Deputy-Registrar.*

“ *Tuam, 29th Aug. 1852.*”

The Roman Catholic priesthood, clearly seeing that the “Exodus” of their fee-paying flocks, whom they have invariably refused to accompany, was progressing; that every family settled across the wide blue waters of the Atlantic were beckoning to their compatriots to follow them; that “millions of Catholic souls had been lost” in America; that the contagion was spreading even to the metropolis of their own country; and, lastly, that as the result of these united movements, by cholera, famine, &c., the Protestant population had so alarmingly increased, that it not only already nearly equalled, but that it threatened very shortly to overbalance in number (as it has always greatly overbalanced in wealth and in land) the Roman Catholic population of Ireland, felt that,—unless some bold and decisive movement was made by them to get into Parliament members favourable to their views, namely, 1st, “tenant-right,” or a

destruction of the title-deeds of *Protestant* and *Catholic* landlords; 2nd, “a *reversion*,” as Archbishop M‘Hale has adroitly expressed it, “of the ecclesiastical funds of the Protestant Church to their original purposes of promoting *Catholic* piety, charity, and education;” 3rd, the stoppage of emigration; and, 4thly, above all, the abolition of the existing combined Protestant-cum-Catholic education of the people under the direction of the National Board of Education in Dublin,—their power, like their flocks, would vanish from the land.

Hitherto their masked influence had, as I have shown, been apparently simply negative. It was, however, only by positive force, by uniting together, and boldly casting aside their spiritual character,—in fact, by what may justly be termed “taking the field,”—that they could hope to maintain their position. They therefore, as is notorious, virulently increased their opposition to education: although the population of Ireland had sunk from eight millions to six, they *increased* the number of their priests; and, as I have indisputably proved by *their own* evidence, they regularly organized a system for advocating, from the altars of their chapels and again in person on the hustings, hostility to landlords, to Lord Derby’s government, to Lord John Russell’s administration; in short, to every human authority and to every human power that should dare presume to offer to their temporal interests and objects the smallest opposition.

Of the conduct and speeches of the Irish priesthood during the late elections, I received from gentlemen and persons of high character who were present, and whose names, if called upon, I can produce, state-



ments, on the truth of which the reader may *implicitly* rely.

I have not been requested by these individuals either to withhold their own names or the names of the priests extracts of whose speeches I shall briefly detail; but as in the investigation in which I have embarked I have determined to avoid as much as possible all personalities, and as the evidence already produced, namely, that of the priesthood themselves, is undeniable, I feel that—in my own outline of the case—the public will not disapprove of my withholding, in a few instances only, the mention of such names, dates, and places as might be injurious or offensive.

Lastly, I deem it due to the officers and men quartered at the various constabulary barracks which I visited on my tour, to state distinctly, that from them I received no evidence *whatever* respecting the Irish priesthood; indeed, I deemed it my bounden duty to abstain from putting to them a single question on that subject. The only observation I ever made to them respecting religion was, invariably to compliment and congratulate them on the friendly and happy terms on which as Catholics and Protestants they were living together.

## I.

THE FOLLOWING IS A SPECIMEN OF THE MODE IN WHICH THE PRIESTHOOD OF IRELAND BY PERSUASION AND ECCLESIASTICAL THREATS ADVOCATED THEIR OWN TEMPORAL VIEWS AT THE LATE ELECTIONS.

On the 27th of June, the priest of \* \* \*, after mass, addressed his congregation as follows:—

“The approaching election is not a war between two kingdoms, but it is a war against your religion; you ought therefore to vote for the Liberal candidates. \* \* \* is a supporter of Lord Derby’s government, and if Derby gets a majority he will crush you; the Government has already done all in its power to crush your religion. Priests and nuns are prevented from wearing their religious habits; the people therefore should be ready to sacrifice their lives for the support of Liberal candidates. Those who have no votes should go to the houses of those who have, and if they will not go with you, *you know what to do*; and as regards myself, *I will not administer the last Sacrament, if they were dying, to any person who shall vote for the support of the present Government.*”

On Sunday, the 25th of July, the priest of \* \* \* spoke from the altar as follows:—

“I have to state, that those persons in this parish who yesterday voted for \* \* \* are perjured men. Let them not come to me to speak about religion, for as long as I am in the parish *I will have very little to say to them.*”

On the following day the seats of the persons alluded to were broken to pieces and thrown out of the chapel.

On Sunday, the 1st of August, a woman whose husband had voted for \* \* \* was turned out of church by the priest of \* \* \*, who, striking her at the same time on the back, exclaimed, “Be off, mother of the old devil!” (The poor woman was so frightened that she was confined to her bed for many days.)

In the middle of the service of the mass, the priest, seeing this woman’s son, turned him out, too, saying,

• “*I will not administer the Communion to any one while that man remains!*”

When mass was over, the priest went into a house,

where, happening to meet another son of the woman he had ejected from the church, he turned him out, saying,

“If I had but the \* \* \* boys, *I would hunt your family out of fairs and markets.*”

In the chapel of \* \* \*, after mass, the priest addressed his congregation as follows:—

“One of you present has voted *for his landlord*. I tell you all that any cause *that* man undertakes will not prosper. The man that is base enough to vote against his conscience and his country, his name and his children’s names will be handed down to the tenth generation. If such a person should enter your house, *order him out!* If he remains, let every one in the house walk out; and when he goes to fairs or to market, let every one say, ‘There goes the man *that betrayed his country!*’”

The priest of \* \* \*, after mass was over, addressed his congregation as follows:—

After denouncing “landlords and their accursed exterminating system,” he said—

“As long as you get your rights commit no offence; but if the days of Cromwell are to return, *I will not stop your arms from the wild spirit of revenge.* (Cries of Bravo throughout the chapel.) *May the curse of God light on the Judases who have voted against you, and may their conscience torment them till they go and hang themselves as Judas did!*”

“Any man,” said the priest of \* \* \*, after mass, “who shall vote for a supporter of the Derby Government, his name shall be recorded to be handed down to posterity *in everlasting disgrace.*”

After mass, on the 4th of July, the priest of \* \* \* addressed his congregation as follows:—

“Catholic freeholders of this parish, now is the time for you to show independence, by voting for \* \* \* and \* \* \*.”



“ Any man that through fear of his landlord shall vote for the supporters of the present Government, I declare him to be a *perjurer*.

“ O’Connell called Lord Stanley a viper, and he has now brought forward a measure to prevent the Catholic clergy from appearing in their robes at any public meeting. *I shall visit you all during the ensuing week.*”

On the 11th of July the priest of \* \* \*, after mass, addressed his parishioners as follows:—

“ It is with deep regret that I allude to political subjects from this altar, but I feel bound to do so to-day by the conduct pursued by those in power. You are aware that the present Government, on getting into office, declared their determination to revert to a duty on corn, or, as they called ‘ Protection ;’ but this attempt not having succeeded, they bethought themselves of the old war-cry of religious persecution, to obtain thereby the support of the English people to keep them in power.

“ Two candidates have been brought forward by the Orange faction to support this Government, so hostile to your ancient faith ; and I ask you as Roman Catholics, can you, or will you, give them your votes ? I tell you, if you do so you will commit *perjury*. Therefore, if any of you vote for either of them, he might as well come here and read his recantation, *for he is no Catholic.*”

On the 18th of July the priest of \* \* \* addressed his congregation as follows:—

“ Now is the time for every elector to go forward and give his vote to the Liberal candidates ; for if you do not, Mr. \* \* \*, who is the Government candidate, will be returned.”

After alluding to the Stockport riots, he added,—

“ Nothing else can be expected from Lord Derby’s administration ; indeed, Daniel O’Connell never called him anything but ‘ Scorpion Stanley ;’ the people, however,

have now an opportunity of hurling him and his ministry from power, and *I trust you will do so*, and that you will return to Parliament men who will support *tenant-right* and *religious freedom*. All the electors from \* \* \* are to be at my house at 8 A.M. on Wednesday next, and I request all in this parish to be there also, to proceed from thence to \* \* \*, where you will all be joined by the electors of \* \* \* and \* \* \*, and I understand that *porter and whisky* will be there."

On the 12th of July, on the return of the popular candidates, a large bonfire was made on the green, at the expense of the priest, who gave two shillings and sixpence to purchase the materials, and fifteen shillings to pay for drink and a fiddler.

On the 16th of July one of the candidates for the representation of the county of \* \* \* arrived at \* \* \* to canvass the electors, accompanied by two priests, and from 400 to 500 persons, including women and children; the procession being preceded by two fifers and a drummer, and by two flags bearing the following mottoes:—

1ST. "WELCOME ——— AND ———, FRIENDS OF CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY. NO ———, NO DERBYITE. REMEMBER STOCKPORT MASSACRE.

2ND. "REMEMBER O'CONNELL AND 1828. HURRA! UP, MEN OF ———, BEWARE OF THE SCORPION, WHO STARVED THE KILRUSH PAUPERS, WHO HUNTED RICHARD O'GORMAN VANDELEUR."\*

On the 20th of May the priest of \* \* \*, after mass, addressed his congregation as follows:—

"There will be an election in the course of this summer, and your *landlords*, who are *the exterminators and the*

\* A rebel of 1848.

*oppressors of the poor*, have combined together to return Protection candidates.

“I am ready to admit there are a few good landlords; but as a class they are *tyrants* and, I repeat, exterminators of the poor. I tell you that the man who shall vote for a Protectionist candidate deserves to have his hand burned in the fire and his tongue wither in his head, and *I shall not be surprised if Providence shall so deal with him*. There will be a meeting of the members of two clubs, and *I call upon you all* to meet me next Sunday after mass, when I will explain *more* to you.”

## II.

THE FOLLOWING IS A SAMPLE OF THE MODE IN WHICH THE PRIESTHOOD OF IRELAND, BY TEMPORAL INTIMIDATION, ADVOCATED THEIR OWN VIEWS AT THE LATE ELECTIONS.

On Sunday, 25th of July, the priest of \* \* \*, in his chapel, addressed his congregation as follows:—

“There is an Orangeman in this town who has voted for the Government. I recommend you all to *shun* him. There are also two or three shopkeepers who have done the same. *Do not cross the threshold of their doors*, for anything purchased from them can have no luck. There is also a certain mill not far off, the owner of which has voted against you. *Do not purchase meal that has been ground in it*, but support \* \* \*, who has also a mill. *He gave you his support*, and you should therefore support HIM.”

On the 1st of August the following notice was affixed in the chapel of \* \* \* :—

“*Notice.*

“Here are the friends of Lord Derby’s Government and the Stockport rioters, who would pull down our



chapels, hunt our priests from their altars, burn our houses and books.

“ \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \* ”

As soon as mass was concluded, the priest addressed his congregation as follows :—

“ I have received a letter from the priest of \* \* \*, informing me that he will not purchase hay of any of those whose names are there placarded, because, he says, they all voted for \* \* \*. Out of the list, however, I will absolve \* \* \*, because I know he had no vote to give.”

The seats belonging to two of those placarded were then turned out of the chapel.

The following placard was published :—

“ *Notice to the Public.*

“ Any person found giving custom or going into any of the shops of the persons named, shall be served with the rod of correction.

“ Rob. Parks.	Jno. Quail.
Thos. Faris.	Abrm. Mitchill.
Jno. Owens.	Fras. Connolly, &
Jno. Creamer.	Jno. Rutherford.

“ Let them mark the consequence.

“ No objection to any but the above.”

On the 29th of June the priest of \* \* \* addressed his congregation as follows :—

“ The time is coming. I recommend that all of you get ready and have *your blackthorn sticks* and your ARMS

prepared. Vote according to your consciences; but I tell you that he who votes for the *enemy* will not afterwards be able to live in the country.

“*Do not spare those who vote for the enemy, but yell after them in the streets, to drag them and strangle them. Vote for your religion*”—and striking the altar with all his force, he added, “for your God. Never will there be greater work in Ireland than on this occasion.”

It will appear from the following speech, that from “blackthorn sticks” the Irish clergy gradually but Jesuitically recommended the use of more deadly weapons.

On Sunday, the 20th of June, the priest of \* \* \*, in addressing his congregation on the subject of the approaching elections, spoke from the altar as follows:—

“I challenge Mr. \* \* \* to see which of us shall have the votes of the people. How, I ask, can *his* voters get to \* \* \*? for the colliers will be there with their picks. The law prevents them from carrying *arms*, but it does not prevent them from carrying their *picks*, because their picks are their tools.”

### III.

THE FOLLOWING IS A SAMPLE OF THE COARSE LANGUAGE USED BY THE IRISH PRIESTHOOD IN ADVOCATING THEIR OWN VIEWS AT THE LATE ELECTIONS.

After mass, on the 28th of June, the priest of \* \* \* addressed a large congregation as follows:—

“Do not act as Judas did when he betrayed Christ—do not betray \* \* \*. Now is the time for those who have no votes to watch those who have, and *gull* them to give their votes for \* \* \*, and not to any Tory rascal. Do not thank your landlords for your votes; thank yourselves. *Now, my boys, all stand by \* \* \* with ammunition,*

and go and persuade the people of \* \* \* to come also from *their* altar.”

At a public meeting held at Tholsel of New Ross, on the 28th of June, 1852, on the subject of the ensuing elections, the Rev. \* \* \*, P. priest, exclaimed—

“I suppose some of you think I ought to be ashamed to appear before you this evening? Let *no liar* misrepresent what I say. I am surprised to see \* \* \*’s name to any document against me. I condemn the conduct of any man who endorses falsehoods. I tell them *it is a lie*.”

“The little coward of an Orange magistrate was the cause of the disturbance on the quay.”

“I,” said the priest of \* \* \*, in addressing a large congregation of people, “am the son of a farmer. The time will come when it will be as hard for a *landlord* to get into Parliament as for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle. In old times the landlords treated us like cows and horses.

“There has appeared an article in the Independent newspaper. That article, I tell you, is *a filthy lie*.”

The Rev. \* \* \* added, “\* \* \* is a slanderer. I tell him to his teeth *he is a slanderer*. \* \* \* and \* \* \* went out and fired blank cartridges at each other, but *we* won’t fire *blank* cartridges at \* \* \*.”

The priest of \* \* \*, addressing his congregation in favour of “tenant-right,” said,

“These big-bellied bailiffs have fattened on the poverty of the people. I request the women who hear me to attend the election, and, if the *men* will not do it, I will get you women *to rip open their big bellies*.”

On the 3rd of July the priest of \* \* \*, in addressing from a window a mob of people, said,

“Let us give three groans for \* \* \*; three groans for the Crowbar Brigade; and nine times nine for *the Scorpion Stanley*. There are in this town some base,



rotten, renegade, miscreant Catholics, who would, as at Stockport, pull down a chapel, and everything in it, for a glass of whisky. But I will keep my eye upon them, and I hope, my friends, you will too. I don't want *you* to use physical force, but I promise you that I will *pitch the silk into them* hereafter. There will be a public meeting in this town on Tuesday next, when the clergy of the diocese, and other influential gentlemen, will be present; and I expect that *every man, woman, and child* of this and the adjoining parishes will be present to cheer on the champions of their religion, and to hunt the nominee of *Scorpion Stanley* from the field."

If the reader will recall to mind the superhuman influence invested by the Roman Catholic Church in the Irish parish priest, designated "the representative" of a name we are justly forbidden to pronounce in vain, he will not be surprised in perusing the following

## IV.

SAMPLE OF THE RESULTS OF THE SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL INTIMIDATION AND COARSE LANGUAGE USED BY THE IRISH PRIESTHOOD IN ADVOCATING THEIR OWN VIEWS AT THE LATE ELECTIONS.

## 1.

*Copy.*

" Here lies  
John  
a trator



the body of  
Cunningham,  
to his country.

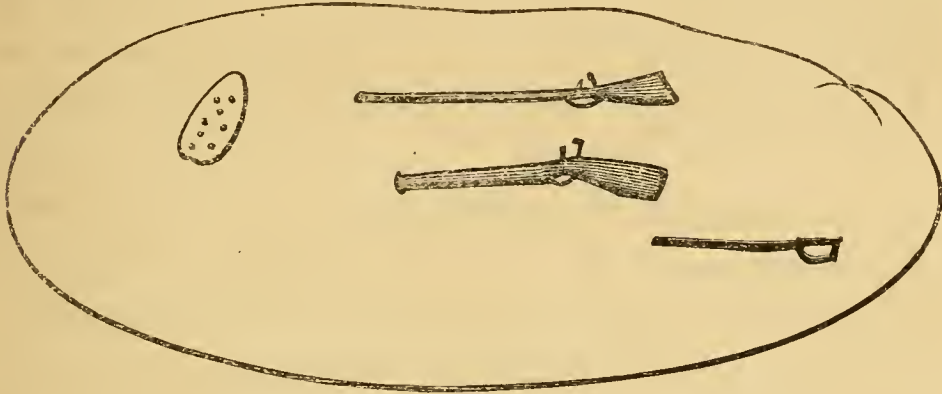
" John Cunningham, take notice if you dont give your vote to the man whom it was asked for on Sunday last, you may have your coffin to Manorhamilton with you. So take warning in time, do as the rest of your neighbours do,—if you dont you will be shot *like a dog*.

" A civil Caution."

2.

“ Notice.

“ Etan Durrow town—Please Mr. Poter i sit down For to trouble you with those few lines for to let you know that we wont take you short. Prepare yourself as soon as possibly can, you went against *your Clergy*, and what can you expect—Peter gunnonde the Crippled Dog.”



3.

“ Notice.

“ Take notice John Lang that you will not receive from the sooper John Colman any milk or if you do it is not a notice you will get but dedly wounds Sign buy me

“ CAPTAIN THUNDERBOLT.”

4.

“ To Mr. Turner \* \* \*

“ Sir Take notice that if you go to give your vote against ——— you may quit both your mills: besides your life is in danger also your son—in like manner.

“ You may please yourself, but mark what will follow.”

5.

“ To Mr. \* \* \*

“ I herfore warn you if you go against us leave this place or lose your life. You do not know the instant you or *your wife and child* will be killed.

“ Tom and Short  
without shame or fear.”

6.



“ Never shew your face in Waterford again if you do mark the consequence—

“ We will send you home dead you turn coat—

“ You will pay for this you blackguard—

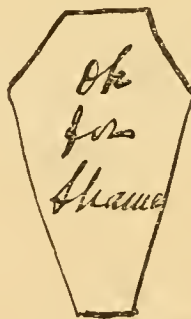
“ Your enemy till death—

“ The Clergy.”

7.

*Copy.*

“ Mind yourself or you will soon get a bullet from us the piple of Waterford ”—



8.

About half-past two o'clock in the morning of the 20th of July about 40 persons came to the house of Michael Ledwith, situated in the townland of Carrickateaur, and asked why *the priest* was refused his oath? Ledwith replied, he did not refuse the priest! A book was then handed to him by one of the party, when his son James swore on it that his father should vote for Fox and Greville. They broke 9 panes of glass in one window, and 2 sashes. They then went away, saying, if he did not



vote for Fox and Greville, they would again visit him and level the house.

## 9.

On the 18th of July seven or eight men visited John Geraghty's dwelling-house at Cloonsheran on the night of the 18th instant, broke the windows and door and fired a shot into the house. Geraghty happened to be from home at the time. Two of the attacking party desired his family to tell him that if he did not vote for *his clergy* and his country, that they would visit him again after the election.

## 10.

On the 13th of July, at 2½ o'clock A.M., ten persons called at the house of Thomas Devine, situated in the townland of Carrickatrave, called him up, and asked him for whom he would vote; he said for his country and *his clergy*. One of the men who had a gun broke a pane of glass by thrusting the gun through it. They then shook hands with him and said that was all they wanted, and went away.

## 11.

On the night of the 11th of July, about 11½ o'clock P.M., a party of 9 or 10 men, two of them armed with pistols, and a third with a gun, came to the house of Denis Evers and obtained admission, after threatening to break in the door if it was not opened. When they entered they called for Evers, and asked for whom he proposed voting; he replied, for those he thought most worthy of it; and they then said that he should vote for *the Priest*, that he had been warned before, and that if they had to come again he might have his coffin made, for that they would shoot him and put him into it. They brought him outside the door and told him to kneel down until they would shoot him; he refused doing so, and they then fired one shot close to his ear; he resisted, in consequence of which he received two cuts on the head: after repeatedly threatening him, they went away across the country.

## 12.

On the 11th of July, between the hours of 1 and 2 o'clock A.M., the dwelling-house of Bernard Burns was visited by a party of about sixty persons, unknown, about 10 of whom were armed with guns, some of them having bayonets fixed on them. On hearing the noise Burns got up, opened his door, and saw the party outside, the men with arms close to the door. Party asked him who he would vote for, and he replied, for *his Priest* and the country. Party desired him to stick to that and not bring them again, and, on departing, fired a shot some distance from the house. . . . .

## 13.

*Copy.*

“Connor Mic Grah,

“Take notice that you must give up the Medo you taks from that bastely & drunken vagabond Mic Muldoon he sould his countery & his *holy religion* to the enemy so give up the Medo or mark what will be done to you—there is sut of the poor mans house on his hand—he is gettin Castle money, to sell you, we will make this drunken upstart as por as his fader was who made money by robbin the poor—He must get no Gras in, or House no dealin wid him now is the time to stand together if not America is our dom, we must put this upstart out of the country, let his medo rot & his land to feed Crows—If you do not give up the Medo remember you will be sorry so take warnin *or make your will at once—*

“A friend.



“This is your end if you hold the Medo.

“No one would take the traitors Mic Cormics Medo in Dimor. No one would take the traitors Muldoons but you.”

## 14.

About the hour of 2 o'clock in the morning of the 12th of July, the dwelling-house of John Mallow was visited by a party consisting of about twenty-five persons, armed with guns, a pistol, a pitchfork, and sticks. They said they wanted Mallow's vote for Mr. Greville. Mallow then got up and went to the window, and one of the party put a gun through it and ordered him to put out his hand, and, on doing so, one of the party handed him a book, and swore him to vote for the Rev. Mr. M'Keon, *his parish Priest*, Mr. Greville, and his country, and then went away.

## 15.

The following notice was found posted on the door of the dwelling-house of Mr. James McKenna at Santry:—



“ If you vote for Hamilton, here is your coffin.”

## 16.

“ Take notice of this



“ Dear Sir I have to inform you that I have to pay you a visit on the night of the 16 inst. with regard to your vote which I hope you will give for the good of your country. But do not attempt giving it to ———, or any other Devil like him—so I hope you will prepare and



go with your vote for ——— and save me the trouble of going to visit you the second time. If you do, remark what follows for I swair by the piper that played before Moses or the water that flowed from the Rock I will send your soul jumping to the lower pit of perdition and then let ——— come to pay you the compliment to inhume your mortal remains which I think that your neighbours would not disgrace themselves by doing.

“ So I will deliver the next verbily.”

## V.

THE FOLLOWING IS A SAMPLE OF THE FURTHER ORGANIZATION AND OF THE VIOLENCE AND INTIMIDATION OF THE IRISH PRIESTHOOD IN ADVOCATING THEIR OWN TEMPORAL INTERESTS.

### 1.

Pursuant to a public advertisement, a tenant-right assembly assembled at Wexford on the 27th of April. A caravan, containing musicians from Ross, Father Doyle, and three *priests*, arrived at 12 o'clock, and proceeded to the Town Hall. They were there joined by 7 more *priests*, who remained closeted together for more than two hours, when one of the *priests* came forward to the meeting, composed of about 250 people, and announced that they had decided on a monster meeting being held at Enniscorthy on the 18th May, for the purposes which they were to have discussed upon that occasion.

### 2.

On the 22nd instant, being the first day of polling for the county, a riotous mob, armed with all sorts of formidable bludgeons and other weapons, and headed by two or three *priests* and the son of Mr. Barron, an assistant barrister, entered Newry from the neighbourhood of Hilltown, Castlewellan, Dolly's Brae, &c. &c., yelling and flourishing their weapons in a terrific manner. It afterwards appeared in evidence before Capt. Warburton, R.M., that they entered in this furious manner for the purpose of

intimidating the freeholders, and that a leader of the mob gave an order for their friends to take off their neck handkerchiefs, that they might be able to distinguish their own party. From this mob, *headed by Priests*, by the spirited conduct of Captain Warburton, there were taken sixteen pistols, one bayonet, one dagger, 50 rounds of ammunition, 40 spare balls, 500 bludgeons and loaded whips.

## 3.

At about 8 o'clock in the evening of the 25th July instant, as privates John *M'Kinney* and Edward Lenory, of the 31st regiment, were returning to their Barracks in John's-square, they were met at Pennywell (near Clare-sreet) by a mob of persons, who, crying out, "*These are the murderers,*" knocked them down with stones, and beat them most severely, giving *M'Kinney* several cuts in his head, and otherwise injuring him in the body. Some of his comrades coming up succeeded in carrying him to the barracks, but the mob was greatly excited, and disposed to commit more outrage.

## VI.

THE FOLLOWING IS A SOLITARY SAMPLE, OUT OF HUNDREDS THAT COULD BE ADDUCED, OF THE MODE IN WHICH THE IRISH PRIESTS INDUCED THEIR FOLLOWERS FORCIBLY TO KEEP FROM THE POLL THOSE OPPOSED TO THE TEMPORAL INTERESTS OF THE. PRIESTHOOD.

Copy of a large Placard.

*“ Men and Women of Clare.*

*“ The chapels of your poor countrymen in England have been torn down, the houses of your clergy have been demolished, their sacred vessels and vestments have been destroyed. The officers of the government go to the elections with Orange flags. Will you allow the men who are miscalled the freeholders of Clare to send a member from Clare to support such a government? In the name of your clergy, your altars, and your God, we call upon you to keep away*

*from the poll* those voters who, if they had a free will, would vote with their *religion* and the people, but who are afraid of their landlords and agents. In mercy to those voters, *secure them and KEEP THEM AWAY* until the polling is over; do them no violence, treat them kindly, only keep them out of the way, and success is certain.

“Women of Clare, we depend on you; will you fail us? You will not.

“No Vandaleur. No Dutchman.

“Fitzgerald and O’Brien—Irishmen.

“Hurrah!”

The triumphant consequence of, *in the name of* THE CLERGY, forcibly “securing and keeping away” from the poll those who desired to vote for Lord Derby’s Government was thus openly first foretold and then boasted of in the Priests’ official Gazette:—

1.

“It is well known that it is the priests of Tipperary, *and the priests alone*, who can and will gain a triumph over the enemies of freedom, *in this great county*, at the coming election.”—*Tablet*, July 10.

2.

“The number of votes recorded in his (Mr. Corbally’s) favour amounted nearly to two thousand, *and for those he was indebted to the bishop and the Catholic clergy*. . . . If it had not been for the *clergy*, HE WOULD HAVE BEEN BEATEN.”—Speech at Meath election, *Tablet*, July 31.

Out of the above samples of Priests’ speeches—which I can faithfully declare form not a twentieth part of similar evidence that I could adduce, and to the truth of which hundreds and thousands, of eye-witnesses and ear-witnesses, can testify—I beg the reader’s particular attention to the following brief extracts:—

1. “One of you present,” said the priest of \* \* \* after



mass, "has voted for his landlord. I tell you all, that any cause *that* man undertakes will not prosper. If such a person should enter your house, order him out! If he remains, let every one in the house walk out; and when he goes to fairs or to market, let every one say, 'There goes the man *that betrayed his country.*'"—Page 367.

2. "May the curse of God," said the priest of \* \* \*, after mass, light on the Judases who have voted against you; and may their consciences torment them till they go and hang themselves, as Judas did!"—Page 367.

3. "Any man," said the priest of \* \* \*, in addressing his congregation, "that, through fear of his landlord, shall vote for the supporters of the present Government, I declare him *to be a perjurer.*"—Page 368.

4. "There will be," said the priest of \* \* \*, after mass, "an election in the course of this summer, and your *landlords*, who are *the exterminators* and the *oppressors* of the poor, have combined together to return Protection candidates. I am ready to admit there are a few good landlords; but as a class they are *tyrants*, and, I repeat, *exterminators* of the poor. I tell you that the man who shall vote for a Protectionist candidate deserves to have his hand burned in the fire and his tongue withered within his head; and I shall not be surprised *if Providence* shall so deal with him."—Page 369.

5. "The time is coming," said the priest of \* \* \*, in addressing his congregation. "I recommend that all of you *get ready*, and have your *blackthorn sticks* and your *ARMS* prepared. *Do not spare those* who vote for the enemy."—Page 371.

6. "How, I ask," said the priest of \* \* \*, in his chapel, "can the voters of \* \* \* get to \* \* \*? for the colliers are there with their picks. The law prevents them from carrying *arms*, but it does not prevent them from carrying their *picks*, for their picks are their tools."—Page 372.

7. "\* \* \* and \* \* \* went out," said the priest of \* \* \*, at a public meeting, "and fired blank cartridges at each other, but *we won't fire blank cartridges* at \* \* \*."—Page 373.

8. "These big-bellied bailiffs," said the priest of \* \* \*, in addressing his congregation in favour of *tenant-right*, "have fattened on the poverty of the people. I request the women who hear me to attend the election, and, if the *men* will not do it, I will get you *women to rip open* their big bellies."—Page 373.

Now, just as in a Protestant church the clerk officially exclaims "Amen" to every prayer the clergyman utters, so, as might naturally be supposed, the illiterate congregations of the Irish priesthood outwardly and inwardly repeated the same word after every malediction which they heard their priest utter against Irish *landlords*; and accordingly, following the example of their priest, or rather in obedience to his unholy mandates, *they* cursed as *he* cursed—*they* threatened as *he* threatened; *they* had recourse first to sticks, and finally to deadly weapons, exactly as *from the altar* HE had desired.

In fact, the anonymous signature of "TOM SHORT, *without shame or fear*," and warning coffins, have, I believe, sufficiently explained to the reader how completely the Irish poor have been victims to the fury of their priesthood.

THE SERPENT BEGUILLED THEM, AND THEY DID EAT.

And what, I now ask of the priesthood of Ireland, has been the result of the guilty hatred you have inculcated between your poor parishioners and the legitimate proprietors of the soil they cultivate? You have excited passions which, as Christian ministers, it was your especial duty to allay. In the name of God, and from your holy altars, with all the power of that education which the British Parliament gave to you at

Maynooth, you have not only denounced, cursed, and threatened the Irish *landlords*, but, diverting the enormous spiritual influence you possess to temporal purposes of the most sordid description, you have instigated your illiterate followers to the commission of the dreadful crime of MURDER; and, that there may be no mistake as to the awful consequences of your eloquence, your imprecations, and of your appeal to blackthorn sticks, iron picks, arms, and other deadly weapons, I call upon you, before the civilized world, to read—and as you read may you repent—the following list of landowners (designated by you “tyrants, exterminators, and oppressors of the poor”) and land-agents, who, in Irish graves, are now lying festering around you, either with fractured skulls and broken limbs, or with bodies perforated by bullets and shot, fired upon them as they were inoffensively coming from market,—as they were innocently cultivating their land,—and in several instances as, in the sacred enjoyment of domestic happiness, seated in their own homes, they were surrounded by families who are now mourning over their irreparable loss.

When this list of murders shall be affixed—as I trust it will be—to the door of every Roman Catholic chapel in Ireland, will the priest thereof dare to cross its threshold to administer holy mass to a devout Christian congregation? Will virtuous Irishwomen tolerate his presence at the altar?—will they confess to him who, for his own sordid, revengeful views, has been the means of turning wives into widows, and helpless children into orphans? Finally, whether they do or not, I ask the Irish priesthood, while this list of murders



LIST OF THE LANDLORDS, LAND-AGENTS, SUB-AGENTS,  
CARE-TAKERS, BAILIFFS, ETC, WHO HAVE LATELY BEEN  
BARBAROUSLY MURDERED IN IRELAND.

County.	Name.	Date.	Occupation, &c.
Monaghan . . .	T. D. Bateson, Esq., J.P.	5 Dec., 1851	Agent.
Westmeath . . .	Roger North, Esq., J.P.	23 Sept., 50	Landlord.
Armagh . . .	R. L. Manleverer, Esq.	23 May, 50	Agent.
Cork, W. R. . .	John Browne . . . . .	1 April, 51	Farmer.
Donegal . . .	David Moore . . . . .	9 Aug., 51	Bailiff.
Galway, W. R.	Bridget Connuly . . . .	24 May, 50	Orphan ; for giving information.
Kilkenny . . .	John Ryan . . . . .	13 March, 50	Bailiff.
, ,	Richard Kinneally, and his son David.	29 April, 50	Caretakers.
King's . . . .	Patrick Egan . . . . .	19 Feb., 50	Farmer.
, ,	Robert Pike . . . . .	3 Aug., 50	Sub-Agent to Mr. Cassidy.
, ,	William Mahon . . . . .	3 Apr., 51	Labourer.
Leitrim . . . .	John Curran . . . . .	24 Dec., 51	Farmer.
, ,	Philip Rogers . . . . .	16 May, 52	Farmer.
Limerick . . .	Edmond O'Brien . . . .	10 Jan., 50	Farmer.
, ,	John Curtin . . . . .	7 May, 50	Labourer.
Longford . . .	Bernard Roddy . . . . .	7 March, 50	Farmer.
Louth . . . . .	Mr. Samuel Coulter . . .	2 May, 51	Agent.
, ,	Bernard M'Entegart . . .	15 June, 51	Tenant's son.
Mayo . . . . .	Patrick Solan . . . . .	31 March, 50	Farm-servant.
Queen's . . . .	Edward White, Esq. . . .	25 Aug., 51	Landlord.
Tipperary, N. R.	William Ardell . . . . .	11 Jan., 50	Land-steward.
, ,	Thomas Martin . . . . .	25 Oct., 50	Farmer.
Tipperary, S. R.	Thomas Spearman . . . .	15 April, 50	Poor Farmer.
, ,	Thomas Datters . . . . .	30 Aug., 50	Caretaker.
, ,	Richard Kennedy . . . . .	Aug., 51	Caretaker.
Waterford . . .	James Troy . . . . .	27 Oct., 51	Bailiff.
, ,	O'Callaghan Ryan, Esq.	2 Sept., 52	Landlord.
Westmeath . . .	James Carey . . . . .	7 June, 51	Railway La- bourer.

N.B.—In the above list John Curtin, labourer, was murdered for refusing to accompany a party of men to shoot a bailiff.

is before their eyes, themselves to declare whether I was not justified in asserting that “They have brought scandal on the sacred character of the Catholic Church—that they have disgraced the cloth they wear—and that they are culpably driving from a beloved soil hundreds of thousands of men, women, and little children, whom it was their especial duty, spiritually and morally, to befriend”?

MEN OF IRELAND! While in Italy, Germany, France, Portugal, and Spain, the upper classes of society are what they themselves term “philosophers”—our religion, said a German lady, is “*Indifferentism*”—Ireland is the only country in Europe in which the eminent merchant, the lawyer, the judge on the bench—in short, in which the well-educated Catholic—is a sincere Papist. I respect your sincerity,—I admire your honesty,—I revere your devotional attachment to your Christian creed,—and I should despise any one how would unnecessarily offer to your religion, or indeed to the religion of any man, insult or offence. But, without even a latent desire to endeavour to convert you to Protestantism, I ask you, as men distinguished by talent, wit, ability, and courage, Are you not *ashamed of the conduct of your own priests?*

If you yourselves chose to struggle, wrestle, and even fight in favour of a political candidate,—if you chose not only to bring him to the hustings on your shoulders, but, in order to make his election doubly sure, to tie the legs and pinion the arms of antagonist voters,—your offence is a civil one, belonging to a class which, diminishing down to bribery and

corruption, pervades more or less the United Kingdom. It is a simple violation of the law, and let us leave the law to deal with it. But when a low-born, low-bred member of your society, who is neither masculine nor feminine, tells you that he has weaned himself from the affections of this world,—that his thoughts are fixed only on eternity,—that they are so completely engrossed by the sacred mysteries and miracles he has to perform for you that he has no time—*no, not a minute*—to love anything on earth but the cold crucifix, the emblem of that mild, beneficent, parental religion which makes us all brothers; that for the sake of that Holy Religion he sacrificed his manhood at Maynooth; in short, that by a purity of mind and conduct, such as a Roman Catholic priesthood can alone enjoy, he claims your confidence, your veneration, and your respect: is it not disgraceful in him, from the altar of his chapel, in vulgar terms such as I have adduced, to stimulate his confiding congregation to the commission of violence,—to curse those who decline to join in that violence,—and then, from the house of God, with uplifted gown and black legs, to hurry to the hustings, to remain there, for his own mercenary motives, minute after minute, hour after hour, and day after day, from morning to night, either as the low “*gutter-agent*” or as the eloquent flaming firebrand of a political contest, at which if he be present at all, he ought—*and he cannot deny it*—to preach “*peace and goodwill towards men*”?

IRISHMEN! The redemption of your beautiful country is in your own power and in your own hands. Raise not an arm,—speak not a word against the life or pro-



perty of any man ;—but, firmly adhering to your Holy Religion, with the finger of scorn silently point at your degraded and self-interested priesthood, and in one moment Ireland—great, glorious, and free—will be emancipated from a thralldom which, though it has not withered her verdant surface, has for ages degraded her improvident poor,—which within the last three years has more than decimated their numbers,—and which at this moment is scattering, in rags and tatters, hundreds of thousands of them over the whole surface of the globe!

In the late electioneering contests your priests have overreached themselves. They have unmasked their long artfully-concealed objects,—they have destroyed their own power,—they have extinguished their own influence,—and, in the broad daylight,—in the middle of the nineteenth century,—they die, in the judgment of every enlightened citizen of the globe...“ FELLO DE SE.”

IRISHMEN! Will you remain, as a nation, degraded as you have been, and as you are; or will you by one manly effort rise—per saltum—to the high level of your destiny? Your redemption in this world can only be effected by yourselves.

“ HEREDITARY BONDSMEN! KNOW YE NOT,  
WHO WOULD BE FREE, THEMSELVES MUST STRIKE  
THE BLOW ? ”

It would be alike vain and vainglorious to suppose that the brief and feeble appeal of an individual, of

whose life only one fortnight has been spent in Ireland, could possibly produce on a whole nation the smallest sudden effect. On the other hand, however, such is the magic influence and power of Truth over the human mind, that there can exist no doubt that the facts and evidence I have adduced are seed which no earthly authority can forbid to vegetate. The priesthood of Ireland may rail at them, and, while they writhe, may endeavour to give to the distortions of pain the appearance of a bitter sneer. They may deem it prudent, in silence, to treat my evidence with feigned contempt, but in all countries and in all directions will it arise in judgment against them. Many a pretty Irishwoman, when they ask for her confession, will silently shake her slight forefinger in their face. Many a devout Catholic, without upbraiding them, will when he meets them in the street give them what is commonly called “a cold shoulder.” The title of “*yere Rivirince*”—like short petticoats—will gradually go out of fashion, and their malign influence will slowly but continuously wither and decay, until, by the blessing of God, the whole family of Ireland, Catholics and Protestants, will live together as they ought in brotherly love, the prosperous, enlightened, and happy members of one of the finest nations of the globe.

But whether this prophecy be fulfilled or not, the incontrovertible evidence adduced against the Irish priesthood, in *their own* speeches, writings, and imprecations, will at all events, wherever the English language is read, dispel a mystery which like a mist has hitherto hung over the character of England. The latent cause

of the degraded state of Ireland will henceforward rest on the real culprits that have created it, and, by the just verdict of the civilized world, the British Sovereign, the Imperial Parliament, and the English People will, I feel confident, as I have already said, be unanimously declared "NOT GUILTY."

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## “WHAT IS TO BE DONE

ABOUT Ireland?” will no doubt be the engrossing problem of the approaching session of Parliament.

Hitherto the House of Commons has been divided into parties, the well-known names of which it is quite unnecessary to detail. Into the present new assembly there will, however, in a phalanx, march an entirely new element in the legislation of our country, namely, fifty-one members, representing Maryologically the interests and objects of the Irish priesthood, which interests and which objects have been openly avowed—in the manifesto of the priesthood (page 279), and in the speech (pages 315-318) of Mr. Lucas, M.P., Editor of *The Tablet*, “in the front of which he places the Virgin and Child”—as follows:—

1st. To advocate a measure embodying all the principles of Mr. Sharman Crawford’s *Tenant Right Bill*.

2nd. To advocate a repeal of the *Ecclesiastical Titles Act* of last Session.

3rd. To support a measure for *appropriating the revenues of the Established Church* in Ireland (saving existing rights) to national purposes.

4th. To give a strenuous *bonâ fide* opposition to every *Ministry* that will not actively favour the passing of the above three vital measures.

“In my opinion,” says Mr. Lucas, the tried and trusted

advocate of every principle dear to the hearts of the entire prelacy and priesthood of the land, "there is no good to be done except by the most decided, unrelenting, persevering, troublesome opposition to *every* Government, until they do justice [*i. e.* grant the above three measures] to Ireland." —p. 317.

As a British House of Commons will, I feel confident, summarily deal with physical-force projects of this nature as they deserve, I will only observe, as a statistical fact, that the argument for appropriating to Catholics the revenues of the Established Protestant Church of Ireland, simply because the population of the former creed exceeds that of the latter, rests on a foundation that will very shortly be reversed, inasmuch as within a couple of years there can exist no doubt whatever that the Protestant population of Ireland will form "the majority;" in which case, if the present argument be worth anything, they, the Protestants, might, according to "the law of the strongest," seize upon whatever property of the Roman Catholics they might be inclined to covet.

Leaving, however, this question to be decided by its proper tribunal, I will proceed to one on which I feel not only justified, but that it is my duty respectfully to submit my opinion: for as the facts and evidence I have adduced will inevitably tend to increase throughout England, Scotland, and the Protestant population of Ireland, the never-ceasing cry of "NO POPERY;" and as this increased feeling will naturally excite a call upon Parliament to discontinue to the priesthood of Ireland the national grant for the maintenance of the College of Maynooth, I deem it right to say that in

my opinion no such act of vengeance should be, I will not say indulged in, but committed.

In 1795 Mr. Pitt, conceiving that, if the Irish priesthood were to be forced to cross the Channels of Ireland and England to the Continent of Europe in quest of education, they would with religious instruction imbibe jacobinical principles, proposed the formation of a home college, in which they might learn not only to be religious but *loyal*: in short, he conceived that he would secure the Irish priesthood to the Throne by educating them in Ireland. His expectations, however, have been reversed; for while Roman Catholic priests on the Continent have always been in favour of monarchy or despotism, in Ireland *alone*, generally speaking, they have been, and are, liberals or republicans.

But the establishment of the College of Maynooth has produced other disadvantages which might have been foreseen.

If candidates for the Irish priesthood had continued to go for education to the Continent, the mere expenses they would have had to incur would have secured to the Church the sons of respectable people. With an opportunity of mixing with foreigners, their manners would have been polished, and their ideas enlarged. Indeed, in the French School of Theology at St. Omer there is very little of what is commonly called "ultramontanism." On their return they would thus have been fit to enter into the very best society of Ireland, an intercourse of which the advantages would evidently have been reciprocal.

Now, in the cheap wholesale manufacture of priests



at Maynooth there exist the following glaring errors :— Instead—like our young Protestant clergy at Oxford and Cambridge—of enjoying the advantages of association with gentlemen and noblemen of *all* professions, their education is exclusively confined to themselves;—indeed, the stone wall that environs them is but an emblem of that which is artificially constructed round their intellects, their minds, and their hearts; and as their life is evidently divested of all refined intellectual enjoyments, none but the sons of small needy farmers and small shopkeepers are willing to embark in it, and thus it may be confidently asserted that among the whole of the Irish priesthood there scarcely exists the son of a gentleman. Indeed, the bishops of the various dioceses are practically aware that young men chosen from the very lowest ranks of society are more subservient to them than had they been selected from a higher caste; and it is on this account that in Ireland the Irish priest is rarely to be found in the society of a gentleman.

In the class-books at Maynooth—for instance, in Dens' Theology — ultramontane principles are irrevocably implanted in their heads; their discipline (*vide* the number of hours they are at study, page 95) breaks down their minds; abject subjection to their superiors crushes their spirits: in fact, not only is the system altogether one of utter slavery, but I regret to say it ends, as I have shown, in the slave becoming a tyrant.

The addition to education money granted in late years by Parliament has not produced much improvement; for although it has undeniably increased the

*number* of priests, it has not improved their *quality*. In short, Mr. Pitt's project, in almost every point of view, has proved to be a most serious failure.

Notwithstanding, however, all these reasons in favour of the abolition of the College of Maynooth, and notwithstanding the misconduct of the Irish priesthood, of which no one can be more fully convinced than myself, I will not conceal my decided opinion, that by continuing to them our grant we shall administer to the degraded priesthood of Ireland an infinitely heavier blow than we should inflict upon them by withholding it. In the struggle and contention which for so many years have disgraced the connexion between England and Ireland, it has been, and *it is*, of vital importance that we should not only satisfy but undeniably *prove* to the civilized world, *who it is that has been to blame*. And as the priesthood of Ireland, blood-stained with the barbarous murders they have encouraged, have made themselves the object of detestation and contempt, it is, I submit, the duty as well as the interest of Protestant England to evince, on the detection and self-degradation of an inveterate and ungrateful opponent, that generosity and magnanimity which have ever characterised her conduct to Ireland in general, and to the Irish priesthood in particular; and, therefore, although I have, to the utmost of my power, acted as the public prosecutor of their offences, with equal energy I urge, as their advocate, that the annual Parliamentary Grant for Maynooth should be continued to them.

There is one other measure on which I will venture very briefly to offer an opinion.

If it be our duty, as it must be our desire, to live on friendly terms with the Roman Catholics of Ireland, —if to their Christian creed it be our duty, as it ought to be our desire, to offer neither insult nor offence, —surely it follows, that with the spiritual head of that Church we ought to maintain the same friendly intercourse that dignifies our communications with the government of every nation on the globe.

From the system of education which the British Parliament has thought proper to establish at Maynooth, it is evident that upon the Irish parish priest no government, no officer, no gentleman, has the slightest hold; in fact, the two parties are elements of society that, having no affinity for each other, cannot chemically be mixed, and even if shaken together separate in a few minutes by precipitation. But we can not only hold official communication with the Pope at Rome, but, if he assumes to be the head of the Catholic Church of Ireland, if he arrogates to himself a divine right and authority to govern that Church, we are morally, and what is still better, we are physically entitled to hold him responsible for any misconduct in his subordinates of which we can reasonably complain.

The other day, when an ensign of an infantry regiment, in obedience to orders, marched his men out of a Roman Catholic chapel in which the priest was commencing a political harangue, the priest did not attempt to appeal to the soldiers—he would not deign to complain to the subaltern who had offended him—but he addressed a coarse, intemperate letter to the Commander of the Forces in Ireland respecting the misconduct of what he—the priest—was pleased to term “this jack-



anapes.” In principle the course he took was right; and yet, while throughout Ireland a spiritual discipline, infinitely more powerful than exists in the army, subjects the priesthood to the Pope at Rome, we complain to subordinates who detest and repudiate our power, and with the real superintending authority we decline officially to communicate! I would therefore suggest for consideration the propriety of Great Britain despatching to and maintaining an ambassador at the See of Rome.

If these two measures be adopted, and if Parliament will firmly resist the unreasonable demands of those who style themselves “*The Irish Brigade*,” there are elements at work, over which the British Government has no control, that must very quickly completely subvert the present degraded position of Ireland.

Those hundreds of thousands of poor people whom the famine forced to migrate, and who have no inclination to return, are not only beckoning to their friends at home, but to enable them to follow them they have forwarded to Ireland out of their savings very nearly the following sums:—\*

	£.
In 1848 upwards of . . .	460,000
1849 , , . . .	540,000
1850 , , . . .	957,000
1851 , , . . .	990,000 !

Now, if the potato disease continues, it is inevitable, not only that all those who, sleeping with swine and asses, are still obstinately subsisting solely on this

\* See Twelfth General Report of the Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners.

root, must, either by death or emigration, be swept, as by a hurricane, from the surface of Ireland, but that their vacant places must be filled by others ; and thus a complete new system of what in parliamentary phraseology is termed “ men and measures ” will—not by the vacillating order of man, but by a stern decree of Providence—effectually and irrecoverably overturn that miserable, degrading, pig-priest-and-potato mode of existence which has so long prevailed.

In the mean while, if the English Government, instead of those vain attempts at conciliation which have brought discredit on the administration of Ireland by both Tories and Whigs, will but resolve to act with firmness, justice, and impartiality ; if, without persecuting the priesthood, they will—utterly regardless of the colour of their coats—seize them by the throat whenever they dare to disturb the peace of the country, I declare advisedly that their conduct will be approved of, not only by the well-educated, many of whom in their hearts disapprove of the ultramontane doctrines of the day, but by the poorer classes of Roman Catholics, whose perception of justice is proverbially acute, clear, and distinct.

In the present Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Earl of Eglinton and Winton, the Crown has a mild, bold, public servant, who, by his open attachment to the Protestant religion—by honest justice towards the Roman Catholic religion—by gubernatorial abilities of high caste—by natural dignity of demeanour—and, lastly, by affability and splendid hospitality, has legitimately won the confidence and respect of all parties ;

and, although I am neither directly nor indirectly acquainted with a single measure of his intended policy, and am indebted to him only for the general introduction which, in reply to my application in writing, he very liberally gave me, to the heads of those departments from which I was anxious to obtain the few harmless statistical data I required, yet it is with pleasure and confidence I believe that—if he be manfully supported by Parliament—he will, under Providence, succeed in allaying the religious animosities and in promoting the temporal prosperity of the Irish people, for whom, so long as I may be permitted to live, I shall entertain an unalterable affectionate regard.

THE END.



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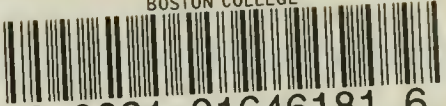
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